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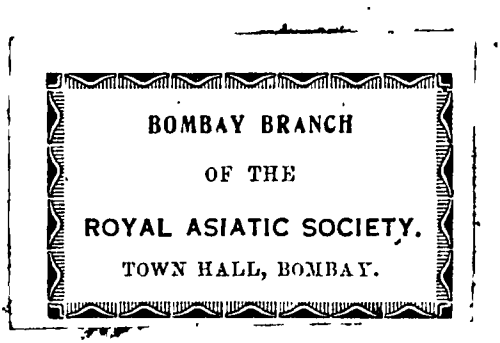

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THE DRAGOMAN, MANSOUR, AND PASSE PAR-TOUT.

(Dedicated to W. Bainbridge, M.D.)

A LADY'S RIDE

THROUGH

PALESTINE & SYRIA;

WITH NOTICES OF

Egypt and the Canal of Suez.

58761
ac.

BY

AMY FULLERTON FULLERTON.

With Illustrations from Views taken on the Spot.

QX.9.34

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1872.

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TO

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES

I DEDICATE

THIS VOLUME,

HOPING ITS CONTENTS MAY

LEAD THEM TO REALISE AS DEEP AN INTEREST IN

THE SUBJECT OF WHICH IT TREATS,

AS IT HAS BEEN

MY HAPPINESS TO EXPERIENCE

IN THE

SUGGESTIONS AND REFLECTIONS IT HAS THROUGHOUT

OFFERED TO MYSELF.

A. F. F.

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A LADY'S

RIDE THROUGH PALESTINE.

CHAPTER I.

SAILED IN THE "PERSIA" FOR NAPLES—VESUVIUS—ETNA—CANDIA—SIGNOR PETRARCA—OUR GENOESE CAPTAIN—CABIN-BOY—BOATSWAIN'S KINDNESS—BREAKWATER OF PORT SAID.

FEBRUARY 24*th*, 1871. *Livorno.* I use the Italian name; for who that has seen Italy's beauteous climate and harmonious outline, could associate it with the English cognomen of LEGHORN? Went on board the *Persia* (Rubattino line) at 11.0 A.M., and sailed at 1.30 P.M. for Naples. The sea perfectly calm; shore, near enough to discern its general appearance. Rough woody scrub seemed to cover the rugged brow of the cliff. One dwelling of some size was visible; and I traced a road, which appeared to run along the cliffs, and at last ended in a promontory, on which was a castle and a town of some size (Orbitello).

Elba was in sight on our port, and Monte-Christo looming in the distance. Nearer was the rocky island of San Michele, a high eminence rising at once out of the sea, and crowned by a church.

Civita Vecchia was passed at night; and in the morning we were called up to see the opening of the Bay of Baja, the island of Nisida, and, further in shore, Pozzuoli. We soon rounded the headland, and entered the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius appearing through a shroud of mist. It was now just noon, as we anchored off the Mole. At one o'clock fourteen of our passengers prepared to land, leaving only myself (bound to Suez), and a lady, with her child and maid, passengers for Bombay. The party who went ashore were all Americans, except one, a young Englishman. The captain informed us that he expected a Roman Catholic bishop on board, and six missionaries, all bound for India; and, later, they appeared.

I expected friends to see me; and a boat soon came off with the servant, sent to ascertain if I was come. I went ashore, passing a most pleasant afternoon in a drive on the Chiaja, and paying a visit to the villa of a friend. I returned to the *Persia* about half-past eight, having promised to go ashore again, at ten o'clock the next morning, and take my companion friend with me.

We were preparing to get into a boat when Mr. F—— appeared in the cabin, having come off for us. We were soon landed, and found the carriage waiting. We drove to the Cathedral, and another church, and by the Toledo to our friend's abode on the Chiaja. We were there joined

by Mrs. F——, who had planned a drive along the shore; and we were able to reach the Round Point, overlooking Baja and Pozzuoli, and saw the view to great perfection. After scanning its different features with great enjoyment for some little time, we returned, and stopped at one or two shops on our way to the Mole, and, after parting with our kind friends, once more embarked on board the *Persia*.

At three o'clock the vessel sailed, and we wended our way to Messina. The sunset that evening was splendid, betokening a continuance of fine weather. The bishop and his six followers had arrived; and we had, besides, three priests—all second-class passengers. The bishop, the doctor, captain, and our two selves, formed our cabin party.

The shores of Naples and its vicinity—Castellamare, Sorrento, &c., were fast disappearing with the daylight, which had, however, given us a fine view of Capri and its rocky island-bridges. When we rose next morning, we found ourselves nearing the Calabrian shore, and shortly discerned Scylla, and, on the other hand, the low point of Charybdis. Messina then opened upon us, with its fine harbour crowded with vessels, and the line of magazines and stores forming a range of stone buildings, and architectural front to the sea; the Cathedral and other buildings appearing just above the line of these roofs, and the whole backed by the mountains, covered with vines and olive and orange-trees.

At this moment the colouring is of the sober brown which marks winter in Italy; but one or two

fine conventual buildings, placed on commanding eminences, gave a marked character to the view. We only remained three hours, and did not go on shore. I sent a card from a mutual friend, addressed to our English clergyman, but with little chance of seeing him, as our stay was so short. On steaming out of the harbour we met a fresh wind, caused by the narrow current of the straits.

The shore continued in full view, and we could plainly discern the train on its way along the Calabrian shore, and hear the whistle distinctly. Mount Etna (soon a fine object on the Sicilian shore) was sending up a column of smoke, with a long cloud extended in the shape of a half-closed fan, and which was driving to windward. As the sun went down, the mountain stood out to seaward like an elephantine steam-vessel under weigh on the horizon. The sky above was a clear turquoise blue, melting into the glow of a ruby, and defined the outline of the mountain in the most distinct manner. Overhead rode the moon in its first quarter, and Venus appeared as the evening-star. It was a beauteous sight, and one ever to be recalled with the most lively pleasure. Towards seven o'clock we usually descended into the cabin, and, with a good piano, found the evening pass rapidly away. This closed Tuesday evening.

Wednesday. We were making our way swiftly over the waters. Nine hundred miles we had before us from Messina to Port Said. The weather this day was sensibly warmer; and the captain had our arm-chairs placed on the bridge,

which was covered with an awning, as was the deck later in the morning. The *Persia* is a splendid vessel, 250 feet long, and 37 wide, built to pass through the canal of Suez. She had a crew of four officers and forty men, and was in every way perfectly appointed. We expected to meet her sister-ship, the *Arabia*, on her way from Bombay, as well as the *India*—all of the same line—from Genoa to Alexandria and Bombay.

Monday. This morning we were on deck at eight o'clock; the island of Candia in sight, and a stormy ridge of cloud, on the edge of which appeared pristine colours that rather made me fear a change of weather. The breeze freshened, especially as we passed between Gozzio and another small, rocky island, and then Candia, we bearing away more for the latter. Candia appears a very large, long island, and mountainous. We were not near enough to see the details, but I could discern surf breaking along under low cliffs. Gozzio is only a habitation of shepherds, the captain told me: *pochi pastori.* Another island opened beyond, and seemed more habitable and much larger.

The breeze now freshened, and it soon became a consideration where to sit for shelter, and to hold on. Two chairs were placed for us under the bridge to leeward, but we shortly had our brown-cloaked companions crowding under the shelter. My friend made a rush for the cabin-stairs (I knew her antipathy to the monks), and I continued to keep my seat by planting my feet firmly on the deck. I had thus continued for some time, when I found myself the worse for

the rolling. The second officer sat down in the chair my friend had vacated, and, with much sang-froid, rolled a paper cigar. Signor Petrarca (a very clever, gentlemanly man, and thorough sailor) had engaged the attention of both my friend and myself by his bright, pleasing look, and well-bred manner.

Born in Venice, and the sole descendant, as he said, of the poet, his life had been spent at sea, going round the world at different times; and he had been also in every port of England, Scotland, and Wales. He spoke English fairly well, and was a man of education and much observation. He was a practitioner of homœopathy in his own case, and had prescribed for my friend; and I found a ready listener when I bore testimony of its great benefits to myself.

The captain is equally to be mentioned as a fair type of the descendants of Columbus. A Genoese, and a man of sober, quiet, thoughtful look. He had a wife and children, whose photographs he had shown me with the liveliest interest; dwelling much on one little girl, who had wished to accompany him. He lent me a book on volcanoes, written by Professor Boccardi, a friend of his own. It contained many interesting facts relative to the various volcanic eruptions which have taken place, viz., Pompeii, Herculaneum, Etna, &c.

But while Signor Petrarca rolled his cigar, the sea was doing its ill work on me; and my chair at last became an object of manœuvring to keep in its place. A brown-cloaked missionary got possession of the other (on Signor Petrarca leaving it to continue his duties of observation

from the bridge), and ere long the monk was all but on the lee-scupper. At this moment a little cabin-boy, about thirteen years old (the son of the *Capo-degli uomini*, or boatswain, as we should say), came by. We had often noticed the handsome, intelligent countenance of the boy; and he now stopping opposite to where I sat, balancing in my chair, and looking gravely at me, said, "Ha paura?"

"Non," in a melancholy tone, I replied.

"Gran corraggio. Vuole aiutarvi?"

"Mi pare che lei non ha assai forza," was my answer.

To this he gave a grave assent with a nod, and passed on to the fore-part of the vessel.

A short time after came another plunge, and my chair doubled up and slid with me under the lee-bulwarks. I struggled up and got hold of an upright of the bridge, and remained there awaiting the passing of some of the sailors to help me to the cabin. On one hand I had a friar on his knees, telling his beads and calling on a priest (who, on the other side, sat doubled up under the bridge), "Frate, frate! preghiamo, preghiamo."

At this moment the boatswain came past, and, seeing my predicament, made a spring up the steps to the bridge to inform the *capitano*, and instantly re-appeared with orders to take me over to the cabin-steps, which he did; and, shutting the door after me, I struggled down into the state-cabin; and from that I did not emerge again until Saturday morning. Once in my berth, I determined to remain there whilst the bad weather

lasted, hearing inquiries made at the door as to how I got on, and urgent requests from the cook to allow him to prepare me, at any rate, some soup. This lasted until Friday evening.

Saturday morning was fine; and, the sea becoming more calm, we dressed quickly, and got on deck just in time to see the entrance to the breakwater of Port Said. It was an exciting moment, for it had been one of my great objects in this expedition to pass through the Canal.

CHAPTER II.

ENTER THE SUEZ CANAL—EGYPTIAN SCENERY—THE COLD—FLYING FISH—PORT SAID—ITALIAN COLONY—THE SHIP'S SHADOW—COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE CANAL—ITS BENEFIT TO ITALY—EMPEROR NAPOLEON—ISMAILIA—EASTERN DIGNITY AND DRESS—LANDING.

ON clearing the breakwater, a mass of low, brown houses appeared on the right hand, and among them a church; and also a large building standing conspicuously on the shore, which was, I believe, the Douane, or Government building. Further in the rear, and apparently in a square, stood a large edifice surrounded with a verandah. This was the hotel. There seemed a considerable population moving about, and we had evidently been an object of observation to a large group of lascars, who had come out to the extent of the mole, on which stood the lighthouse; and there was a large, dirty-looking Egyptian ship anchored close in-shore.

Now came a great stir among the boats in-shore; the Italian flag appeared in one, showing the presence of the agent. He lay off and on, however, until a more important personage appeared from the Egyptian corvette, in his six-oared gig, and, with

his deputy in white dress and crimson sash, boarded us with some ceremony, and on being received by the captain, presented a roll containing the signals, given as a guide for all ships going through. This done, with salaams they departed; and then there was a struggle amid provision-boats and boats for hire, &c. The bishop and one of his missionaries shortly departed in a shore-boat to perform mass, and soon after the captain went ashore with the agent.

We meanwhile had time to look around. I counted ten ships at anchor; some, very large vessels. An American had just come in; we had passed her at four o'clock in the morning; she was fifteen days from Malta;—something gone wrong with the engine. The whole harbour seemed full of life, and it would appear as if the canal of Suez had now become a *great necessity*. Ere long we were under weigh again; a piece of good luck, as we might have been kept some hours had the canal not been clear.

We entered the channel, which at first was very wide, but shortly contracted into the breadth of a second-rate river. On the Egyptian side was a broad sand-bank, with the telegraphic posts and wires, and beyond it a shallow sea; on the other side was the desert, which, from a washy-like looking ground, at last took the form of a waste of sand, only varied by a kind of scrubby islands. Timber heads were sunk at intervals on the banks for fastening vessels to, or working them, and the number of metres of the length of the canal was painted on white posts, placed at intervals, like milestones. The canal here is a continuous straight line.

A signal was now made for us to come-to. From the bridge, one of the large "Messageries Imperiales" steamers was seen advancing, and she was to have the *pas,—the rule of the road*, as I was told, being most strictly marked and observed. It was at least three-quarters of an hour before she reached us, but as soon as she had passed we let go our mooring-ropes and again started. One of the most remarkable incidents was the coldness of the air, and we had, at intervals, two showers of rain—a fact almost unknown in an Egyptian climate; but I was told afterwards that this season was one of great peculiarity, and such cold had not been felt for twelve years past. A bird flew low down over the deck, and this morning a flying-fish was served up for the Bishop's breakfast, which had come on board early, before we entered Port Said. They resemble in taste our trout.

We came now to a part of the canal where the banks were gradually higher; and we passed a station called Cantara, where an Italian colony was established, and a good café. The long, low building and its verandah looked thoroughly comfortable; it had a pretty garden in front, and a nice wide landing-quay; all looked cleanly and in good order. There was some idea that we might remain here for the night, but we had still too much daylight before us. We had been fortunate so far in having few delays, and had well advanced in our passage through the canal.

The evening set in with the brightest moonlight—almost full. *Il capitano* called us to the weather-side to see the ship's shadow. Her masts and

rigging were marked on the bank with a precision and clearness which gave them solidity; and it was some minutes before I could persuade myself that the shadow was not a heap of iron-work lying on the bank, similar to some which we had passed, *out-of-use machinery*, or perhaps *useless*. We had also seen a large number of the dredging machines.[1] I counted seven, lying up in ordinary, as it were, on one bank; and on the other, one or two at work.

There is less work doing just now, but it is not stopped altogether. The canal, as to ownership, is in a state of transition, awaiting the freedom of M. Lesseps from his Parisian captivity; to pass into the hands of an English company (as it is said), the money being already subscribed, and only awaiting the final signing of the agreement.

In the chief engineer on board the *Persia*, I found a person of great information and knowledge, and he gave me many interesting details on this matter. It appears, indeed, a centre of increasing activity, and an *accomplished fact*, which must be maintained at any price, and is giving bread to thousands, and life and activity to former maritime nations which had become almost paralysed; to Italy, in particular, of which this line of steamers (the Rubattino) is a proof of new life. Descendants of Columbus and Vespucius, it made my heart spring with joy to see a great path of maritime exertion once more opened to them; and God grant His blessing on them and theirs! They have long been ridden down, blighted, cankered, tainted; they are now rising from this mortal disease of a self-will

[1] Made especially to raise the sand in the canal.

worship, and a creed which has for its tools ignorance and superstitious abasement. But the days of the Papacy are numbered, and the running to and fro upon the earth marks the advance of these as the latter days.

Our evening closed with music; it was called my benefit-night, as I expected to land to-morrow at Suez. We retired early, determined to get up at break of day to see Ismailia.

Sunday morning, I awoke at dawn, scarce indeed a streak on the horizon, and for the last time, I fear for some weeks, enjoyed the cold sea-bath, adjoining our state-cabin, and got on deck to find still high sandbanks on either hand. Soon we came to the Pasha's Loggia.[1] We had, a little while before, passed that of the Empress. Alas! for the vanities of this world. Where is the then much-worshipped star? Where is she now? In a foreign land, living a life of privacy, and devoid of even much of the comfort provided for lesser luminaries, taking her share of that which is furnished for the world at large. But I pity her husband more; for his eye was single for his empire's advancement in the arts of peace and commercial progress, and he cannot be made accountable for a nation's degradation, and false appreciation of power and position as *la grande nation*, and heralded-on by her foremost writers as the rightful mistress of "a frontier on the Rhine." In this has lain the bane of France, and the present abasement of her power. She has thrown herself in passionate ambition against a rock of consolidated power, and has fallen back *an utter wreck*.

[1] Built for the opening of the canal.

To the Emperor Napoleon will be left the glory of this great work, which has united the East with the West, revived the times of Solomon, and will prove a page of bright illumination in that era of Napoleon's history.

The morning was very fine, with a strong breeze; but we found it quite cool, and in feeling like our own Channel breezes. Where are the soft airs of Egypt, and balmy gales of Arabia? Many think the climate much changed. We passed many engines, or rather machinery-sheds at work. Smaller houses were on the shore, workmen's habitations. A swift little steamer passed us, carrying a Director of Works. Yesterday we had seen two small steamers,—the Post-office, and a passenger boat, going down to Port Said. They seem to rush on at full speed, and are very like in accommodation to the boats formerly on the canals in Ireland.

We now came in view of Ismailia—the land appeared to open into a large lake, and at the farther end rose a long line of pretty white and reddish-looking buildings, with trees and gardens in front, the flags on staffs (opposite to each), denoting the various occupiers—*and these the "consuls of all nations"*—but ourselves. Before that long line of houses in the lake lay an Egyptian man-of-war, decked out in all her flags, according to the European custom of Sunday observance.

We came to anchor, or rather took hold of a buoy; and immediately a cutter was manned from the war-ship and officials came on board the *Persia*. The conference, which was short, being ended, they took leave, and the captain went ashore. Mrs. B—— and myself decided on remaining, as it was

uncertain when the ship might be required to leave. Our putting in to Ismailia was altogether unexpected, and decided by the orders of the agent. Finally, after mid-day, we again got up steam, and, leaving the moorings, pursued our way to Suez. The Nubian shore became hourly more visible, and by five o'clock we could distinctly see the ships lying in the port.

We were now called down to dinner—my last appearance at the table; and, ere dessert was finished, word was brought to the captain that we were nearing the mouth of the canal, and opening upon the narrower channel which is the termination of the Red Sea towards Suez. A great variety of vessels were lying in the port, principally merchantmen; and here again was an Egyptian man-of-war; and shortly there put off from her a six-oared cutter, in which were several officials of superior rank. There was a great gathering at the gangway as the boat neared us, and then was ushered up the Egyptian captain and several officers in his suite. Ceremonious salaams followed. The Easterns have an appearance of great dignity of manner, and the dress seems to add to their air of importance. The upper dress worn was a kind of cloth surtout, over which is folded a thick silk scarf, which falls down behind like a hood or pashalic; and, instead of the turban, the fez is now constantly worn. The scarf was edged with golden tassels, which added to the foreign and rich look of the costume.

In about an hour followed another boat, containing the Board of Health and the police officers, and a second bishop, who was to be a passenger. Four

missionaries were also expected to accompany him, making thirteen clericals altogether on board, and the two bishops in addition.

We were still below at table when we made the port, but went on deck to see the ship enter the harbour, and then returned for dessert.

There was some little delay in my getting off, as the missionary party were late in their arrival, and the captain was obliged to await their coming; and at the last moment there was an additional arrival in the person of an English clergyman, Mr. G——, who was proceeding to Bombay as chaplain.

However, at last I had to say "Good-bye" to my pleasant lady-companion, and kiss my merry little fellow-passenger, her fine boy; and we put off in a regular Egyptian sailing bark, with Arab sailors. The captain, third officer, agent, three officials, and the head-steward, made a party of seven men and myself. The boat had no benches, and I sat on my trunk (a leather case made for Indian travelling). The Arabs raised their sail and pushed off. It was a singular sight to see the helmsman crouching on the high stern-deck, and the curious dress all wore—a kind of cloak or loose bed-gown, and white head-dress. When we entered the narrow estuary, at the end of which is built the town, they began to use a pole to keep the boat to windward, one of the men passing up and down the *very narrow* ledge of the boat's side with a monotonous song, and another working at the bow and answering the chant.

At last we gained the landing, crowded with boats, hauled in for the night, and after a hazardous

clamber over several barks, and being obliged to pass from hand to hand of the officers and attendants, I gained the shore and was ushered into the Hotel.

It was with regret that I left our good ship *Persia* and her kind officers, Captain Merello, the second officer (Le Nero), and third (Signor Petrarca), with the junior (Scoddio, the son of a General of Artillery), a very gentlemanly lad. They were all much attached to each other, and entertained a mutual respect for their various capabilities.

CHAPTER III.

SUEZ.

AWAKING NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE ISRAELITES GREETED THE MORNING LIGHT—ARABS LAUNCHING A VESSEL—ASTONISHED AND LOQUACIOUS SERVANT—THE RED SEA—MOSES' WELLS—FIRST RESTING-PLACE OF THE ISRAELITES—BLIND ARAB—LAWS OF ABLUTION AMONG JEWS—EQUINOCTIAL GALES—ARRIVAL AT CAIRO.

On reaching the Hotel, I was ushered under a deep archway, which reminded me of a *caravanserai*, as one has heard them described. An arcade ran round a large square, in which was a pretty garden, and quantities of creepers, giving an air of freshness and cleanliness to the whole place. This, however, I better discerned in the morning, for it was now past eight—a fine moonlight night—and I had only time to see my way lay upstairs into an upper corridor running round the square. My room was soon announced as No. 10. I wrote my name in the book of arrivals, and was shown to No. 10 by a native servant—a Bengalee, dressed in the cleanest white long bedgown-shaped garment, with his black legs looking so black underneath as he walked erect (as they all do), and a handsome turban on his head. With a bow he introduced me to the room, and asked if I wished for refreshment. I

ordered a cup of tea, which was soon brought, and was worthy of a well-managed housekeeper's room in England. I soon went to bed, within mosquito curtains, but was long in getting to sleep under so many new impressions.

Monday, 6th. I awoke when scarce a streak of dawn yet showed, and thought of the day which had thus greeted the Israelites with its morning light so near this very spot. May we all be kept from the Pharaohs of wickedness which pursue us in this world, and may we ever hold to the cloud and pillar of fire of His presence, who is ever near to shield and protect His redeemed ones! Alas! how seldom do we realise that all-protecting arm, how seldom cast ourselves in entire faith upon it! But His arm is never shortened that it cannot save, nor will He ever turn His face from the weakest of those who seek His shield.

I went down to breakfast at nine o'clock, the bell ringing. A cup of tea had been brought at seven, and I was told by the housekeeper this was the rule of the house. Shortly after I had a message to say that Dr. P., to whom I had a letter, had called on me, and was awaiting my presence in the saloon. I had some half-hour's conversation on the various topics of my voyage, our mutual friends, who had sent the letter of introduction, and the affairs of Paris. Dr. P. is here himself for health, but is acting in his professional capacity. Col. C., who had also had my card of arrival the night before (through the kind forethought of the master of the transport service), shortly after called; and we had a long conversation on the arrangement of my plans, and also making an engagement to

drink a cup of tea this afternoon at the Hospital with Mrs. C.

Luncheon succeeded at one, and at half-past two I started for the Hospital, having amused all my leisure moments in watching the joint endeavours of about twelve or fourteen Arabs to launch a small vessel, which was on shore. As when Israel was afflicted in Egypt, it appears they still use a union of human strength to accomplish various works, all applying it at the same moment, and, as we do in vessels in heaving the anchor, by a monotonous chant. I now mounted a donkey, under the guidance of Col. C.'s dragoman, and started for the new hospital built for our troops, where Col. C. is officially placed. The donkey, of small and slight form, walked rapidly, and sometimes went on at a run, which is the perfect pace of a well-trained animal. I soon arrived and entered a kind of square, round which the different wards and the cooking-houses were built. In the centre of the square was a pretty little garden, as indeed there was to each house, but placed opposite to them, the public approach being made between.

I spent a most pleasant afternoon, looking over Mrs. C.'s drawings, and having a long chat with Col. C. on the various topics of public interest. Mrs. C. had left me in possession of her portfolio whilst she finished a game of croquet with the commander of the *Jumna;* the troop-ship awaiting the arrival of troops from England. I arranged to go to-morrow to Moses' Well, and in the evening to dine with the C.'s, and returned home. The day was very fine, and we had a soft and balmy air returning; but, going, the wind was disagreeably high.

The dragoman, leading the donkey, strode on, pointing out all objects of interest in very good English, and, having assisted me to dismount, and preceded me to my room, took leave, saying he would be at the door to-morrow morning at half-past nine.

Shortly after, a servant entered to arrange the mosquito-curtains, and I was much entertained by his naïve manner of entering into conversation. "Was I going back to India?" To this I said I was come *from* England. "Was 'master' coming?" "No," I said; "I am alone." "Is 'master' *dead?*" "No," again; "I had no master." "Ah, I understand, *ladies yonder*"—pointing to a house—"*pray all day.*" "No," again, "I am not a sister nor nun." But it required some explanation to make him comprehend the astounding fact of a *single* woman. "In India all marry." "Yes," I said, "but in England we do as we please; we need not if we do not wish it." He evidently thought it a bad plan, and then described his own mother and his wife, and the family union and happiness. He assured me he wrote to them every mail, and they wrote to him; that he had engaged himself here for twenty-four months, and was nearly out of his time, but thought he should continue a while longer; the place was good, and his master was good, and the "missus," and he received £2 a month. This was all detailed in a perfectly naïve manner, no kind of vulgar intrusion, but a desire to hear and to be heard, and with a most pleasant voice and tone, more like the inquisitiveness of childhood than the inquiry of older years.

The dinner-bell now rang, and I went down. A small party only assembled, but which finally

was completed to the number of twelve. On my right sat two ladies and a gentleman (as my next neighbour told me) just arrived from Ismailia, where they had spent a week, and also had visited Port Said. The weather was bad during their stay in the former place. Health, for one of the party, had been their object.

Tuesday morning, at half-past nine, we started (Col. C. and myself) for Moses' Wells. The telegram had not arrived which would announce the arrival at Alexandria of the troop-ship, and I was therefore able to have the advantage and pleasure of Col. C.'s companionship; otherwise, my sole resource would have been his 'dragoman, who, however, spoke English very well, and was a very intelligent man.

We had a long row and part sail down the creek to the harbour and mouth of the canal; the three donkeys standing peacefully in the boat, head to tail, ruminating probably (if they do ruminate) on the surprising love of toil and activity in their masters.

We made for the eastern shore. The sky overhead was somewhat cloudy, the form and shape of the clouds reminding me of a fine morning at home, at either spring or fall; and yet the scene, how different! A bare waste of richly-coloured sand lay before us, miles and miles in extent, and vanishing only when the eye had no longer power to reach. The plain had a boundary to our left of a mountain range, in the far, far distance of which lay Mount Sinai. We were to take about the first day's ride towards it, the Wells generally being the encamping place. On the sand, at intervals, appeared a green,

scrubby sort of plant, which grows in the water-courses, and, on looking closely at it, I found that it had leaves and stalks of a very succulent nature, and something like sea-kale.

We ambled on. The donkeys have a very pleasant pace, and are so small that their movement is hardly perceptible. Good, patient creatures! I was so glad to find they were rarely struck; and they seemed patiently and determinedly to set about their task.

Two men ran behind, and the third donkey was ridden by the dragoman, Mahmoud. The colouring and the clearness of the distances were wonderful. To our right lay that Red Sea which was the object of so great a miracle for the aid of a repining and regretful people. The Israelites—till one knows oneself—always stand out as a most hideous spectacle of human perverseness; always seeking their own ways, and setting at defiance the wisdom and providence of their Almighty Guardian. Are we better than they? I fear not; and we have more completely lost sight of the Hand that guides and overrules. How many do we not meet who acknowledge *nothing?* Their only idea that *they must die some day*, and it little matters the *when* or *how*. Others bounding their views to get all the enjoyment—as they call it—that they can eke out of a life which may be demanded to-morrow. Of the soul, alas! it almost sickens one to hear that its fate is amongst the *perhaps*,—put off to a future, a more convenient season.

We had, as we rode along, many a pleasant reminiscence and chat over former days—"when

I," said my companion, "was the small boy that as a great favour was allowed to ride the favourite hunter. 'Godfrey, you are a light weight, and I know you will take care of Cricketer, so you shall ride him.'" Now what a change! The pet is gone, and we only hear of a hunter for the young Etonian son.

The sky overhead was flecked with clouds, the sun hourly gaining more power and dispersing them more widely. A very small, stony ridge was just past, which had broken the level view, and then a long distance of flat sands. We were following a track—it might almost be called a broad road, for there was a line of round stones which seemed to form a demarcation on each side, as if some careful person had picked them up and placed them thus out of the way. It was a caravan track. We overtook some Bedouins, a dromedary followed by an Arab, and one or two women; they had sold their vegetables in Suez and were returning.

On and on we cantered, for donkeys do occasionally vary their pace; always easy, whether running along with their quick little trot or pricking on to a canter. I had a regular side-saddle. Yesterday I rode on the usual donkey-saddle in use here, which is a very excellent one for the purpose of keeping the rider on the haunches of the donkey. The men grasp this with their knees; its large knob of stuffed leather often serves natives as a means of carrying a child seated before them, and may be used as a pommel by a lady. An hour and a half had nearly passed before we sighted the Wells. Then we perceived the group of palm-trees, their dark green refreshing the eye, after so long looking

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ETHAM OR THE WELLS OF MOSES.

at the bright sand, beautiful in its tint, and which, with the streak of vivid blue waters of the Red Sea, and the lilac tints of the Nubian shore, formed a combination of colours charming to a painter's eye.

At last we gained the compound—as I suppose it would be called in India. A hedge of rushes surrounded two or three separate gardens, their centre planted with palm-trees, and various vegetables growing underneath. The water from one of the springs was turned on to irrigate the ground. It was laid out in beds of cabbage, onions, radishes and celery. Walks were made between of pomegranate trees and a kind of thorn. All was untidy, and bore the marks of growth at little expense or trouble. We sat down in a small wooden shed, which gave shelter from the sun; and close before it lay two of the sources of water. One was sunk some inches in a wide kind of pit (stone-work appeared to have been once around it); the other bubbled up in the centre of a little pond, which had spread itself under a bank, on the top of which grew young palms, fenced in by a low, rude rush-paling. We could see, at a little distance beyond the bank, a single palm-tree of considerable height; this marked another spring, and, as my companion said, was supposed to be the oldest and original source.

I sat down to sketch, and luncheon was laid out on the ground beside us. After about one hour's rest we set out on our return. Everything seemed to confirm the probability of this spot having indeed been the first resting-place of the Israelites when released from the pursuit of Pharaoh. Their face was set towards that wilderness in which the then

existing generation was to pass away. Only Caleb and Joshua reached the Land of Promise; even Moses forfeited his claim to the temporal promises, and viewed the land "but from afar."

Our return was only marked by our meeting a group of Bedouins, in which was a blind man, who, staff in hand, pursued his way seemingly fearless of obstacle. So might the blind beggar have appeared who sought aid from the Lord. This disease, so frequent in the East, is engendered, if not produced, by want of cleanliness; so I was told by a dragoman, himself a Copt. It is strikingly true, how beneficent were the laws of ablution to the Jews. They involved the necessity of a sanitary cleanliness, the want of which is now sorely felt in other Eastern countries.

We saw at a distance strings of dromedaries bringing brushwood to sell, and then to return with a little provision of corn to their village. Thus were Joseph's brethren obliged to seek food in their days of famine. In the cities and villages I often afterwards noticed, selling in the streets, the cake baked upon the hearth, which seems the staple food of the Arab, and which brought to mind the cake baked for Elisha by the widow of Zarepta.

We found our boat lying alongside the bank, just inside the canal, where we had landed, and after a row and sail of two hours, tide and wind again contrary, we landed. I had a fresh donkey, and in half an hour went up to the hospital to dinner. The telegram had arrived, so Col. C. walks down with me to-night, and sleeps on board the *Jumna*, to be in readiness for the arrival of the baggage of the 72nd Highlanders.

I had met at dinner a medical officer, high on the Staff, who gave me much information on my future route. He thought the middle of April, and all May and early part of June, the best time for Syria, and confirmed the difficulty of landing at Jaffa as long as this northerly wind blows. The equinoctial gales are to be avoided in the Mediterranean as elsewhere; and such a sea runs on the coast of Palestine as renders landing impossible. When once fine weather is established, it becomes a voyage of pleasure. At eight o'clock next morning I was to start by rail for Suez. At seven Mahmoud knocked at my door. I had been up at six, and was just finishing my dressing. He was evidently bent, however, on having my luggage at once, and to give him employment, I set him to roll up my cloaks. This done, he methodically set-to at the leather case; and when I explained that there was a bonnet which must have due attention in one corner, he patted down a small chignon upon it, saying all was soft and no harm, and the trunk was closed. He called his attendant lad, and, placing both trunk and bag on his shoulders, and himself taking the cloaks and my valued Nizza basket, he marched off, leaving a small boy to conduct me when I had breakfasted. I had given him all the necessary money for my ticket and other expenses, and had only to pay my bill and walk a distance of about five minutes to the railway station.

I had breakfast brought to my room, and shortly after started, and found everything nicely stowed away in the carriage, and Mahmoud in waiting, wishing to know if I was satisfied. I had every reason to be so, and at about ten minutes past eight

we were on our way to Cairo. There was little to observe at first starting. We seemed to pass through a desert country; the sweet-water canal is now, however, brought up to Suez, and the environs already feel its benefit. The canal now and then gave us glimpses of a sail-boat,—a native going to market or on some errand. The stations were far between, and it was two o'clock before we reached the point at which we turned off for Ismailia.

The overland route does not now go down to Cairo; it keeps a straight line through the desert, shortening the way, and the journey is always performed at night. We reached Ismailia. It is a busy little spot. Several passengers went off here, and among the rest a party of four from my carriage—the gentleman and two ladies, my neighbours at table, and their woman-servant. They had been communicative and pleasant, had travelled much, and were going back to Ismailia on their way to Port Said.

After leaving Ismailia the country became more cultivated; and often I saw a wheel raising water, turned by a horse, sometimes a scoop raised with water in it and thrown into a small channel by a native, and at other times baskets raised by a rope. All their work seemed done in the rudest and most elementary way, and also denoted a rich and fruitful soil, yielding abundantly what they required at small cost or pains. We soon came to a large factory for carding wool, which is exported by rail to Cairo or elsewhere. Sugar-canes were also brought to the train, and offered to the third-class passengers. I got some oranges later, at a station. The country-road seemed to run along in the direction of the railroad; a narrow kind of dyke, along which men were riding

on horses or donkeys, women and children with baskets, dromedaries with laden packs—often a coarse netting, in which were stowed bottles and various articles.

At last, as we came near Cairo, the vegetation became more luxuriant, with groups of palms. A superior kind of villa residence was seen in groves and gardens, and at last we stopped at the platform of the station at Cairo.

A man appearing, telegram in hand, was a reply to my question, "Nile Hotel?" He begged me to let him enter the carriage, and explained that the Nile Hotel was full when he received the telegram dispatched for me by Colonel C.'s dragoman, but that he would conduct me to an hotel; and I got into a carriage which he ordered up, and we drove off to the great hotel of the P. and O. Company.

CHAPTER IV.

CAIRO.

CAIRO—EZBEKIEH GARDENS AND GREAT HOTEL—THE PASSING GROUPS—RUNNERS—FLOCKS—PYRAMIDS—NEW ROAD—THE MOUSKI—SHOPS—BARGAINS, HOW MADE—CITADEL AND MOSQUE—DANCING DERVISHES—VISITS TO THE AMERICAN MISSION AND MRS. W.—OLD CAIRO—COPT CHURCH—RHODA ISLAND—NILEOMETER.

THE New Hotel is a magnificent building opposite to the Ezbekieh Gardens, and nearly facing the Opera House—also a very handsome edifice. There are fountains in course of erection in the gardens, and in another year this large square will assume a very handsome and finished appearance; and as there are trees of old growth in the Ezbekieh Gardens, very little more will complete a place of promenade which will have shade and coolness at all times of day. The water-carriers, carrying it in goat-skins, are always busy watering the great thoroughfares; and it is perhaps one of the most necessary attentions to comfort in this dry climate.

There are large herds of goats coming in of a morning and evening, most picturesque-looking groups, followed, and sometimes headed, by their care-taker.

I stood on the balcony in front of my window, the first evening, to watch the scene below. Carriages

were constantly driving up to the hotel or along the street, preceded by their runners, whose pace is wonderful, keeping their place ahead of the horses, and clearing the way by a loud announcement to the throng to get out of the road. Sometimes their appearance is very graceful; carrying a long stick or wand upright in their hand they seem like a bird flying, for their large sleeves, being distended behind them, have the appearance of wings. On one occasion, I saw the lithe, graceful form of a runner poised on the step of a carriage, whilst it drove on, and of which the hood was drawn over. He held his wand perpendicularly in his right hand; the robe of dazzling whiteness, with the handsome dark crimson velvet vest embroidered in gold worn under it, and the large white over-sleeves (falling backwards and drawn by the current of air), gave him the appearance of a winged genius. He was indeed a model for a sculptor.

Groups of laden dromedaries slowly passed, followed by variously-dressed individuals of all nationalities, on donkeys. Anywhere else these animals would be considered a subject of ridicule if offered as a mode of conveyance; but here none think themselves out of place on them, and the patient creatures often carry two at a time—a man and his child, or a woman or girl behind a man. Shortly after I saw a group of black figures advancing, and soon perceived it to be a funeral train. Here there is no rule as to sunset for the bearing a corpse out of the city, and they bury almost immediately. It reminded me of the relation given in the Bible, of the burial of Ananias and his wife Sapphira, which followed immediately on death.

There were some persons preceding the corpse, and apparently a priest and assistants, who chanted mournfully, followed by mourners and friends, all proceeding at a quick pace. The coffin was covered with scarlet cloth, which denoted a woman.

At dinner I was agreeably surprised by meeting with friends.

Thursday, 9th. Our party had fixed this morning for an excursion to the Pyramids. On setting out, we shortly met with a stoppage on the bridge which crosses the canal or back-water of the Nile; and, as a vessel was passing through, we had to wait till it was closed again. A medley group was formed by the stoppage. A large flock of very black sheep, riders on horseback, donkeys with loads, made a terrible dust, from which we were glad to escape by pressing forwards, and found the fine avenue of caroobas and acacias which lead towards the Nile a great relief. The Khedivè has now completed a fine road the whole way to the Pyramids, and a continuation of the avenue is already planted. I confess it disappointed my expectations, on reaching the Pyramids by a high road (a work in honour of our Prince of Wales); but it is extremely well done, and ascends up to the very foot of these enormous masses. On either side, in the latter part, a wall of stone is finished with a bold coping.

It was a fearless idea to take a highway up to such a neighbourhood. The first appearance of the Pyramids, however, disappointed me. They are placed on a massive ridge of rock (as it appeared), instead of rising from the wide expanse of flat sandy desert I had always seen represented. They have a pedestal of rock, and the cultivated ground left by the

overflow of the Nile comes very nearly to the foot of the rocky ridge. The line of demarcation made by the fertilizing of the waters is very distinctly visible. Up to that line is a rich black loam, now teeming with vegetation; beyond it is an arid waste, but soon broken by masses of low rock in which are the tombs of Old Cairo. Beyond, on the other side, is the desert, we were told. Looking up the course of the Nile, we could discern, at eighteen miles' distance, the Pyramids of Sattara.

The Khedivè has made a railroad two hundred miles up the Nile, which enables travellers to return quickly from their up route, if preferable. It also passes by the forest of petrified wood, which from Cairo is a long day's journey, and by many not considered worth the trouble. I could not learn what was supposed to cause this fossilization. Some good specimens are in the Museum, and seem to be the trunks of palm-trees. On reaching the foot of the great Pyramid, we alighted, and immediately were taken possession of by the Arab guides. It was decided we would go into the interior; and some of our party commenced the scrambling ascent, over what appeared eight or ten tiers of immense massive stones. We then found ourselves at the entrance, with a rapid descent to the small door which admits within. Some niches for the feet were cut in the marble, but it was insufficient to give a fair tread, and with skating and sliding steps we reached the doorway. Then began a very rough, narrow descent, which continued fully five minutes, and in darkness. The passage was low, the stones of the sides projecting at intervals and sometimes obliging us to go almost upon hands and knees.

We then had to ascend in an equal proportion. This was even worse, and a more tedious path than the first; and at last we mounted on a narrow ledge, passing a downward path which seemed to go into the very centre of the earth. None but Arabs have tried to explore it, and it is said lives have been lost there. We were each preceded by an Arab carrying a piece of candle, and another followed; and, after a most fatiguing scramble, I reached the central chamber. It is small in proportion to the size of the exterior. I could scarcely discern whether it was square or round. The sides are lined with the handsome variegated, black-polished Egyptian marble; and the sarcophagus stood in the centre, or rather, as it appeared, a little more removed from the side of entrance. The size of it struck me as rendering it impossible for it to have been conveyed by the passage we came, and which is the only opening ever discovered. It seemed more probable that the sarcophagus was placed on a basis of rock and the edifice raised around it.

We now began our return, which was, if possible, more slippery and footless than we had felt it in coming up. Our thoughtful leader, Mr. F., called out to me to have no fear, but to trust implicitly to the Arab guides; nor was the warning useless, for I found we had again reached the ledge, and that the only way of returning was by the Arab taking me up in his arms and swinging me and himself round a projection and over a deep chasm, where there was no footing at all. I dreaded his finding me heavier than he expected, but was surprised on feeling myself whisked round in safety, and very thankful to be on a fair path again, though

obliged to grope and scramble over the rest of the way upwards, three Arabs assisting,—one before, one on the left side, and one behind. I found afterwards that every one has the impression, when halfway, that they would gladly turn back.

The Khedivè has made an excellent rule to prevent extortion. He obliges the chief of the tribe to be present when travellers are paying the guides, and not a murmur was heard when he appeared—a venerable old man with a white beard and in a flowing white robe.

We went on to the lesser Pyramids, and also saw the small Sphynx, which has been lately discovered; and further on was the bust of the gigantic Sphynx.

This stands in a deep pit of sand which had accumulated about it, and which had been removed by scooping it away from the pedestal. There is an impressive gravity about all these representations of the human face. The Sphynxes have a fascinating *pose* about them which prevents their being carelessly regarded, though so far removed from any associations of our own. One can easily imagine that in the East a cemetery would have been always at some distance from the inhabited city. Here have been three changes. First Memphis, the city of the Pharaohs, of the Pyramids, and of Joseph; the earliest dynasty of note also inhabiting Thebes. Then came Old Cairo, and eventually the present Cairo, founded by a General of the Caliphs. Memphis is about ten miles distant. The rocky strata close to the Pyramids, which bear the marks of ancient sculptures, were supposed to be the principal burial-place of the

poor, as also of the rich classes. Their cavernous appearance reminded me of the sepulchre *hewn out of a rock* in which our Lord was placed by Joseph of Arimathea, who had prepared it for his own burial.

I know not if the inundations of the Nile are supposed to have ever greatly exceeded the present flood; if not, the Pyramids appear to be placed as near as it would be likely to have been done, and the ledge of rock which serves as their superbase was probably the cause which made the choice desirable.

The height of the great Pyramid does not appear as great as it is on measurement. The difficulty of the exterior ascent is the height of each of the layers of the stones. This we declined. We made our return quickly, ambling along the fine road, which is raised, like the dykes of Holland, in order to make it passable during the inundations; and it has traps or sluices, which allow the water to pass under to the opposite side. The ancient part of the road is a thickly-shaded avenue, nearly, I should say, three miles long. As we were again coming to the bridge which had been so crowded in the morning, we were overtaken by some outriders in handsome costumes (Greek jacket and full trousers), mounted on fine horses, and preceding a carriage going at a rapid rate. It was closed; but we could see that it contained four ladies of the harem, covered with muslin veils, but very transparent, as I saw the head-dress of one lady distinctly. The younger women generally wear *flowers*, the elder *jewels*. The horses and appointments were thoroughly English. The smart coachman, in round hat and London-made livery, could not be mistaken,

nor the little dapper groom who sat by his side, merely, I suppose, to assist in standing at the heads of the horses when necessary. The Khedivè's son also passed us in an open double-cabriolet, driven by a coachman with handsome English blood-horses. The Khedivè has a considerable number of English horses, and several English stablemen to attend them. The carriages used here are either French or English, principally, I believe, the former. We saw, crossing from an opposite quarter, another large funeral procession; the bier was covered also with crimson, the sign of a woman's burial. There were many following, riding on donkeys. I never see a corpse thus carried, without thinking of the widow's son, borne a lifeless body out of the city, but returning in full life and vigour and restored to his mother's arms.

Friday, 10*th*. The Bazaar. Immediately after breakfast I went to Robertson's, the English book-seller, close to the Hotel, to ask him to post a letter, as he frequently did for English customers. However, it was not possible to be done, as, being an Italian address, it must go to the Egyptian Central Post-office.

At eleven o'clock we started for the Bazaar, walked down one side of the Ezbekieh Gardens, and then turned into the European Bazaar. This is a main street, with shops in Eastern fashion on each side—shops which are like small closets, in front having a counter, on which is spread a carpet. Here the master sits cross-legged and shows his goods. The traffic was great and of all sorts down the street—a donkey laden with a table, and in it packed several chairs; water-carriers, with the animal's skin (goat or pig) distended full of water,

and taking its own shape, not pleasant to see. An orange-seller had a pyramid of oranges on the back of his donkey, like the centre dish of a dinner-table, and on either side panniers half full of oranges on branches in full leaf (a pretty picture); groups of donkeys carrying loads of clover, smelling so cool and sweet, and which only allowed the animal's head to be seen; dromedaries equally laden with the same. All the carriage horses and donkeys are now being fed with it, for it is most luxuriant and fresh from the growth after the Nile recedes. Shortly we heard a cry, and on the ground, rolling like a ball, was a mother and her child of about three years old, who had fallen from the top of the load of clover on her donkey's back. The child cried lustily, which assured me it was more frightened than hurt. A crowd of sympathising women and men rallied round, and we passed on, more like the priest and the Levite than the Samaritan. One gentleman of our party and the dragoman took the lead of our group, and I followed close behind, knowing the value of two men abreast preceding in a crowd. We stopped before a jeweller's—a glazed window, and all kinds of pretty gold ornaments exhibited in it. We were in search of some such, but it was not here we were to see those specimens required by one of our party. I noticed a pretty pair of ear-rings—coral beads hung from a straight bar of gold, in Egyptian fashion. The jewellery of Egypt is celebrated. Now and then I saw a book-shop, and once noticed a boy reading intently in a corner of the street, unmoved by the noise and traffic. I heard afterwards he was reading the Koran.

The working jeweller 's shop to which we were bound was soon reached; and we entered by a hole in the brick-work, for the shop was in a state of transition from some improvements which were making. It was a mere passage, apparently, to an inner and better room. I leant against two uprights, which were still left by the workmen. Overhead were open rafters; behind was a heap of rubbish and bricks, on which sat a man feeding a weasel. The shopman sat behind a narrow counter, with a carpet spread over it, and a small square box before him. He was the meekest-looking man I ever saw. His large benevolent eye moved slowly, like that of the coffee-coloured oxen of the Campagna di Roma.

The bargaining began. Our dragoman was a Copt, and he informed us the working jeweller was likewise a Christian. Nevertheless the bargaining was wholly Eastern. The specimens chosen were weighed, twenty-one carats gold. Some prettily-sized turquoise set in it were estimated, also the coins that hung to it, of which the value was a shilling each, and finally the workmanship. A difference of opinion arose on the last, the jeweller quietly affirming his price.

Meanwhile there was communication kept up with the inner room, where sat a venerable-looking man and some others with him. A young Egyptian brought forward from thence other specimens. However, the choice had been made, and it must be the turquoise ear-rings and another set in silver-gilt, very light and pretty, and valued at half the money of the gold set. Eventually nothing was decided, and we left the shop, but had not gone

three yards when a messenger followed us and the bargain was struck, the money paid in the street, and some paper produced, in which the ear-rings were stuck and folded up in little separate parcels for the pocket.

We proceeded on, and arrived at a shop for the silk scarfs which all wear over their heads in Bashalik fashion. More bargaining, and one was eventually bought at a price a little beyond our dragoman's valuation. Also a silver filagree cup for coffee, which I did not think dear at twelve shillings of our money.

Again we went on, and making our way as we could through the crowded streets. Once I turned to speak to my young friend, Miss K., on coming to a pause, and fancying I felt her touch me. I turned to reply, but found the head of a donkey thrust quietly under my arm, endeavouring to make its way, and on its back a most patriarchal-looking rider. I had heard much of the crowded streets of Cairo, and even of the danger run. I saw none, crowded as it was to excess, and though every one kept moving no one seemed to push or in any way hurt his fellow man or beast.

Dromedaries and their loads required and had good room given them. Their movement is very slow and steady, their bulk great, and they never seem to see anyone or anything. Our last purchases were muslin shawls for the head. These were duly bargained for and bought at 1s. 3d., English money, each.

Our next point was the Egyptian Post-office, for posting my Italian letter. It was done at a loss, as even my Indian money, one quarter-rupee and

some paras, which I had received in change elsewhere as current coin, was refused, the Egyptians taking no money but their own.

We now returned to our hotel. It is finely situated, and a magnificent building, but badly managed. The Khedivè had sold the ground to the Oriental Company for £30,000. They had built the house, lost money by it last year, and sold it again to the Pasha at the price of the land (£30,000), he gaining the fine building and all its appointments into the bargain, and, it is now said, has given it to an Italian. It is a pity it was not a German, they having a talent for hotel keeping.

The dinners were served so cold, and the waiters were so apathetic; but, on speaking, the *maître* was grateful, and said it should not be so for the future. I move on Monday to the Nile Hotel, where I had previously telegraphed for a room.

In the afternoon we started in a carriage for the Citadel and Mahmoud Ali's Mosque. We drove across a large open space at the foot of the rock on which the citadel stands. The Khedivè is laying this out with fountains and flower-beds. The citadel is approached by a steep ascent, and we entered under a gateway into a large court. There we alighted and walked across a further space to the entrance of the mosque. Putting on slippers (which we afterwards found was unnecessary for ladies), we entered by a small door, and found ourselves in an immense inner court, paved with marble, and an enclosed fountain, roofed-in in the form of a lantern, occupying the centre. Beautifully carved panels on each of its octagonal sides had two cocks of water in each panel.

The mosque occupied the whole of the upper end of the square or court. The size appeared immense, the whole panelled with the fine yellow Egyptian alabaster, the same with which the columns of the magnificent Church of St. Paul "fuoré le Mure" at Rome are composed, and which were a present to the Pope from the Egyptian Viceroy. In the centre hung, low down, a circle of glass globes for lights, and above this was a fine glass chandelier, as also others at the corners. The alabaster panelling was carried up to a considerable height, and from thence the building was raised on stone-work covered with the most delicate tracery and Moorish device. There was perfect harmony in the colouring, and the whole tone was most pleasing. Small windows, placed very high up, were glazed with squares of four colours—green, purple, yellow and white. As we walked round to examine the alabaster panels, a group of small pillars was shown us to the right of the Sheik's oval recess, one of which was so well balanced that it would revolve on being touched. Latticed galleries were above for the ladies of the harem, and which have a separate door of entrance. The approach to the pulpit was by a straight flight of steps, with a door at the bottom.* The general effect was most imposing and elegant, and here the Khedivè takes his place amongst the poorest of his subjects. There is no distinction of rank. The whole floor is covered with carpets in squares, which fit each other. On leaving the mosque we proceeded to a terrace on the other side, leaving the court by an opposite door to the one at which we had entered. Thence we had a fine view of the

* The model is in the Kensington Museum.

city. It was from this spot, during the massacre of the Mameluke corps by Mahomed Ali, that the brave Mameluke took such a desperate leap, making his horse spring into the depth below, a fall of at least forty feet. The poor animal was killed; but, breaking the fall of his master, the Mameluke escaped with his life, and was afterwards pardoned by Mahomed Ali for his bravery, and advanced to a high command in his service.

Overlooking the same view is the small summer palace and official rooms of the said renowned Pasha. We walked round by the back of the mosque, and then entered the palace of the old Pasha. By a garden we passed into a hall, the gardener offering each lady a bouquet as she ascended a wide staircase to a vestibule, at each corner of which were two doors. Two of these led into the harem, which was adjoining, the rest into several suites of rooms, all alike in their fittings. There was the wide divan, and on either side sofas and arm-chairs, an European innovation. The windows commanded views over the town and adjacent suburbs, but wore a desolate aspect from the sun-burnt heaps of rubbish and sandy mould which laid before the eye and immediately underneath.

Orientals must admire our magnificent forests and verdant slopes; for what a contrast this *coup d'œil* forms to the view embraced by the eye from Windsor Castle—a palace which, however, is always estimated at the full value of its superb position by foreigners, Eastern or Western.

We walked across the court by which we had entered, and went to see the celebrated well of the

citadel, four hundred feet deep. We saw it from the shed where horses turn the wheel and draw up the water; but there is a circular way down which enables you to gain half way of the depth, the water rising only to a level still far below. We now returned to the carriage, and drove to the mosque in the court below, which we had passed through as we came up. This mosque is remarkable for an immensely high doorway and the great age of the building, which is coeval with Cairo itself.

We now went to the American Mission, where I delivered my letter and was introduced to the head (Dr. Lansing); and, Mrs. L. also shortly joining us, we had some conversation on the schools. There are a hundred and fifty scholars in the central school. All read the Bible and listen to its explanation. This mission is under the Presbyterian denomination. I had been led to expect a most agreeable and intelligent person in Dr. L., and I was not disappointed. At present he can scarcely estimate the progress of the work, but anticipates that it will, under Divine Providence, lay a foundation for better things in the future. The Government will not employ any but Mussulmans, and the conversion to Christianity entails a loss of all position. No one but a Mussulman is permitted to enter the army. It was past four o'clock, and the school had just broken up. Instruction is given in Arabic; but some of the young scholars, who were in the court when I entered, answered me in good English. There is early Arabic service held on Sunday at nine o'clock, and at eleven a.m., in English. There are several other schools attached to this central one in other parts of the city.

From thence we drove to Miss Whately's school; but it was just closed for the day. We had a precise direction given us as to her private residence. I had three letters to deliver here; one was from Miss W.'s sister at Lausanne. We were ushered up a high staircase to a neat and unpretending apartment. Miss W. shortly appeared; and in her I found a most pleasing person, whose whole life and thoughts are devoted to the one object of giving instruction to the children of this city, elementary and scriptural, and also reading the Word at all times that it is possible to adults.

By the kind intervention of the Prince of Wales (as it is thought), who came to visit the school, and asked if he could do anything for its benefit (mention being made of the great need of a piece of land upon which to build a school-house, the Prince replied that it was indeed apparent how unsuitable the present position was for the purpose), last year the Pasha gave the ground, and the school-house is now in progress of building. This interview closed our drive for to-day.

I have omitted that this day we went to see the celebrated Dancing Dervishes. Driving through narrow streets, with, overhead, latticed windows, which almost touched each other, we found ourselves at the door of the mosque, where the solemn gathering is held. I had always heard it spoken of as religious; but a bey informed one of our party, with whom he was well acquainted, that it is a species of fraternity resembling Freemasonry, and that there are observances and rites which are never divulged. This seemed singular, when we observed two very

young boys among the devotees, and one was, it appears, the son of a bey.

We were ushered into a circular building, the centre railed round with a low partition. Fifteen dervishes and their sheik shortly appeared; they each bowed as they entered, the sheik taking his seat on a carpet opposite to the place of entrance, the others arranging themselves round the area. There was a gallery opposite the sheik, to the front of which a person in a different dress advanced, and read a long lamentation or some kind of prayer; those in the circle beneath reverently kneeling and bowing to the earth. Presently a few taps of the drum were heard, and a melancholy but exciting kind of air began. It played slowly at first and afterwards increased in time. The fourteen dervishes (one remaining out) each moved in slow measure from their places, bowing and turning before the sheik as they passed. The music became quicker, and the turning about in time, with hands and arms stretched out on a level, one hand turned upward and the other downward, was kept to a perfect measure and graceful; but on its increasing must have caused giddiness, one would imagine, to the unpractised. There was a figure maintained all the while, and each individual seemed by turns to occupy the central part, generally three abreast, and always preserving the same distance between each other. I could see a great difference in the manner of each. With some it seemed scarcely enjoyment, others appeared absorbed wholly, and one of the boys (the bey's son) was a model of luxurious sensation. His head was held more on one side than that of any of his companions, though all carried it

slightly inclined, but he seemed to give himself up to a sensation of pure ecstacy.

It was a strange sight and, apparently one of more gratification than mortification. It is held every Friday, and is always a sight for the stranger. The dress of the dervishes, on first entering, was covered by a cloak which hung over the shoulders, and had a girdle to fasten it underneath. The colour varied, pale violet, brown, green, &c. On commencing the dance this was thrown off, and the under dress then appeared in form of a Greek jacket, hanging loosely, and a petticoat made like a Highland kilt, but reaching to the feet, which were bare. The petticoat was held in at the waist by a coloured sash, and when the dance began it spread itself like a fan and contributed to the singular but elegant appearance of the movement. One dervish, who retained his cloak, continued walking in and out of the dancing group, perhaps to maintain the necessary distances, and he played on a small pipe.

The drive to the mosque had taken us through a quarter of the city which seemed devoted to various trades. We passed the bazaar of the shoemakers, saddlers, papoush or slipper-makers, ironmongers, &c., and besides we met with many curious modes of transit. Sugar-canes carried in a fork-shape upon a donkey's back, the upper end crossed over the saddle-pad, the lower touching the ground on each side and raising much dust. A roll of mats carried in the same way. An enormous pile of carpets of various colours carried thus also, and which almost hid the poor little donkey from view. The money-changer sat at the side of the street (the Muskat), with small heaps of copper coin to

change for silver; a trade from which they derive a small gain. At the gardens of Mehemet Ali's Palace we had been given nosegays of roses, wall-flowers, gilliflowers, which smelt very sweet and were a harbinger of spring and early summer.

Saturday, 11*th*. Our morning was to be begun by a ride to Old Cairo and the Copt and Greek churches, the island of Rhoda, in which is the Pasha's summer-palace and garden, and the Nilometer. We made our way on donkeys through crowded streets as usual, and at last reached the Copt church in Old Cairo. The entrance was by stone steps of some height, and on entering we found ourselves in a vestibule in which sat two or three aged men. One was prepared to acccompany us, and unlocked the door. I was struck by the likeness of the interior to one of our own ancient chapels. The nave was almost square, crossed by a screen as in a cathedral. The roof was of rafters, and gable-shaped and rather high-pitched. The screen was carved in Eastern lattice-work. The central gate or door was opened, and we were ushered into what we should term the chancel. Before us were the desks for reading the law and the gospels, and behind them was the heavy curtain which covered the place where the holy elements were kept. This reminded me of a Jewish synagogue, of which I had seen the oldest instance extant at Prague, dating back to within a short period of the Christian era. We were told that in point of age this church was supposed to rival any other sacred building extant, going back to nearly or within a century and a half of the Apostolic times. There were some well-carved

legends of sacred history (New Testament), which ran along the upper part of the panelling of the walls, and a representation of Saint Catherine and her wheel, said to be the original portrait of the saint, whose body was transported after death, and is claimed by the Convent of Mount Sinai.

The communion is given in this church in both kinds, and we were shown where it was received, which was in a small chapel to the left hand of the entrance. The women have a separate position allotted them, and receive the communion by themselves. It was highly interesting to observe the shades of difference which exist between this Church and our own.

We descended below the Copt Church before leaving it, and into a crypt, where was a cavernous hollow and some pillars. In one of the stony recesses, which had a ledge in it, the Virgin Mother and Child were said to be hid on their flight here. No doubt they sought concealment even here, and our Lord began early to have His bed on the rocky ground.

We remounted and passed on to the Greek Church, through the narrowest streets, more indeed like the Calle of Venice, and I did not get off my donkey, but remained at the door of the church awaiting our party. They reported the building as very interesting and peculiar, consisting of several storeys, one of which was used as the church, and others were inhabited by the priests, and, above all, some kinds of trades were carried on.

Our next objects were Rhoda Island and the Nilometer. We had passed out of New Cairo and had taken the route through Old Cairo, to have

a view of the gate of the town, but now fallen into disuse. It was in a recess, and on either hand the walls were very high, with latticed galleries on the upper part. Out of such, as I could imagine, the painted Jezebel would have looked when Jehu drove to the gate of Jezreel.

The gate would have made a good sketch, with its appearance of extreme age and truly oriental form; but time pressed, and this morning was to be circumscribed to the ride of three hours before luncheon.

Passing much broken ground, and through large mounds of earth—the accumulation of, we may even suppose, four thousand years—we came at last to the banks of the Nile, and passed through a village. Overhead rafters shaded the street, and below was the cool green verdure of trees. The streets swarmed with people, buying and selling vegetables and food of various kinds. Arrived on the quay, we dismounted, and, crossing in a ferry-boat, gained the landing-place by some stone steps. We entered by the garden of the Palace, and at once proceeded to the Nilometer. It is a stone pillar, standing in a large stone tank, and on it is marked the heights to which the Nile flows, the water flowing in underneath; and when it reaches a certain point, word is sent to the city, as beyond that mark danger would arise to the houses, and especially to the poorer districts. In the Copt Church the crypt is there under water; and Miss W—— told me that in her quarter the boys bathe in the Nile flood.

We returned quickly, as the day was advancing, and we had planned an afternoon ride.

CHAPTER V.

VICEROY'S PALACE—MILITARY BAND IN THE GARDENS—HAREM, LADIES OF—DINNER AT THE HOTEL DU NILE—POLITICS AT TABLE—FRENCH WAR—MISS W.'S SCHOOL—OPHTHALMIA—AMERICAN MISSION-SCHOOL—BUILDINGS IN NEW CAIRO—CEMETERY FOR THE ENGLISH—MISS W.'S NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE—TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS—BAZAARS—SHOUBRA—DOGS.

At three o'clock we started, and made for the Viceroy's Palace at Ezbekieh. It is situated in a beautiful garden, about a mile out of Cairo. The building is imposing, but the interior was not shown at this time, and indeed it was the last day of the gardens being open until further notice, as the Viceroy was expected. The grounds are laid out in the English style,—beautiful beds of geraniums and other flowers, fine turf, a very handsome fountain, and a terrace-walk overlooking the Nile, and all its up-and-down traffic. The harem is a separate building. There is also a most elegant pavilion on the edge of a small lake, a marble-paved vestibule opening on rooms on each side, supported by clustered columns. Beautiful specimens of china and Capo di Monte groups on pedestals, vases of rare porcelain for flowers, with a magnificent piece of majolica standing in the centre; and the roof of Arabesque is emulous

of lace-work. From this enchanted hall is seen the lake, embosomed in the rarest tropical trees—the majestic palm, with its feathery leaves, the pepper-tree with its drooping branches and coral berries, &c., and intertwined are smaller flowering shrubs, filling the air with heavy fragrance; at intervals a bank of rock-work is seen, where, moored at hand, and lazily floating in their own deep shadows, are small boats for rowing. It was a scene worthy of "Lalla Rookh." But, alas! what a life of enervation does not this produce! Give me our hardy breezes, and the manly breasting of the storms of life which it produces. Finite creatures are best developed in struggles and uncertainty.

We heard a military band begin its martial strains before we had gone through all the fine zoological collection, which is in a part of the gardens, and provided for the recreation of the ladies of the harem; and, on reaching a shady spot, near where the regimental band was posted, we took our seats in an empty kiosque, having ascertained it was open to admission. Ere long came in the large party of a private harem, preceded by an attendant in a *fez*. We immediately drew back, and closed up our chairs to make more room; and the official attending was desired by the elder lady of the party to express her acknowledgments of our civility. These were conveyed to us in the French language.

There were, altogether, five or six women of various ages. One was about thirty, and very handsome, but had a squint; and so it was with four out of the six, as was observed by one of our party. A very young woman, about eighteen, was prettily dressed in pink silk and white lace, and a rose in her hair;

and she wore a pearl necklace of some size. Their gowns were all made alike, the bodies cut square, trimmed with lace, and the skirts meeting in front, and confined with a band round the waist. Their figures were evidently those of Nature, and the whole form was enveloped in black silk mantillas, or rather cloaks, which they held on each side over their heads when they moved. Their faces were not covered, except occasionally, when the hand held the cloak over the lower part of the face. Not being veiled, I asked our dragoman if they were ladies of any degree; and he replied in the affirmative, adding that the veiled face was beginning to be done away with, especially in Constantinople. Shortly entered a very frightful old Bey, obese in figure and coarse-looking to the last degree. He sat down by the elder lady and talked awhile, and then led off the whole party to lionize the rock-work, where we again met in the subterranean passages. The rock-work is very prettily arranged: a labyrinth of cells and waterfalls and cool retreats; steps, also, to mount to the upper part. It is a copy of the rockery at the International Exhibition in Paris, but without its interesting exhibition of fish. Just as we were leaving the gates of the garden to mount our donkeys, the gatekeeper warned us to stand aside, as the *avant garde* of the Viceroy had just cantered up; and at the same moment the royal carriage entered the court. The guards slipped off their horses at the entrance, and the horses turned aside of themselves, the riders entering the court on foot. The Khedivè looked much stouter than when in Paris, but appeared in good health. After the cavalcade had swept in, we gained the

place where our donkeys were standing behind tiers of carriages, arranged as on a band-day at Kensington Gardens.

Sunday, 12th. Service was held in the Hotel.

Monday, 13th. I came to the Nile Hotel at midday, and found my room ready and very comfortably arranged. Being opposite to the east, I had a full view of the sunrise, which I like much. Our party at the Great Hotel had separated. Some had entered into a fortnight's engagement to go up the Nile, or as far as time permitted, in a steamer hired for the purpose. Some were bound for Suez. At dinner I found myself next an agreeable and intelligent man, about thirty years of age; and opposite to me was a military man of *thirty years' standing*, as he expressed it. His political bias was that of the *Standard;* and, he added, "he would *burn Printing House Square*, if he was in command." For myself, I should be sorry to lose the *Times* as a leading journal, though I can read other newspapers with pleasure. The news of the day was retailed—fighting in Paris, Rochefort said to be dead, Flourêns and another, whose name I did not catch, taken prisoners, and to be shot. Miserable French nation! It will have much to go through yet before it can tone down its ideas. After dinner, wrote letters in my room till nearly eleven o'clock. I had looked in at the kiosque before dinner, and read the *Times* of the 4th of March. A grand piano stands there, but it is not a very good instrument.

Tuesday, 14th. This morning I was to go by appointment to see Miss Whately's school. Breakfast was brought punctually at nine o'clock to my

room—good tea, rolls, butter, eggs *a la coque*, all quite in Paris style. At a quarter before ten o'clock I got on a donkey and rode to the school. The younger class seemed numerous. The second class read the first chapter of St. John in English, and without a mistake. The Bible is taught in Arabic, and they put the text of the one into the other without hesitation. There were about twenty boys who were in the class. Their writing is excellent, especially in Arabic. The paper always doubled back in their palm. It would require the accuracy and finish of a good draughtsman to form letters in Oriental languages. Miss W. had come down from the girls' school to meet me. We now went to the rooms above, where the girls were assembled. This perhaps is the greatest achievement, no education having been given to females previously. The first room was occupied by infants learning their letters. They were not disturbed by our entrance, but continued looking at their primers, which were on boards hanging against the walls. Arabic only is taught in the girls' school; nothing else would be tolerated here at present. In many cases there is great opposition to education of any kind. At twelve years old they are required to leave, to be married. It is surprising the race has not degenerated more than it has done. The women look much more unhealthy than the men, who are often very able-bodied and a fine-looking race; though I was told afterwards that this class of men were fresh from the country villages, to which they return after gaining a little money. It is sad to see disease settle in the eyes so much as it does in the lower classes.

When this does not exist, the eyes are remarkably bright and intelligent. The children come at seven o'clock in the morning, and remain till five. Their dinners are either brought with them or sent to them. There is no difference made in the various ranks of life, all being treated alike; but I was told that some had their dinner brought to them by a slave, and that it would consist of two or more dishes. Others again had it neatly tied up in a handkerchief by their mother's care, and some very poor brought their bread and clubbed together for a trifling addition of some vegetable to add a little *gusto*. It is considered a proof of the greatest poverty to eat what is called street-bread. Every house makes its own. It is much leavened; but the flour is pure and wholesome, and their own way of making the bread is much preferred to what we consider desirable. When the people are out all day at work, they are obliged to buy their bread, but never do it by choice. I saw here the pretty silver embroidery work which is the native style, as also the same in coloured silks, and bought a specimen of each. A wedding veil was in hand, which was intended to be offered as a sofa-cover or large anti-macassar. The price obtained for the work enables more materials to be provided.

It was a scene of great interest, and a work from which one may hope future beneficial results in habits of steady employment and neatness and cleanliness of person. Basins for ablution of hands and face are provided, and are the preliminaries to school-work.

The children look happy, and are said to be attentive and interested in what is put before them. The

parents still offer opposition and make difficulties. In another generation this will become less, no doubt; but one can hardly picture its success to any extent, without its causing a great revolution in the position and feeling of the women.

There are here about one hundred and fifty boys and eighty girls. The weather is at times a great drawback to their attendance. If it rains they do not come, as they have a great dislike to wet weather; but when fine their attendance is regular, and some come long distances, often three miles. Geography is taught in Arabic (to the girls necessarily), and Miss W. feels the want of maps in that language. A few were obtained from Mr. Lieder's school, at whose death they were sold. Mr. Lieder was one of the first Europeans who attempted to forward education in Egypt.

We were to have gone to the site of the new school building, but were obliged to defer it from the threatening showers; and I parted from Miss W. under promise of making the arrangement for a future day. To-morrow afternoon I go to the English cemetery by appointment with Dr. Lansing, to see the grave of a friend's brother and to report on its state.

On passing the Great Hotel I stopped to ask if the party had started by steamer up the Nile, and found they were gone on their fortnight or three weeks' trip. The season was become fully late, and they hardly expected to get as far as Thebes. The steamer was chartered by a party of eleven or twelve, at the rate of £40 each. Mrs. I. came down to tell me that her young charge, the American girl, was still confined to her room. The

rough passage they had had crossing to Alexandria, and the fatigue of the expeditions we had so much enjoyed together, had told on her delicate health; but the doctor thinks she will be able to leave her room to-morrow.

I went on to the American Mission, and found Mrs. L. at home, who conducted me through their schools. They have three able native teachers, besides Dr. L.'s own supervision. Mrs. L. visits the women in their own homes four times a week. This school has been established fifteen years, and has educated some valuable assistants who are now employed as missionaries. Dr. Hardy, Theological Professor at Ramlah College, Alexandria, is now on a visit to Dr. L., and gave me much interesting information. He has young men working under him, who go out on Saturday up the country and remain till Monday. They take every opportunity of reading the Scriptures to the natives, and, as circumstances admit, under the shade of a tree or a wall, wherever chance may collect them. At first they met with little encouragement, but lately and suddenly, a change took place, and now there is as much eagerness to hear as before there was supineness. This has roused the native priests. The Copts begin to try education; but the poor think they are better taught by the new schools, and the English language is more easily and better attained in them. I asked if the Government offered any opposition. Not directly, was the apparent opinion. But at this moment terror is reigning everywhere, as the reserves are being called out; and, besides the unwonted hardships of military life, there are no bounds to the term. They may serve

for life, and the right arm of the family is for the time taken away. The system pursued is very hard upon all. The Sheik of the village is answerable for the levy of his town or hamlet. He has no salary from the Government, though made responsible for everything that occurs. He is required to furnish fifty men, but he makes double the requirement in his village: perhaps fifty will be able and *do* pay for a substitute; but the other fifty *cannot*, and they are marched off, whilst the Sheik pockets the money.

I had imagined the building going on in Cairo must furnish work. Far from it; the labour is by conscripts also. So many labourers are demanded in turn from each province or division. No arrangement is made to bring them down from often great distances. Many walk, carrying their own bread on their shoulders in a large bag. Some have been known to pay their fare in the steamers; and whilst here they are rarely paid, except in those quarters which might come under the notice of Europeans.

The servitude of Israel has indeed retorted heavily on them, and great must be the inward cry that rises to Heaven. It is just the time of year when the missionaries assemble from all parts to give an account of their various labours. They have service on their first day of meeting and a sermon. It will be this year in English; but henceforth, it is thought, it will be in Arabic, as being more beneficial to the native missionaries.

Wednesday, 15th. Early rising is the rule here. At six o'clock, or rather later, I see light; by half-past seven—sun well risen—I am dressed; and, after

opening my door, which leads on the balcony round which the rooms are ranged, breakfast appears—tea or coffee, rolls and good butter and eggs, served on a small tray with napkin. I walk on the balcony, and continue my sketch of the interior and exterior views of the hotel. My room being arranged, I write letters till mid-day. Luncheon at twelve o'clock—hot meat, fruit, coffee for those who like it. I make an English luncheon of meat and fruit; and always eat an orange the first thing in the morning (as one of the best antidotes in a hot climate), and also at any time when thirsty after our excursions.

At four o'clock I rode to meet Dr. Lansing and his little boy, whom he always makes his companion in his afternoon ride for health's sake. Dr. L. told me that, in the early part of his residence in Egypt, his health suffered very much from his sedentary life; but, the committee under which he works having presented him with a horse, he found it an unfailing antidote, and had preserved his health perfectly by the daily exercise; he now pursued the same plan with his boy, who rode a quick, clever little donkey. We took the way to the English cemetery, which is on the road to Old Cairo; and we passed a Copt burial-place, also walled-in and very ancient. The Mussulmans bury close to the Caliphs on the other side of the city, in another quarter. In about twenty minutes' ride we arrived at the English cemetery. It is walled in, and has a great gate of entrance; and, being planted with well-grown trees, it has a quiet, shady appearance, so refreshing in this climate. After some little search we found the grave we sought; but I could

have hardly credited the rapid decay of marble in this ground, had I not seen it. The ground is so pervaded with nitre that in a very few years, say from three to five, the slab perishes, and will crumble to powder under the touch of the finger. Monumental erections of Scotch granite have been brought over, packed in cases, ready to put up; and near here a stone is found which is impervious, and answers as a foot-stone or basis to the granite; but many still lie under fast-decaying marble. We saw Lady Duff Gordon's sarcophagus, and also that of the valuable former residents, Mr. and Mrs. Lieder, who established the first schools in Cairo. Many English lie buried here,—officers on their way from India, young invalids and resident employés. It is always an interesting, though mournful sight, to see where one's countrymen lie buried in these far-away spots. Every care is taken of the graves. The guardian is a fine old man, a Copt, who, drawing back when I offered him the backsheesh which the family of the "buried one" had sent, assured me he was paid regularly by their desire; but I requested him to receive it as an addition sent by me.

The mortuary-chapel is now about to be finished, and additional ground has been bought, which will place it well in the centre of the whole.

We had a most pleasant ride home, my donkey and Bertie Lansing's being emulous to beat each other in pace. Dr. L., who was mounted on a pretty Syrian horse, kept us quietly in view. Letters to write this evening for Friday's post.

Thursday, 16*th*. Mr. K. had called in the morning and reported well of his daughter. After mid-day luncheon I walked to Miss W.'s house, and found

her at home, but preparing to ride. She went with me to her new building, which begins to make a very good appearance. It is of stone, with handsome coignings and coping-stones to the windows. The well was sunk for more than forty feet; and the water proves good, only very slightly brackish. This may be remedied by lime thrown down; or a still better method used in his country, my American friend told me of, was lowering a sack full of lime into the well. After about ten days the whole contents will be absorbed, the sack may be drawn up, and the water will be found perfectly pure. I was much pleased with the explanations of the architect, and also the master of the works, both of whom we found on the premises.

The premises will admit of a good playground, and will contain a residence for Miss W. The lower part of the school has a large hall for the boys, and smaller class-rooms off it. The girls have the same upstairs, with rooms for a resident mistress, and this part of the building has a separate entrance. Also, on the other side, to the back, are rooms for the resident master, and furnished also with a separate entrance for the master and the boy-scholars. The city walls form the back part of the ground, which the architect is very anxious to get possession of, as, in the event of the city walls being levelled, it would save the expense of rebuilding. The school faces what will be a handsome street, and is raised above it by steps and terraced ground on either side. The ground will be fenced by a sufficiently high partition-wall, and land has already been bought in front to keep off any buildings on the opposite side of the road.

On this side is a large field, too highly priced, but much wished for, as it would leave them free of possible interference by buildings. This quarter is one inhabited by moneyed merchants and people of a superior class, and the approach will ultimately be made through a row of handsome houses. The head-master walked back with me to the New Hotel, where I had promised to call on friends. I waited for some time, as they were out riding; but I left eventually, and I found afterwards that they had been detained till late by a ride to Heliopolis.

Friday, 17th. My American friends were to leave to-day for Suez; but the ladies obtained a reprieve, and we planned a ride this afternoon. I mounted at two o'clock and rode to Tod and Rathbone's (Rossetti's Gardens), to leave a letter in their care, the owner of which I could not find; then to the English Consul's for leave to see Shoubra, the country palace of the late Viceroy. To-day (Friday) is, however, a closed day, and always given up to the harem; but I got the order for to-morrow (Saturday). We therefore set out on a country ride; and, passing through forests of prickly-pear and other trees, we found ourselves on the road to the Caliphs' Tombs. These are a group of mosques, five in number. We entered the finest, and saw the tomb of the Caliph Haroun, as also an impression, it is said, of the feet of Mahomet, on a stone brought from Mecca. We shuffled about in our slippers over a handsome marble pavement, inlaid with different colours, admiring the tracery of the roof and the lancet windows, with an Arabesque pattern in coloured glass. The tomb is enclosed in a lattice-work wooden screen, covered with a pall of cloth

worked in Arabic characters, on a green ground. On leaving the mosques, we passed through the quarter of the Mussulmans' burials, grouped as near as permitted to the ancient dynasty.

We re-entered the city by the bazaars, through mounds of dust-like earth, probably the remains of the usual clay dwellings, or probably long worn-out cemeteries. In fact, here the living seem to dwell upon and among the dead; but their climate carrying in its every current of air pulverisation, speedily reduces dust to dust, without injury to the living.

We threaded our way through the crowded thoroughfares, passing through the Turkish, Moorish, and the Tunisian Bazaar. The Gold Bazaar is the most narrow in its passages, and more curious than any. The Attar of Rose Bazaar interested us by the deliciousness of its fragrance; and we were buying some of the pretty gilded bottles at a counter, when the crowd increased and passed by us rapidly to the sound of music, and we saw it was a marriage procession. Imagine the narrowest of the narrow alleys of London, and set apart there for pedestrians only; but here laden mules and equestrians were passing, added to which was this stream of persons, led by a child on horseback, preceded by drums and tabors, then more musicians and bagpipes. At last came the bride, *folded up in red muslin*, her arms stretched out and placed on the shoulders of her bearers, her feet apparently never touching the ground, and followed by a kind of pagoda, in which were the bridal presents. Our donkeys seemed perfectly heedless of the noise, and stood firm to the ground; and, after the stream had passed by,

we concluded our purchases and returned home, not without again meeting with a very great impediment before reaching the turn into the Mouski, in a string of donkeys laden with cotton, which bore everything before them, as they were taking supplies to the Khedivè's factory, and would give way to no one. Cotton is soft, but to have one's head thrust into it by its swaying is very stifling.

Saturday, 18*th*. This morning I was up at a quarter before six. The sun rose without a cloud, but a gentle breeze waved the long branches of the palm-trees in the court below. I sat for some time watching their constantly changing hue. It is one of the most difficult trees to sketch, for though feathery in appearance it is very positive in form and character. After mid-day repast I mounted a donkey for our ride to Shoubra, found my friends ready at the New Hotel, and we started. I was riding on the native saddle, which I find answers perfectly well. We soon gained the bridge, and crossed to the thickly-shaded Carooba avenue, which leads to the palace. The distance must be more than three miles, and the road runs in the direction of the Nile. After passing a branch of the Sweet Water Canal, which is now being completed into Cairo, we gained a bank close to the Nile, and had a distant view of the Pyramids. They loom in the midst of the sandy desert, as so often represented by artists, and look very imposing, seen so distinctly at such a distance,—not less, I imagine, than twelve miles. Every near object is lost to the eye, and they stand impressively, solemnly, alone.

The avenue to Shoubra has handsome residences of the great men of the Court on either side. The

approach to the late Viceroy's villa terminated the road we had taken.

A servant advanced from the lodge-gates and received our *permits;* and, ushering us in, we were shortly joined by the gardener. We passed through a wild confusion of beautiful flowering plants, without the slightest attempt at culture. The geraniums, of which there were rows of the scarlet kind, seemed wholly unpruned. The pomegranate flowered in wild, untrained masses; and we saw an immense bed of lupins growing much as charlock would with us. One plant, with a large scarlet pod and like the barberry in leaf, was trained on slight wooden frames; and there was a handsome creeper hanging in profusion, the colour of the Virginian. Towards the centre of the garden was a magnificent marble-paved building. It was a court of four sides, in the centre of each of which was a pavilion surrounded with divans, and overlooking the large basin of water, which with its fountain formed the centre of the open court. Large globe lamps were erected round the fountain, and I could imagine the beauty of the scene by moonlight, or when lit up by the lamps. Boats were here also, moored alongside the marble pavement, to enable those who were so disposed to enjoy the exercise of rowing; and at each angle of this immense court were withdrawing rooms for smoking, billiards, &c. A very large reception-room and a smaller one completed the rooms for entertainment.

In the great saloon was a most elegant chandelier of glass, coloured and white, disposed most artistically to please the eye, both in form and hue. It was somewhat Venetian in style, but had a wholly

novel effect. These abodes are truly palaces of idleness and luxury, with not a vestige of employment or resource in which the intellect would be called to exert itself. We passed down a very pretty avenue of pines on our way back, and crossed near what appeared the residence itself, or the harem, and gaining the gate of entrance, found our donkeys enjoying a rest, lying under the trees; mine only had placed himself in the shade of a wall, which I observe is a favourite resting-place of donkeys. We remounted and came back, meeting a throng of carriages and equestrians enjoying their afternoon's lounge down the avenue.

This evening, at dinner, my left-hand neighbour told me of the feat his companion on the Nile had performed in shooting a crocodile. I am to see it when hung up in one of the angles of the court. I asked what game was shot here; and he said quails were sometimes to be had in flocks, but they were uncertain in their appearance and came only at intervals. This friend had shot a golden eagle, six feet from wing to wing; also some other birds he mentioned. We had some agreeable conversation on subjects of present consideration, and as lying before us in Egypt itself; and he gave me the "Theban" version of the overthrow of Sennacherib, quite in opposition to the well-known miraculous intervention of Almighty power, which, perhaps, it was too much to expect would be truly represented by the discomfited invaders. My neighbour on the other side, a Russian (Mr. L.), informed me of the progress made in organising a party to Sakhara for the following Monday. Opposite to us sat a young man and his wife, whom I had taken for

English, but Mr. L. informed me they were Danes. They spoke English perfectly well.

To-day I found the whole of last week's *Times*, which had arrived last night, and lay on the table of the kiosque. I took a rapid glance at their contents: one *Times* newspaper is most refreshing to read, but six deprives one of all power of enjoyment. I gathered, however, that Paris was still in a most unquiet state, but D'Aurelles Paladin appeared to be acting firmly as chief in command. The German army had evacuated the city as quietly as they entered, after the King had reviewed his troops at Longchamps and again at Villiers, on the memorable ground of the Marne. It was observed that he listened with great attention to the rapid survey of the various points of attack in that fearful sortie, and surveyed the scene with close observation, it being the first time he had been upon that battle-field. The splendid staff which followed him extended nearly half a mile.

A proclamation from Napoleon III. claimed all my sympathy, as it stated nothing but bare truths. Ungrateful France, who is always making her rulers answerable for her own follies and waywardness!

Sunday, 19*th*. Bright sunshine; rose at half-past six. We have service at eleven o'clock at the Great Hotel, but depending on a chance traveller ordained in the Church of England, our resident clergyman being at Alexandria. The first sound heard here of a morning is the cooing of pigeons, of which there are many flights seen in Cairo. The tender green of spring begins to show in this garden on several bushes hitherto without leaf. It has the same beauty everywhere, but is perhaps

nowhere seen to more advantage than in our own country, where we are wholly deprived during our winter months of every vestige of green, save in the shrubberies of laurel and holly, &c.

I hear that life in this city degenerates much, but that there is an ever fresh renewing current from the upper part of the country. Men come here to make money, and then return to their homes to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

In the country of the Upper Nile the people live to a good age, even to one hundred and twenty years, and more. The women in town soon degenerate, and they look sadly diseased and miserable, as well as the children. Uncared-for, untended, the infants die by thousands; and those who grow up seem victims to ophthalmia and every species of eye disease. Their close dwellings and dirty habits work these ills. The women in the country, by being obliged to bring water from the Nile generally twice a day, have secured to them air and exercise. Their upright carriage and height, generally above average, is a proof how well this exercise (their almost only one) agrees with them; and I have no doubt it has its social enjoyment in a gossip on the river's bank, reminding me of those "at the well" in our own country. Any one remaining here for a while must feel an intense interest in the success of our admirable countrywoman, Miss W. What may it not effect, in conjunction with the powerful and wealthy American Mission, in disseminating Gospel truths, giving the foundation of a good education in reading, writing, and accounts; and to the girls, orderly, cleanly habits, and a knowledge of the value of their souls, which up to this

time they were not permitted to suppose they possessed? The boys had a sort of education, but of the most limited kind; verses of the Koran, learnt by heart, being almost all that was conveyed to them. The priesthood evidently were not anxious to advance them further. The men are a magnificent race—at least those inhabitants of the desert who come to get work here—and how indefatigably active they are! The young runners who precede the carriages are a marvel to the European, maintaining their pace before the horses, and never seeming fatigued. I saw one specimen in a boy of fourteen years old, who was just beginning the employment. I never saw a face of greater health and intelligence, the colour of his cheeks appearing through his dark skin like a blush rose covered with a thin black gauze; and he was equally bright in his answers, speaking English intelligibly. The men who follow the donkeys are equally active, and keep up their quick pace for two hours at a time. I noticed a low cough, and asked a resident if chest complaints were common among them; but he told me the cough I heard was generally caused by smoking.

In the culture of gardens and flowers there seems at present no advance; everything is left to nature. Our nosegays yesterday from Shoubra were roses, pomegranate blossoms, and a poor kind of variegated single stock; marguerites also, which here smell very sweet, and the beautiful pendant leaves of the pepper-tree, with its red berries.

What would not a gardener from England produce under such a climate and in such a soil!

The itinerant vendors by the way-side are various;

their little trays, like a Jew pedlar's, are filled with small wares. Sometimes pearl buttons, scissors, sometimes sweets (sugar in little squares), pastry, &c. The cake baked on the hearth has its frequent place, though none but the very poorest buy it, and then only when their occupations do not leave them time to bake. Sometimes it is a trinket-merchant and his ware, the humblest kind of ornament (manufactured, I should think, in Birmingham for this market). Then, again, and in the Mouski, most frequently it is the changer of money. Was this the trade of Matthew? They change piastres and copper money for silver and gold. The trade here is so much carried on in copper, that one is sure to have either too much or too little; and the weight, when in excess, is very disagreeable. The heaps of copper are ranged in piles, close to one another. Some had wire covers to their trays, but generally they seemed to trust entirely to their own vigilance; and I never saw any attempt at a "raid," or any scuffle ensue. The Arab has his own way of taking his tithe. These copper-merchants make but a small gain; but it is sufficient to satisfy them, as would appear by the many who ply the trade.

We had an excellent sermon this morning from the stranger of last Sunday. Text, Col. iii. 23-25. The Mouski was much quieter than on week days. Perhaps the absence of English parties contributed to this; though I saw four gentlemen starting in a carriage at the end of the Mouski, and on the driving-seat sat a fifth, holding a gun, with a pointer of true English breed placed between himself and the coachman, and perhaps wondering at his master's love of travel and novelty. A

splendid black retriever often bounds down the gallery past my door, and sometimes pays me a visit. The *garçon* of our gallery is a great friend of his, and is always greeted by a most uproarious embrace, which is returned with equal affection. The dogs here seem the most abased creatures of their kind. "Curs" in breed, I do not think an English dog would condescend to look at them. "Scavengers" by calling, they seem to ply their vocation unnoticed and unrecognised. No one ever sees a native followed by his dumb faithful companion. "Dog" is the strongest term of reprobation a Mahommedan can use, and he seems to place the animal in the same category. Between a fox and a jackal, and often hungry and half-starved, they may be seen lying asleep during the day in sunny corners. At night their bark is often heard, and gives notice of fresh "quarry;" but I am told they have all their particular quarters in the city, and aggression is fiercely contested. With us how different is the position enjoyed! The companion of childhood, and the dumb friend of maturer years, how faithfully does he accommodate himself to the humour of his master! Often have I seen the black retriever immovable behind his master, who would stand for half an hour at a time looking over the end of the gallery, moodily enough, whence a view was commanded of natives at work in a plot of ground, the "garden of herbs," probably, of the palace adjoining. Not a sign, scarcely of life, would the faithful creature show until he saw the reverie was over, and that they were to move. The master, I believe, is the hero of the crocodile-adventure. Our party is, I hear, organised for to-morrow to Memphis

and Sakhara; and the day following I am to accompany Miss W. to Heliopolis, and I much wish for an hour's conversation with one so far removed from the common pursuits of women.

I find my Lausanne bonnet very appropriate to this climate; made of willow, and gipsy shape, tied under the chin, but turned up behind to make it more convenient for resting the head in travelling. Hitherto I have worn over it a black merino bashalic, which is a German fashion, and has a hood and long ends, which cross in front and fasten behind, forming a complete protection from sun and wind. Now I substitute a white jaconet muslin bashalic, as preferable and more suitable to this climate, and for which the shape is so well adapted, as defending the head and throat. I was told my bonnet was the envy of some of the American ladies on board the *Persia*, who suffered martyrdom from both wind and sun in their French hats. The native women here express their admiration of my head-gear, as being a covering to the face, and approaching nearer to the Eastern style. It is often a want of due attention to time and place, in both what you do and what you wear, that causes illness in these climates. Men are less frequently the slaves of fashion than women, and may be noted for being always in a costume suitable to time and place.

CHAPTER VI.

SAKHARA.

KHAMSEEN WIND—THE KHEDIVÈ'S ARMY—MEMPHIS—SACRED BULLS—INVALIDS—SLEEPLESSNESS—DESERT WIND—SNAKE CHARMER—RAILWAY TO ISMAILIA—POST BOAT TO PORT SAID—AUSTRIAN-LLOYD'S.

MONDAY, *March 20th.* At seven o'clock a.m. we started for Sakhara, driving to Gizeh. The weather changed yesterday to great warmth, and the khamseen wind blew, similar to a sirocco in Italy. Every one remarked the closeness of the atmosphere during the night previous, and it was the first time I had felt any inconvenience from the heat.

Our plans were under the direction of Mr. L., the Russian, who had engaged a dragoman, but he proved both slow and ignorant. On our way to Gizeh we passed the Khedivè's beautiful Palace of the Harem. Close by was the station and a large drill-ground and camp. The tents and soldiers' dresses, white as the driven snow, looked a pattern of order, neatness, and cleanliness. The soldiers are a remarkably fine-looking set of men, above average height, and seem both happy and contented—a great contrast to the freshly-arrived recruits we saw sitting at the station in the usual Arab fashion, cross-legged on the ground, in a row, and chained by the neck.

Were they not thus hampered like a wild creature, they would at once start for the desert. However, they did not look unhappy, and seemed only anxious for backsheesh. Perhaps the Khedivè may hope, through the army, to train his people morally and socially. If met walking in the streets, the soldier carries himself with quiet self-respect, and in the bazaars may be seen making his purchases and selections with much care and interest. Many of them have regular features and very intelligent faces. We had plenty of time for observation. Arab trains have their own idea of time. At nine o'clock a.m. the train came up, and in half-an-hour we were at Bourshaire—our station. A crowd of donkeys and their drivers soon rushed up. We had our own views of price; but luckily a Swiss gentleman, who had come up by the train for shooting, to spend the night in tents, confirmed our views, and we made our bargain at the tariff price of two francs for each donkey, and backsheesh to driver. Our way lay past the village, in a palm-grove. The ground was like hard-baked dust; but what dust? That of ages, measured by thousands of years! The Necropolis of Memphis lies under this grove. What life, what activity has it not seen!

By the path, and lying in a deep hollow trench, was the colossal sitting statue of a queen, supposed to be that of the wife of Rameses II. Too enormous to drag farther, it has apparently been left here—a memento of human vanity. It lay almost on its face, but the features were of a noble cast, and finely carved in the hard Egyptian black granite. We entered now upon cultivated ground. In some parts were green crops, in others the plough

was at work. The labourer was breaking the clods with his two-handled hoe, a custom handed down from the earliest times.

The Nile flowed in through small hollows, whence the necessary irrigation was procured.

Can any one feel surprised that the faith which had lost its way in almost total darkness should turn to the river, which was to the Egyptians like the immediate hand of Providence? We continued across country for some half-hour, when we came upon an elevation of sand, and finally arrived at our destination, after a very hot ride amid the mounds formed by the *fouilles* of the indefatigable Mariette. Once indeed we had visible proof of what was below, as a mummy skull lay on our path, and a heap of human bones was collected on a sand-mound close by. How useless it is to attempt to preserve the human body from natural decay; better let it sink as seed into the ground, awaiting eternal life in resurrection glory, and secure from all sacrilegious touch in the bosom of its mother earth.

We found the leader of our party dismounting at the Hall of Rest, which has been formed here on an elevated marble platform. In front a terrace, and at the back offices furnished with means of boiling water or making any preparations for refreshment travellers might need. The carpet was spread and our luncheon produced, carefully packed in an Ascot luncheon-basket, and provided for us by the care of our *maître-d'hôtel*. Merrily we talked and ate. What a contrast to the world that had been on this spot! After luncheon was over the gentlemen amused themselves by making the Arab

boys who stood beneath the terrace scramble for the remains. Some races, too, were made for apples. But now the signal was given for the Temple of Serapeum, the burial-place of the Apis, or sacred bull. We entered a dark and cavernous descent, and by the light of our candles found our way into the gallery of the sarcophagi. At first I could hardly realise that the magnificently polished black marble tombs contained bulls, so much at variance is the current of our ideas with the worship of the Deity thus offered. But it is affecting to think that they groped after the truth, their bull, the offspring of a virgin mother, being the representation of incarnate Deity. This gallery was arched overhead like a crypt. It was long and wide. I think I counted thirty sarcophagi. They each occupied an immense space, and were sunk low enough in a species of trench to enable you to see over the lid. In some cases this, an enormously ponderous monolith, was removed. Into one of these we descended by steps and a ladder. It was about ten feet by seven wide, and so deep we could not see over the sides. The lid of this tomb was wholly removed, in others it was shoved back. Each tomb stood in its own chamber. It is supposed these enormous masses were brought by the Nile flood from quarries some miles distant, landed near at hand, and brought on rollers to this spot. Mariette used cannon-balls to move them. Cambyses, in his conquest of Egypt, is said to have killed the then living Apis, or god-bull; but there is an inscription which is said to contradict this probably too fatal

a truth to have been permitted by a governing hierarchy.

Near the entrance is a magnificent tomb of a totally different character, of black marble, in a small chamber. It is said to be that of a King Rameses, one of the earliest dynasties; and here Mariette found a statue of black marble.

Some of the sarcophagi of the Apis were ornamented by a line of inscriptions and hieroglyphics, traced by a sharp-pointed instrument, and sufficiently visible.

The Ibis cemetery or mausoleum is not yet discovered, but no doubt will be, as Mariette has found the plans of such sacred burial-places. Now in Paris, he had put in safe keeping, ere he left, all the treasures of the Musée in Cairo.

We now ascended to the light of day, glad to breathe fresh air again. Hot though it was, it was still hotter and drier below, and in the winter time, I was told, is most oppressive. The dryness of the soil is very remarkable to a European eye; composed of calcareous rock and its chief element sand. There is not a trace of humidity throughout. We were next shown an open-air digging, a chamber with vestibule, the burial-place of some rich person, probably a merchant. The hieroglyphics denoted pastoral work combined with ships. There were also the usual representations of offerings for the dead. All the masonry work and colouring were as perfect as if the work of yesterday. A part of the upper wall had been broken through, probably by the pickaxe, on discovery, and it had been renewed.

We now mounted our donkeys and returned

across the sand-mounds, and by the ploughed land and crops of vetches and clover. We met camels bearing heavy loads; and boats were moored at a fine bridge, which is to complete a new roadway over an estuary. The boats were unlading their cargoes brought thus far by the Nile. We saw a tent pitched in the ploughed land, as we concluded, for the chasseur who had travelled with us by the morning train; and we passed the Swiss himself, in person, measuring the statue which lay in the palm-grove. Arrived at the station, the leader of our party was missing; but as the dragoman was with him we felt no anxiety, and some of the hindermost of our party said that the girth of his saddle had broken, and that they had stopped to repair it. The train came up, but no appearance of the missing one; and we unwillingly left in about a quarter of an hour—the train starting punctually at four o'clock. Our carriages were in waiting at Gizeh, but we should have done just as well going to Boulak, the Cairo station. We arrived at our hotel by half-past five o'clock.

Mr. L. arrived only at two o'clock in the morning. He was seized with such a fit of coughing and prostration of strength, that he was obliged to lie down for an hour and then come on slowly. He was a delicate man, and in Egypt for his health.

The train having long started, the dragoman found a boat going down the Nile to Cairo; and our friend described his night sail as most luxurious. He had his carpet spread on the cotton bags, which were the cargo, and finally reached Cairo under the light of a splendid moon, and the air wonderfully soft and dry.

One of our young ladies had a fall from her donkey, by its stumbling and pitching her over its head. I saw her face buried in the sand, and was alarmed; but she got up laughing, and said it was like falling on a blanket. So ended our day without *contretemps* to mar our enjoyment.

Tuesday, 21st. This day I was to have ridden over to Heliopolis; but Miss W. sent me word it was not possible to go out, as it blew the khamseen, and throughout the city and country there was one whirl of sand and dust. It is the "blast of the desert." But in our charming court and garden we neither see nor feel it. It will be a day for writing and drawing.

My next-door neighbour, the poor invalid Prussian, is gone; he coughed so incessantly at night, that it made one feel sad. So many hours, too, necessarily passed in solitude. His room, always closed very early, was shut up when we returned yesterday.

On the other side is also a young man here for health, the owner of the retriever. His malady is a painful one. He has no power of attaining sleep. The only alternative is to go out at early dawn and walk for half-an-hour, and then return to his bed till mid-day. "Must take it out somehow," I heard him remark at dinner to a friend across the table. He looks pale and worn, and doubtless sleeplessness is a malady in itself.

Wednesday, 22nd. Yesterday gave me quite a new phase of this climate. The khamseen set in with great violence. Towards four o'clock I went into the Mouski for some shopping. No one was making excursions. Some few who had gone before the *déjeuner* hour for a drive, said they could see

nothing. The air appeared as thick with particles of sand as that of London in a fog. The piano was of great service—the Hungarian playing brilliantly. Some were engaged at chess,—in the kiosque, however, instead of in their usual pleasant seat on the shady side of the garden. In the Mouski I was offered the best donkeys—"Toddy, Macaroni," my choice, in fact; but I went on to Abbas' shop for some preserved milk, and afterwards to Madame Barlect's store, where every article of feminine attire is to be found, and at the usual prices. The same with all kinds of alimentary stores at Abbas'. At the *Photographie Anglaise* I got some excellent views of the city. On returning home I found our Sakhara party sitting in the kiosque—Mr. L., a German friend, and the two young M.'s (man and wife). We compared our photos, and continued our gossip until two of the gentlemen made a match at chess, and we sat under one of the pavilion seats to watch its progress; opposite to us another match was going on. I was anxious to see the Russian way of opening the game. It was by the king's pawn and squares, and then the great pieces moved out. The first bell sounded whilst the game was still undecided. The garden of this hotel, besides its Eastern character and airy quadrangle of rooms and balcony, has the advantage of wholly preserving the inmates from the whirlwinds of dust and sand. In the shade of its acacia, palm, and pepper trees, we could enjoy the soft showers of light rain which fell in the afternoon, purifying the air and making all look so fresh. It is said the Duke of S. is about to build a villa at Cairo. If so, what a garden he will have! It will be quite curious to see what

cultivation might do. Watering seems the extent of a native gardener's ideas. I bought some roses on my way back through the Mouski; and the scent in my room was that of attar of roses, though they appeared to be only a species of monthly rose, which with us is scentless.

Detestable flies! their importunity is unbearable, and I am early reminded of the necessity of wearing green tarlatan over the upper part of my face. Independently of the annoyance, I dread infection, as they are the great cause of eye-disease in Europeans. This afternoon, drove to Heliopolis with Miss W. The day was very fine, though the wind was high, but in the opposite quarter to yesterday. We had not much dust. The road, too, was well watered, as is the case in all those which lead to the royal palaces. The Viceroy has a palace near Heliopolis, which we passed. A great deal of this land was once an arid waste, and only reclaimed within late years. The greater part now has the appearance of nursery grounds. At a village we stopped to see the tree where the Holy Family are said to have rested in their flight into Egypt. It has the appearance of great age. The Viceroy gave this tree to the Empress of the French, on the occasion of her visit here at the opening of the canal. It is now surrounded with a paling, to preserve it from the injury of letters being cut on the bark. Close by is a garden, which is a wilderness of sweets. I never saw orange-blossom in greater profusion; the trees were nearly bent down with the weight. White jessamine, too, grows in profusion, but its first bloom was over. There were the gum-tree and the cassia, the castor-oil, the olive, and many others.

On reaching the obelisk we found it in ploughed land. A fine castor-oil plant grew at the base, which seems buried in sand, as the hieroglyphics are legible to the very ground. The wild bee has made its cells in the deep cuttings of the inscription, and rather assists in making the tracery more visible. There is a fracture close to the base, at one corner; otherwise it is perfect, and a wonderful example of works of antiquity. It is a monolith, and must be of a wondrously durable stone to have borne the weight of ages,—dating back to the time of the Pharaoh of Joseph's era. Not a remnant is to be seen of the city it once graced, which was one of the learned receptacles of the age, and dedicated to priestly and mystic lore.

We had a snake-charmer to perform before us to-day, just before our dressing bell rang. The boy took a large snake out of a bag, and made it stand erect on a portion of the body about a foot long. He made it keep a dancing movement by waving his hand. Once or twice it made a spring at him, which the boy parried with a stroke. It flattened its head, which made it appear twice its natural width when standing erect. Having been ordered to lie dead, the boy took out two smaller snakes; these he twisted about and handled in every way, the larger one remaining perfectly still, as commanded. The boy received a few paras, and depositing the snakes in a leathern bag, slung it over his shoulder and went away. I heard that an Italian gentleman had learnt the art in Nubia, and had succeeded in taming a large description of snake, some said a cobra capella.

Thursday, 23rd. I had finished the greater part

of my packing the previous night, and was able this morning to continue my sketch of the interior of the Nile Hotel—the oldest in Cairo. The surrounding buildings (an ancient palace of a Pasha), and the iron-grated windows of the old style of harem, with other characteristic houses, are seen from the galleries, and, with the court below, form a pleasing picture.

Friday, 24th. I left Cairo at nine o'clock. The dragoman of the hotel accompanied me to the station, took my ticket, and, arranging my small baggage, led the way to the *salle d'attente*. The French have left their stamp on the railway, as their language is used in all its arrangements, except by the stokers and engineers, who, I believe, are Englishmen. In a few minutes a traveller arrived, in usual English white costume, attended by a valet and dragoman. Amongst his personal baggage was a curiously-formed little hamper, which attracted the official's attention, and he desired it to be taken to the magazine, to be sent with the other luggage. This was not assented to by the owner, and words became high; however, the latter carried his point, affirming it was his luncheon basket. We had waited some time, when at last the bell rang, and the porter appointed to carry my smaller packages to the train appeared, and led me to a first-class carriage; but the door was locked, and a white-coated traveller appearing at the window, said there was no entrance. I said, "I am an Englishwoman," supposing the objection was raised possibly from not wishing to have natives, but again a negative. My porter stepped into the bureau and returned with the station-master, who

at once unlocked the door with his key, and I entered. Many apologies were offered. "It was on your account, as I feared you would be smoked to death, and wished to avoid that." "No smoking allowed with ladies in the carriage," was the sharp reply of the official, shutting the door. There was no alternative; the whole train was taken up by a harem, and another apology was offered by my countryman, pleading previous ignorance of this fact; and ere long we were joined by two native gentlemen and a Turk, grave and silent in demeanour. The journey proved much more propitious than the outset promised. The younger of the two natives, French by descent, had been called to serve in the French army during the present war. He had been in the repulse on the Marne, and bore testimony to the total want of organisation and commissariat of the poor French soldiers.

The first attempt at conversation was made by the Turk. He had a most penetrating and sagacious look. The two young companions had interchanged a few words, when the Turk asked if the elder one was not of Arab extraction. He had a very strongly-marked countenance, and showed by the colour of his skin the native of a warm climate. I had supposed him to be a Portuguese. But in reply to the question addressed him as to "Arab extraction," he answered, "Not for the last two hundred years, but I have Arab blood in my veins." The conversation then took a brisk turn on language and its affinities, and the white traveller lent his evidence to many words having a common extraction in French, Arabic, and English. I was unable at the moment to make any memoranda of what was

said, and had no opportunity for some days after; but I remember several curious affinities being stated, and words, for the introduction of which we cannot account. *Dashed* was one, to express a person being taken by surprise, and also *snub* was mentioned. The Arab spoke French perfectly, and it appeared he was born in Egypt, and educated under French tuition, but on the breaking out of the war went to serve in the French army. He gave a succinct and most melancholy account of the four days on the Marne. The general commanding (Ducrot) had orders from General Trochu to make the sortie, but the ground had not been reconnoitred, and not one preparation made; and in this unprepared state the men were thrown absolutely on the enemy. It was a marvel any escaped; but our friend had done so, and to all appearance unscathed. His friend was a collegian, as I gathered from his making some allusion to the rules of the University at Cairo, which is now established by the Khedivè. He spoke well in diction, but not so fluently as the soldier. They shortly left us, evidently having a shooting expedition in view, as the soldier had his gun. The Turk also left us at a small station, and my English companion and myself were left sole occupiers of the carriage to Ismailia. I expected to meet my friends at Port Said, who were to take their passage with me for Jaffa by the Austrian-Lloyd's of this week. We had waited as long as we could, hoping to have smooth weather and secure landing at Jaffa, which is sometimes not practicable, particularly at the equinox; but we had now cleared that period, and had only some days

left before Easter, when we wished to be in Jerusalem.

We had arrived at a station which seemed to be near a native village, and only one other house of any pretension was in sight. We waited a long time, and my fellow-traveller got impatient. At last we discovered we were leaving behind us one of the harem and a black slave, with an immense quantity of furniture and baggage. There had been a great delay in starting. Two negroes appeared in waiting, and they were ordered at the last moment to convey a portmanteau from the van to the second-class carriage in which they were. At one time an enormous clamour arose, which it appears was caused by two native gentlemen prying too closely from the platform into the harem saloon, which was résented loudly by the attendants; and the clamour had not ceased when the signal was given and the train moved slowly away, the blacks clambering into their places as they could. As we passed by this small station, which had detained us so long, we saw that the train had been opposite a small platform to the new villa, where some of this party had been deposited. The rest seemed bound for Alexandria, and we also parted with this train at *Z*ag-a-zig, after a slow and monotonous journey over a great deal of desert, varied only by Arab huts as we neared Lake Mensaleh. From *Z*ag-a-zig the country becomes cultivated, and this increases the nearer we approach Ismailia, which is quite an oasis in the desert. There we found the master of the hotel awaiting the train, and on reaching the house were surprised at its comfortable appearance and very excellent arrangements. I

walked down at once to the port to see the avenue of trees which had attracted my attention from the deck of the *Persia*.

At the port the first person I met was Colonel C., who had come down to meet the *Malabar* troop ship, which had not brought up at Suez, but continued her way on through the canal. She was now in sight. I was agreeably surprised at this unexpected meeting; but the pilot-boat was waiting to start to meet the ship, and we had only time for a short, hurried account of my plans. A young Indian officer on the quay, seeing my interest in the *Malabar*, invited me up to the terrace of the look-out, where there was a powerful telescope. I continued some time watching this monster of the sea,—which is in appearance a three-decker with a powerful fore-foot as a ram—wending her way through the intricacies of the canal.

The canal itself is for the most part straight as an arrow, but the ship was now advancing to the buoys of the lake; and after various deviations, as they appeared to us, and close steerings, she made straight for the opening of the lake, and we saw her intention was to bring up at the moorings. The pilot-boat, which had taken hold of a buoy awaiting her, now got up steam and followed the ship to her moorings.

I left the port and made a tour of the town, passing up the avenue which borders the Canal of Sweet Waters, and on the other hand having the villas of the Consulate and the Government House. The French and Italian are each pretty buildings in different styles of architecture, and with flower gardens prettily laid out, and trees in front. M. de

Lesseps' residence is a comfortable-looking dwelling in the Swiss style. England alone is not represented. I diverged by a street (that of Paris) at right angles to the frontage, and came upon a square which was laid out as a public garden. Vegetation here has every chance of success from the good supply of water from the canal. At one of the angles of the square is a bust over a fountain, that of one of the scientific men employed in the early part of the works.

On returning to the hotel, I found Colonel C., who had landed for dinner; and with my fellow-traveller, we formed a pleasant trio at the *table-d'hôte.*

There were fourteen at table, chiefly officials connected with the canal, and the dinner was served in very good style.

I retired early, having to prepare for the next morning's departure by passenger boat to Port Said, which left at eight o'clock. At seven o'clock my breakfast was brought in by the master of the hotel, who told me "Milord-Anglais" was going to Port Said, and we were to leave the house at half-past seven.

At the time mentioned, I found my companion in the gallery ready for departure; and after some little delay we heard the luggage had preceded us, and we hastened down the avenue to the port, where we found the trim little boat moored alongside the quay. She was of high-pressure power, which I did not know then, and was timed to ten miles an hour; and we started, going apparently with great rapidity. Carrying the mails, she had certain places to stop at for the delivery and

reception of bags. Some of these were merely done up as packets, and for persons on board the enormous dredges; so we merely slackened speed, and, sweeping past, the letters and newspapers were given or received. At Cantara we were to remain half-an-hour. It is the station for the caravans of the desert, and when we reached it there were many picturesque groups of Bedouins and their camels awaiting transit. Cantara is colonised by Italians, who have erected a very good café and restaurant, and a quay, alongside which we lay.

We had passed the *Malabar* twice on our route, having had a pause of five minutes at a station after first heading her. The second time, on overtaking her, the wrath of the pilot seemed to be aroused at the ease with which we went by, and were about to do so again, but the *Malabar* suddenly seemed to keep pace with us; and though we were at a speed of ten miles an hour, we did not head her, and the powerful action of her screw had a bad effect on us. The master of the post-boat mounted the cabin roof, and seeing we were being detained in our progress, and the ship evidently with immense "way" on her, hailed the pilot. He appeared at the port, and there was a sharp parley. The master of our boat affirmed the necessity of keeping his time, which under present circumstances seemed impossible. The pilot withdrew to the bridge of the *Malabar*, but no alteration was made to lessen her speed. Our master became furious, and said the ship was going at forbidden speed, and he would report the pilot, for it was not the first time it had occurred. Mutual was the abuse; our man an Italian, the pilot a Frenchman. The ship's

company peered at us from every porthole, and the sailors from the rigging. We must have appeared as tiny as a cockle-shell, for the side of the *Malabar* rose above us in a mountainous mass. Steadily she furrowed the waters. The ship's bells struck noon. The master of the post-boat was more infuriated than ever, exclaiming, "Le grand cochon, è sempre, come si fa, La grande nation!" with a grind of his teeth which might be almost heard above the noise of our paddle-wheels. "The world must not go before these bestia," as he gave the last look over his shoulder from his own little craft's cabin roof, which *now* was flying far out of the reach of the *Malabar* or her screw trough. The altercation and threats probably had at last excited the attention of the superior officer on board, for we were able to head the ship with the greatest ease; and the captain appealed to my fellow-traveller to observe how evident it was that the ship had been put to over-speed, from the easy way in which we now gained upon her.

And it was quite true; for though we waited half-an-hour at Cantara, the *Malabar* then only loomed in the distance; and on starting we again rapidly left her out of view.

We were now nearing Port Said; the port was full of ships, but we saw the Austrian-Lloyd's steamer with Blue Peter flying. She was anchored close off the lighthouse, and not a stone's throw from the shore. By the assistance of my English friend I landed amongst the most importunate rabble I ever saw—save in Ireland; but a boat was soon secured for me, and having dismissed his valet and luggage to the hotel, Lord H. P. took up my

travelling bag, and charging an Arab with the care of the portmanteau, we made our way as we best could to the boat. Having kindly seen me safely seated, and my luggage placed in the boat, he wished me "a good and safe voyage;" my American friends at that moment hailing me from the ship, and assuring him of my finding friends on board. I was taken to the second-class companion ladder, as the main one was already on the point of being hauled up; and amongst a crowd of native shore-boats laden with fruit, vegetables, &c., I struggled to the steps and arrived at last at the port, where I was warmly received by my friends, who had been anxiously watching the arrival of the post-boat. They had, themselves, arrived the previous evening, and had by no means enjoyed their voyage, as the boat was crowded with passengers for the Austrian-Lloyd's, bound to Jerusalem, as we were.

I was soon directed by my friends to the upper deck. The ship was in all the confusion of leaving port. We made our way with great difficulty through a crowd of deck-passengers—pilgrims,—located on the deck, with their cushions and mattresses spread to sit or lie on, their cooking apparatus and food placed on the ledges of the bulwarks above their heads. Poor souls! What privations and sufferings they undergo in compliance with the demands of their faith! Their countenances seemed to denote a stolid acquiescence in what was "to be," and almost stony indifference to all going on around.

CHAPTER VII.

JAFFA.

LANDING—SUNDAY AT JAFFA—MISS ARNOTT'S SCHOOL—AMERICAN SCHOOL—COMFORTABLE HOTEL—GERMAN SUPERINTENDENT—RIDE TO RAMLAH FIRST NIGHT—JERUSALEM—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—RUSSIAN HOSPICE—VIEW OF MOUNT OF OLIVES—VISITS TO BISHOP GOBAT, &c.—FIRST WALK OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

SATURDAY night passed, as in all steamers, with more or less discomfort. Two English ladies and their maid (unable to rise from the floor) shared a cabin with me. By the morning light we exchanged civilities, and the sea appearing to moderate, we entertained a hope of landing. It had been very stormy, and at six o'clock the captain had considered it improbable that we should be able to go ashore; but at seven o'clock, the post-office boat having come off and taken the bags, the shore boats shortly followed. The sea in the Mediterranean soothes as easily as it rises, and now there was only the swell left of the past stormy night. We continued to watch the approach of the boats. On their reaching the ship there was some delay, and, as was evident, to our detriment; for as the sun rose the wind would do so also. So great was the confusion and clamour at the foot of the accommodation-ladder among the boats on arrival, that the

captain was called upon deck to restore order; as, no sooner was the luggage of a party put into a boat, than she was overhauled by another, and amid curses and threats, and upsets of the crews in the water, we had no chance of being safely deposited. The ship rolled heavily. The Arab boats appeared sometimes almost engulfed in the trough of the sea, and speedily were seen prow in air on the crest of a wave. At last, amid the hallooing Arabs, the dancing boats and quivering accommodation-ladder, we were successively transferred—almost pitched—into the stern-sheets of our respective boats; the Arab sailors in each of the boats being ready to receive us as she crested the waves. I sunk on a thwart, the first of our party who got in, and in compliance with my own knowledge, and the cries of the Arabs, crept on by degrees to the stern-sheets. Our luggage had preceded us, and the rest of our party speedily following, our steersman stepped along the edge of the unsteady boat to his place, and the four oarsmen manfully bent to their work and pulled us away rapidly from the crowded side of the ship; the great steamer, as we left her, rising like a child's toy on the waves, and these breaking in the long heavy swell under her.

The Arabs are first-rate sailors, and no one else could attempt the entrance of this port. It is formed by a rugged mass of rocks, which makes a natural breakwater, but is only fourteen feet wide; and if the entrance were missed the boat would be dashed to pieces. The water by its blackness indicated the reef; and I watched the care with which the boat was steered almost across the mouth, and then, putting her head right for it, we entered on the

crest of a wave, and were in comparatively smooth water.

A crowded stair received us at the Custom House, and the very dirtiest and most rugged walk took us by a continued ascent to the hotel, on a plateau above the town and surrounded by orange groves, which formed a magnificent foreground to the view, both of sea and land. The hotel, kept by a German, and one of the same association as the Temple Brethren at Caipha, was most comfortable; and now we were able to realise that we were on the shore of Jonah's departure to avoid the call of the Lord—of Peter's vision, announcing to a Jew the reception of the Gentiles into the Church of God in Christ,—and of the near neighbourhood of the raising of Dorcas, the woman full of charitable deeds. Lydda is still existing as a small town, which we shall pass to-morrow on our way to Jerusalem.

Sunday, 26th. This morning had landed us on the shores of Palestine, and some of our shipmates proceeded in the afternoon to Ramlah, but our party were determined to remain. I had a letter here for the superintendent of the English school—the excellent Miss Arnott, the daughter of the late Professor of Botany in Glasgow. She came with friends, for her health, and from very small beginnings, she is now teaching eighty girls of all persuasions—Moslems, Greeks, and Jewesses. All read the Scriptures in Arabic, and others are primarily taught in their respective languages, whether of German, English, or native parents. The children looked happy and contented; and as I had observed in Miss W.'s school, their demeanour was more quiet than is often the case in schools at home.

They seemed to have none of that desire to fidget, so visible in English children. Standing motionless, their eyes only betrayed the vivacity of their silent observation.

The position of the school was most healthy. It stood on a terrace commanding a fine sea view. It was originally the dwelling of a native, and its situation the chief recommendation. There was a large open vestibule, upon which the two schools, upper and lower, entered; and above were the apartments of Miss A. and her teacher, which contained also the divan and mattresses for the boarders. Miss A. thought it preferable to keep them to their native custom of sleeping on mattresses spread on the floor, and the large divan was appropriated to the teacher and elder girls. They are taught to work and knit socks, in which they succeed extremely well. White socks and stockings are worn, particularly by the men; and this may prove a beneficial acquirement, and give the girls a means of employment to their advantage. No one can anticipate what may be its influence upon another generation. Just now the beginnings are small, but so are we taught; for the day of "small things" will not be overlooked, and to the eye it is gratifying to see this little crowd cleanly in dress and civilised in mannner, and in many instances eager to know and learn what is put before them.

I often think of the reproach contained in the reply of the poor Bedouin woman, who, on hearing the simple principles of gospel faith as unfolded to her by Miss W., replied, "No one ever told us of these things." Age prevented her joining those she belonged to in their daily wanderings,

and the hours went slowly by in awaiting their return, and the solace of their talk. May God grant a blessing on those words then spoken to her, —and seemingly received with a reproach that they had never reached her ears before,—to be a consolation and a hope, which would bear her above her trials of dreary solitude. This reproach causes a fearful responsibility to rest upon ourselves, who, standing in the full light of gospel truth, turn heedlessly (may I say scoffingly?) away, throwing even human doubts on Divine revelation.

We returned to our hotel, I calling on two American ladies on my way back with Miss Arnott. It was at the Consulate of the American States, which office was held by the son of the elder lady, Mrs. Hayes. These ladies were sisters, and had been in Greece as missionary workers, the younger (Miss Baldwin) during a space of thirty years. In conjunction with Miss A., Miss B. had erected a school for boys and joined it to the consulate dwelling. A curious and somewhat melancholy history was attached to their house and several others on the plateau—the hotel amongst the number. They had been originally brought over from America in shell by a party of Northerners, numbering one hundred and more, who were bound for Palestine to prepare for our Lord's second Advent. These deluded creatures embarked their all in the project, and sailed for Palestine. Landing, they were left for months on the shore. No land had been secured to build upon, and they lived in tents on the low part of the shore, where ague and fever beset them, and by the charity of Europeans they were conveyed up to a hospital. Twenty fell

victims to the fever and privations. The others became clamorous, and demanded of their leader their money or means of return. A few escaped back by the assistance of friends in America. Some of the houses had been erected, but there was no means of subsistence, and, with few exceptions, the houses and furniture were all sold to Europeans. Of one of these the German colonists had made a very comfortable hotel, and many others had bought the shells, which was the case with the one I now visited; and having erected substantial stone edifices, put up the wood-work of the windows and doors at a small cost. We concluded our afternoon by a walk in the convent-garden, which lay on the plateau, some way removed from the edifice itself. It was a lovely sight to see the profusion of golden fruit still left in the orange groves, the trees being likewise laden with blossom; and we returned with a handful of other flowers,—wild and cultivated. The roses particularly have such a peculiarly fine aroma, and preserve a long time quite the perfume of attar.

Monday, 27th. I breakfasted early, and secured a sketch beforehand of Jaffa from my window, across a foreground of orange-trees; and on the horizon the blue line of the Mediterranean made the contrast of most lovely scenery.

After breakfast we set out to visit the school of boys under Miss Baldwin, and found a good many children assembled, with the clergyman of the Church of England superintending the Bible lecture. The answers were most ready; they read also with great facility, and closed with a hymn well sung. What praise do not such devoted women

JAFFA

deserve, for the energy and self-denial they exert! Far away from their own circle of relationship, their sole wish is to raise to better things a population immersed in ignorance; but this is rendered still more affecting by their locality, in a land where once shone in its fulness the grace and mercy of our God and Lord.

Mrs. Hayes is expecting her son, who is at present in America giving lectures on Palestine, and hoping to draw attention more fully to the support of the schools.

America is coming very forward in the work of mission schools. She has already superseded us in missionary work in the Holy Land; and in Egypt her mission is by far the most influential. In fact, I could hear of no English missionaries in Jerusalem, except those of the London Mission for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Jews. Any other exertions making, are in the hands of private individuals.

At two o'clock we started for Ramlah, a distance of nine miles; and it is generally made the first stage to Jerusalem. We left Jaffa by the market-place and bazaar, and rode through some lanes bordered by orange groves. At last we reached a more open but well-cultivated country. We passed two or three villages, generally crowded together on rocky eminences—one was called Ben-Dagon—and at last reached Ramlah convent and town, well-authenticated as the ancient Arimathea.

Suddenly turning in at a gate in a sharp angle, we found ourselves in the small court of the convent, and dismounted at the entrance to the cloisters. It is about three hours' ride. We were shown our

bedroom in an inner court, containing three beds, the appearance being very clean and comfortable, and not gloomy, though the only light was from a large window near the high-coved ceiling. Our toilet was soon made for supper, and we were summoned to the refectory. The meal was a good soup and veal, with two or three other dishes, and vegetables. We were glad to retire early and prepare for our departure next morning, having twenty-three miles of our journey before us; and all travellers must enter the gates of Jerusalem before four o'clock, when the douane closes.

Tuesday, 28th. We were all ready to start at six o'clock. Drinking a cup of coffee with a crust of bread, we gave our five-franc pieces to the bursar, and sallied forth to mount our horses just as the sun had risen.

The first part of our road lay over a most beautiful down country. It was the upper part of the Plains of Sharon. Variegated with the most lovely flowers, it seemed to bring health in every breeze. The road lay far on in sight before us. We could see some strings of camels which marked its route; and, as we expected also, our baggage-horse was visible, though far in advance of ourselves. On the roadside we passed a party of pilgrims on foot, who afterwards dispersed themselves in search, apparently, of roots, which form their food.

The inhabitants of Palestine, during the drought of last year, were, it is said, reduced to eating grass, and we had heard of their being seen to do it this year. In many cases it causes a complete discolouration of the white of the eye, and the whole complexion becomes green.

There appeared in the distance a spring of water, which might probably also be the object of attraction to these wayfarers. The people here are an evidence of how much air and exercise will do to nurture muscular strength, for seldom is there found a finer set of men than this country presents. The free, independent step and stately bearing of the leader of our party, who walked before our horses, struck me forcibly. His dress was a bedouin cloak, worn like a toga, a bright coloured vest and full white trousers, and a covering of striped silk on his head, which was tightly secured by a cord twisted round the head. The ends of the silk handkerchief or scarf being brought round, crossed at the back, and the ends left to flow in the air, completed a dress which appeared to me more scriptural than even Raffaelle has devised for the attire of our Lord and His disciples. This man scarcely ceased, during the first ten miles, to chant a species of hymn. It was the same used at funerals in Cairo. No effort seemed necessary to maintain his grand and measured but rapid stride as well; and he was an additional proof of how small an amount of nourishment was required, as at the pummel of one saddle hung a bag of bread, which was to be the support of two men on that journey.

We passed a village on our right, clustered as usual upon a knoll, and was told it was the ancient site of Lydda, to which Peter went at the prayer of Dorcas' friends.

Again another and larger village (Latron) was seen on our left, and then the hills closed in and we entered a deep ravine; and presently, lying

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at hand, was the valley of Ajalon, the memorable scene of the battle, under Joshua, at whose prayer the sun stood still upon Gibeon and the moon over the valley of Ajalon.

It was a deeply wooded vale: stony mountains seemed to bound it; scrubby oaks, olive-trees, and low brush-wood grew on their sides, whilst on the lower ground was a carpet of wild flowers—anemones, poppies, cyclamen, the rose of Sharon, and the rock rose. At the lower point of the descent we came upon Kirjath-jearim, the resting-place of the Ark. (1 Samuel vii.) It has the appearance of a fortified place, situated on the crest of the hill, with castle-like houses, and the ruins of an ancient church grouped around it. The church is said to be desecrated, but not in ruins. It is used as a stabling for horses and cows, and the building is described as so strong that it might serve the double purpose of fortress and church. This village was long the residence of a family of fierce robbers. On one occasion, two pashas were shot dead in the midst of their retinue by the daring leader. In 1846 the principal men of this band were seized and sent to Constantinople.

We had some bread offered us at the entrance to the valley, and dismounted for a few minutes to allow the horses to be refreshed by grazing close to the primitive hostelry, which had the appearance of a gipsy tent; but we soon mounted again, and coffee was brought us higher up the valley.

Some friends whom we passed at luncheon kindly offered us champagne, but we had already decided on taking coffee at an Arab station.

Our road now lay to the crest of a ridge, from

which a sharp zig-zag showed us the road leading into another ravine, where lately had been erected a new house for the entertainment of travellers, and where, it seems, beds would be provided if required.

We had heard from some travellers of their making three days of the journey, and it was here, we conclude, they rested as their first place. It is called Colonia, and is embosomed in orange-groves and olive-grounds, and had much apparent care in cultivation.

The road became a steep ascent, and about an hour brought us to the last plateau, whence we might expect to see Jerusalem.

A small square tower appearing on the ridge, I expected it would prove a portion of the city walls; but we passed the tower, and it was only after more than another quarter of an hour's anxious watching that we at last discerned a white, low angular wall, with towers at unequal distances, and many a strange and mingled group of minaret and belfry appearing above the castellated wall, and we knew we looked upon Jerusalem.

Alas! alas! City of the prophets! How strong an evidence art thou of the perversity of the human heart! How many precious words of grace and truth hast thou not trodden under foot, disdaining the very Hand from which is showered forth all that can make man heirs of real life, and of a boundless immortality! How hast thou now in thy pride bit the dust, caused the finger of scorn to point at thee, and thine enemies to revile even thy stones and ashes!

But who can look on Jerusalem without feeling

that it unfolds the darkest pages still existing in the human heart; and, in the poor Jew, but sees the scoffer and unbeliever of the present day? Have we not, too, our Pharisee, with phylacteries and intense love of type and symbol, and look of self-righteous disdain at the erring brother? But may we not hope there is yet left to us a witness, and that the publican's cry oft ascends with smitings on the breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner"?

We reached the Jaffa Gate, a crowd of pilgrims thronging the road and pressing up to the Russian Hospice, which is a magnificent building outside the walls, and one of the most striking objects on approach.

We were called to dismount. Our small amount of baggage, which had been most admirably carried by one horse, was taken down and examined, and we were then passed through the gate. I remarked its angular shape; made for troublous times, it would be easy of defence. The entrance and exit are at right angles. My friends stopped at the Mediterranean Hotel, close to the gate, and I proceeded with a dragoman to the hospicé of St. John (the ancient foundation revived in Prussia).

Arrived at the wicket I showed my letter from the German ambassador; but the consul-general, who is also the head of the Order, had just left for his afternoon walk. I, however, saw some rooms, to which I was taken by the Intendant's wife, and at last arranged for a large room provisionally, as it had two beds; and in case of many coming for Easter, as was usually the case, I agreed to vacate it for one less convenient, but which was a room with a single bed. The view from the

large east window of this room had at once decided me, as it commanded the whole range of the Mount of Olives and the city below.

The sun was just flinging its last rays upon the mountain face, and lighting up every crag and tree and path. There, before me, was the very spot where Divinity in humanity so often made His home —the central ancient track that had once been trodden in such deep sorrow by David, himself the type of the "Man of Sorrows." Round to the right wound the well-worn road to Bethany, so often travelled by the feet of the Master and His disciples. These were landmarks no legends or traditions could obscure. And down in the hollow of the valley of Kedron, and almost hidden by the city walls from my view, was the Garden of Gethsemane, where was fought out the sinner's battle; and whence hope, eternal and triumphant, has sprung to Heaven on the wings of a faith never again to be conquered.

Who could not but think of those prophetic passages as well, which have been so fearfully fulfilled, and not realise in thought and mind the beleaguering armies of Rome, and the after-struggles of Crusaders!—all too evident in the changed face of the mountain side.

Rain had fallen unusually late in the season, and with its beneficial effects the Holy Mount appeared in unusually diversified colouring. Terraces of rich green young wheat contrasted at intervals with the dark olive-tree. The rising ground of Mount Scopus on the left was of deep reddish hue, causing a glow upon the landscape; and on the right rose the third gentle eminence of the Mount, in the shape of a bright grassy knoll, which descends

abruptly, giving a contour of crag-like form to the mountain on that side.

Shadows were fast creeping up its steep sides as the sun descended in the western sky, and darkness was rapidly gathering in the valley of the Kedron and the long and continuous outlet of that of Jehoshaphat at the foot of the city. The mournful and loving prediction pronounced over these doomed walls then came forcibly into my thoughts, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." (Matt. xxiii. 37.) How fearful have been the sufferings it has gone through since that day, and of what will it not again be a witness "when He who cometh, will come, and His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives, and they shall look on Him whom they pierced, and shall mourn"?

The Intendant's wife shortly returned and asked if I would not like some refreshment, as supper would not be served till seven o'clock. I gladly accepted her offer of a cup of tea and bread and butter, and then proceeded to arrange my room.

Indian matting on the floor and white mosquito curtains gave an air of cleanliness and comfort to the large room, and I felt thankful in obtaining so pleasant a chamber of rest.

At seven o'clock the bell rang, and I went down to the dining-hall. The party was small. The Intendant sat at the head of the table. Two Americans (one a clergyman) and myself were the only travellers, the house party being the German

pastor (M. Weser) and the Chancellor of the Prussian Consulate, who were permanent guests. I was glad to retire early; and thus closed my first day in Jerusalem, March 28th.

Wednesday, 29th. The breakfast-bell rang at eight o'clock and I hurried down, but found that any latitude was allowed up to ten o'clock. At twelve o'clock I was to see the Consul-general (the Baron Von Alten), as I had received a message to say he would then be ready to receive me; and at the hour mentioned I ascended a flight of steps out of the court, and passing over the singularly flagged stone roofs of the houses beneath, which form the terraces of the habitations above them, I entered the Consulate garden, and was ushered into the presence of the Baron. A thin, spare figure courteously rose and bowed me to a seat; taking the Ambassador's letter, which I presented, and laying it down on the table at his side, he entered into conversation and spoke of my journey, then of the hospice and its original foundation; its revival under the late King of Prussia, and now his own work in connection with it. Last autumn he had spent his recess in Germany in avocations connected with the superintendence of the sick and wounded, having repaired at once to the head-quarters of Prince Charles, who is Grand Master of the Order; whence he was ordered at once to proceed to Hamburg and organise a hospital for the reception of the sick and wounded. He showed me the badge of the Order, in the form of a brooch which fastens the scarf on the shoulder. It was a red Maltese cross on a white ground, the whole in a narrow setting of gold.

A tray of sweetmeats and glasses of water were

brought in, but I (a stranger to oriental customs) was at a loss how to act. Before me was a glass vase of conserve of currant jelly, beside it two glasses of water, and a third in which were gold coroneted tea spoons. Was I to take the conserve first and then the water? or was the one to be put into the other? I fortunately caught the eye of the intelligent man-servant, a European, and under his guidance took some of the conserve and dropped it into a glass of water, leaving the spoon in it to stir it. The Baron ordered a small table to be placed by my side, to relieve me of the necessity of holding the glass (usually disposed of at once), and said, "We follow Eastern customs here, which require these refreshments to be offered on visits being paid."

Coffee succeeded, of which I had had former experience in Egypt, so at once emptied the tiny china cup and replaced it on the tray. Our conversation was carried on in French; the Baron had been at one time in diplomatic residence in England, but, as he told me when he excused himself for not employing the language, years had passed and left him unfamiliar with its use. I now rose to leave, thanked my courteous entertainer, who accompanied me to the door where the servant was in waiting to conduct me back across the garden, and I again descended the steps into our court.

After our early dinner, I left, under the guidance of the native servant of the hospice, Ibrahim, to call upon the Bishop. We clambered up the rugged, crowded street called Christian Street, and eventually reached the Bishop's mansion—a house which is provided by the London Mission. It is well

placed, close to the church, and opposite to the citadel; and forming, with the entrance gates to the Armenian convent, the most open space in Jerusalem. We had passed through a busy little fruit and vegetable market, held on the steps of the rising ground at the Bishop's door. The dragoman having taken in my card, I was shortly ushered into his private study, and presented my letter of introduction from an intimate friend of his own. The Bishop (Gobat) is a most venerable-looking old man, with a fine beard, and a very impressive manner. After some little time spent in conversation, I rose to go; but, preceding me to the door, he said Mrs. Gobat would be glad to see me, and called one of his dragomen to conduct me to her reception room. Ascending a flight of steps from an inner court, I crossed a vestibule, and was ushered into her saloon. Mrs. G. shortly appeared, and I had some conversation with her on mutual friends, and the adventures of my journey, which were but few, and certainly left no impression on my mind adequate to the importance ascribed in England when speaking of "A Journey through Palestine." I shortly after took leave, having still letters to present; and we went on to the Tahiti Kulmi, or Prussian Orphanage for Arab girls, under the Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth, and of the superintendent, the excellent Charlotte Piltz. This orphanage is outside the Jaffa Gate, and stands in a fine airy position, with grounds for the children to have both air and exercise. It strikes the eye on entering Jerusalem, and is on the opposite side to the Prussian Hospice, but some way from the high road.

I closed my visits with calling on Mr. and Mrs.

Bailey, superintendents of the schools belonging to the London Mission. I had a letter for Mrs. Bailey, who was still a great invalid, and slowly recovering from a protracted illness. Mr. B. kindly undertook to present my compliments and the letter. Their residence is close to the Prussian hospice, but I am glad to hear, since my return to England, that the London committee have decided on removing this school (which is for boys only) to the nearer neighbourhood of the church on Mount *Zion*,—a most open and airy position, and greatly preferable as a permanent residence. I then inquired for my fellow travellers at the Mediterranean Hotel, and returned to the hospice.

Thursday, 30*th*. This morning, early, Mr. Bailey made his appearance at my door to offer his services in a walk to Mount Olivet, which I gladly closed with, and four o'clock was the hour appointed. It would give time to gain the top leisurely, and from thence see the sunset.

I had many letters to finish for the next day's (Friday's) post to England, and my time was fully occupied till the dinner-hour of one o'clock. After which I corrected some of my sketches—made under various difficulties from the deck of the *Persia*—and also a hasty one I had secured from my window at Jaffa.

At four o'clock one of Mr. B.'s little Jewish pupils came to conduct me to the Via Dolorosa, where Mr. B. awaited me, with his little girl on her donkey. We immediately took our way along the Via Dolorosa, continuing to ascend till we reached the Latin church of the "Ecce Homo," which is a portion of the house of the Sisters of *Zion*. With admirable skill

and taste one of the side porches is made to serve within as the reredos of their chapel. Nothing is touched or added to, and the ancient gate—the main arch of which is seen overhead in the street—has the side archway for passengers corresponding to the one taken into their chapel by the sisters of Zion, and said to be existing in the opposite houses. In the chapel of the Sisters, the ancient stone-work stands out untouched and unadorned, valued for its own sake; and their altar, with simple white covering, alone marks the use to which the whole is now put. The side of the chapel, also, is formed of the rough-hewn stones, which are considered to have been the walls of Pilate's house, where the solemn adjuration took place to the Jews, "Behold your King!"

From this spot we went on to St. Stephen's Gate, leaving the new Austrian Hospice and Consulate—where the Emperor, two years before, had been entertained—to our left, and our English Consulate on rising ground still further back. On reaching the gate, we had passed an entrance to the Temple area, and could see in a long vista the groups of Mahommedan women who were within.

St. Stephen's Gate has the same formation as the Jaffa Gate. When outside, we found ourselves in full view of the Mount of Olives, and before us the rugged path which leads to the Valley of the Kedron and the Garden of Gethsemane. The Valley of Jehoshaphat lay beneath, to our right, in which was visible the Tomb, said to be the Pillar of Absalom.

The descent is rapid into the Valley of the Kedron, and from thence Olivet rises suddenly, and fully justifies its appellation of "the Mount." Crossing, by

an ancient Roman bridge, the water-course of the Kedron (now dry), we took the left-hand path, leaving the Garden of Gethsemane to a future opportunity.

The path is worn and rough, showing marks of the many pilgrim-feet which have trodden its sacred track for centuries past. Probably the gathering of educated and intelligent observers, during the last quarter of a century, has far exceeded any other period.

We advanced slowly, every step affording a comment or a text. About half way up, my guide requested me to turn and look back on the city. It lay mapped below us. There was the area of the Temple (the superb structure which had succeeded that built by King Solomon). Round it on two sides crowded the City, as if anxious to nestle under its protection. Above all frowned the Citadel, the successor of the Castle of David, and overtopped by the high tower still bearing that King's name. What a world of thought crowded into the memory! What a lasting testimonial its abased and destroyed state offered to the righteous judgments of an offended God! Clinging to the opposite side, and on the lower range of the Mount of Olives, lay the tombs of thousands of that unbelieving nation, whose greatest desire is to reach Jerusalem ere they die, and be laid near the sacred Mount, where all expect their Messiah and their Lord to appear. Then, indeed, will they rise to look on "Him whom they have pierced." A blessed second advent will it be to the believer in Jesus of Galilee; and a merciful recollection to those who recall that through their unbelief we have "been graffed in" to the mercies of the new covenant.

My guide pointed out to me a small lodge on the farther side of the Mount, occupied for some time by men of earnest religious views, and where Mr. B. had himself often spent an evening with the excellent Drs. Bonar and Malcolm.

We now pressed onwards, the sun beginning to get low in the horizon, and passing the newly-erected chapel of the French Princess, and her own dwelling in the form of a Swiss cottage close to it, we reached the summit, whence a glorious view of the Dead Sea and its overtopping mountain range (that of Moab) lay before us.

What a hue of lovely ethereal blue appeared before us, marking the Dead Sea! and how magnificent were the reflected hues of the setting sun on the mountains of Moab! Surely this land exceeds all others in the glorious clothing of its natural beauties. Alas, how often do they lap the heart in slothful enjoyment, and interpose beauties which blind the eyes to the mercies of the Almighty. I have seen sunsets in that land of glorious natural pageantry, Switzerland, and have watched the dazzling radiance of Italian skies; but never had I seen before so fair and beauteous a scene as now lay in gem-like radiance before our eyes. But the hour of sunset was fast approaching, and we must not linger, as the gates of the city are then closed on all sides. The Jaffa Gate only is open till eight o'clock, and that would much lengthen our walk. We rapidly re-crossed the summit, and took the deeply-marked central path (that of David's mournful ascent when bewailing the treachery of his son Absalom), and crossing again the old Roman bridge. We then proceeded leisurely, as Mr. B. had

sent forward his little girl on her donkey, led by the young Jew. The muezzin was only just beginning to cry from the minarets, "To prayer, to prayer, oh ye believers!"—a voice which sends all Mahomedans down upon their knees to adore God and His prophet Mahomet. The guard were echoing their warning to the dilatory, and we passed in with a crowd of lingerers, who were enjoying the last few moments previous to the sudden fall of night which prevails in the East. The moon, however, had now reached her first quarter, and gave us good light through the narrow streets of the city.

Friday, 31*st*. This morning I took my guide Ibrahim, and went to the Stones of Wailing. We passed through the Jewish bazaar, and many curious nooks and corners of this singular city, containing generations upon generations who have raised fresh buildings upon the crumbling dust of ages, and left many streets and thoroughfares almost buried and tunnelled under the mounds. Overlapping houses, overarched streets, the narrowest possible paths, leading through the bazaars, with their counters almost touching each other, the constant traffic, the crowd of varied costumes,—all combine to form a picture which no imagination could have devised. We at last turned into a comparatively wider approach, and before us rose a wall of enormous height. It formed one side of a narrow alley. The stones of this area-wall of the Temple—for such it was—were of the most massive appearance, many of them bevelled, as all the ancient Jewish, and to go even farther back, as was also the Jebusite stone-work.

Kneeling, standing, and sitting in groups, were the

Jews and Jewesses; some listening to their rabbi reading the Law and books of Moses; some gazing in an abstracted manner at the groups of English who began to assemble; some, in paroxysms of weeping, were thrusting their heads into the very crevices of the stones, as if calling upon them to bear witness to their lamentations and strivings, that they should be alone beholders of their despair. These paid not the slightest attention to the buzz of the multitude, nor to the chattering of a group of young Jewesses who had gathered round a Californian traveller seated on the ground with his back against the opposite wall, and making notes of the scene with great *sang-froid.* I felt this was no place for greetings of friends, and taking a rapid survey of all before me, I turned to leave, convinced that these poor people (the great Gospel witnesses on earth) were indeed presenting the sad spectacle of abasement prophetically foretold in the Psalms. Here it is alone that the Jew is permitted to approach the beloved Temple of his fathers, to bathe the hallowed stones with his tears. Women, hiding their faces more closely than ever in their veils, may be heard, in low wailing tones, lamenting their misery; and the whole scene verifies the word of the Psalmist (lxxix. 1, 4, 5): "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? wilt thou be angry for ever? shall thy jealousy burn like fire?"

The heathen had indeed defiled their most sacred and hallowed spot. Scorn and derision were not

wanting, for it is too much the custom of travellers to view the scene only as one of a series of spectacles, and too often forgetful that so "*it is written.*"

Some of my countrymen had passed on through a broken part of the modern wall, thinking to be able to see into the area of the Temple, but that is not possible.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—PALM-SUNDAY—PALM-BEARERS OF EACH CHURCH, ARMENIAN, GREEK, LATIN, ETC.—BETHLEHEM—PRUSSIAN MISSION SCHOOL—ELISHA'S RESTING-PLACE—WELL OF THE THREE KINGS—DEATH-WAIL—SCHOOL OF THE JEWISH BOYS—THE PASSOVER—GIRLS' SCHOOL—GOOD FRIDAY IN JERUSALEM—THE TAHITI KULMI—EASTER SUNDAY—FRANK MOUNTAIN—BEDOUIN TENT.

SATURDAY, *April 1st.* To-day I purposed to spend an hour alone in the Garden of Gethsemane, and leaving after our dinner was over, I passed through St. Stephen's Gate, taking the narrow path down into the valley. The borders of the brook are covered with olive trees, some very ancient, showing what care and cultivation might have produced. On reaching the garden, which is walled, and has admittance by the lowest possible aperture, I knocked; and the low door being opened, I found myself in a small enclosed area, in the centre of which stood two olive trees of very great age, carefully surrounded by a small low paling, and the space within planted with flowers. Plants also were arranged outside the railed space on stands, and a low seat, overshaded by geraniums and other creepers of the wildest growth, seemed to offer a most desirable resting-place.

Many were the reminiscences which arose in connection with the scene before me—the sorrow

surpassing all human knowledge, and having before it the power of the full recognition of all that had been lost, and the transcendent value of that which then must be struggled for and won. It was a solemn moment for reflection on sin, on the great and dominant power over the human heart of that great enemy of mankind—Satan—existing now in so many fearful forms, and causing at that time Divinity in humanity to experience a mortal agony, and pour forth drops of blood upon this ground Oh, what refuge is there not in prayer, and who, with such convictions here raised, could pass on without it,—prayer that we may be kept from the evil to come,—prayer that our hearts may be opened more and more to the blessed truths left us in the teachings of our Divine Master, who, having loved us, will love us to the end, who is ever present at the right hand of God as our high priest and our intercessor. Surely, were it not for these blessed assurances, the mind that at all grasps such deep convictions would rock to the very upsetting of the mortal brain.

I raised my eyes to the trees before me, and it was with extreme pleasure I noticed their great antiquity. The one opposite to me appeared by its enormous bulk to exceed the well-known olive tree of St. Jean (Nizza), reputed to be more than fifteen hundred years old. Perhaps some of the younger stems in our Lord's time were those now before me. At all events their hoary age harmonises well with that period. They are also in a locality to which there is no opposing fact, but much confirmatory evidence.

Many have challenged the taste of the fathers of the Latin convent who possess this ground, in

walling it in, and paling the trees round; but I saw nothing in all this but what was reasonable. Left unprotected, the trees would ere long have been destroyed; names, perhaps, cut in the bark, and limbs rent off to carry away as memorials, without a real recollection of the solemn value attached to them. I feel grateful to the old monks who tend the garden all day, and leave it under lock and key at night. Perhaps they guessed what was passing in my mind, for one of them came up and presented me with a bouquet, and seemed very grateful for the small piece of silver I gave him. The monks spoke Italian, and I returned them my thanks for their flowers, and said I should hope to come again another day; and then there was an earnest request, "Would I make a drawing of their garden?"

It was time, however, to return, so I hurried away, and entered the city gate with the last rays of the setting sun.

Palm-Sunday, April 2nd. Service at Christ Church at ten o'clock. On my way I went into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to see the groups of palm-bearers; Greek, Armenian, Latin Church,—each had its procession. In the morning the bishop preached at our church; in the evening, at half-past seven, the Rev. F. Smith, who took for his text "the Scapegoat."

Monday, 3rd. Rode this afternoon to Bethlehem. The pastor W. and some of the deaconesses formed our party. We alighted at Pastor Müller's, the head of the Prussian school. Saw the school-rooms and the boys who are boarders. There are also day-scholars. The pastor has had some Bedouin boys under his care, and they do not

seem to have given any trouble, or found their exchange of life from tent to house any great *gêne* to themselves.

We afterwards walked to the Church of the Nativity. It is now within convent walls, the Armenian, Greek, and Latin creeds each having a portion in it. The position of the church is fine. On a terrace, it overlooks a great expanse of fertile country, and those shepherd-plains which were the scene of the heavenly vision to the watchers over their flocks below. In the quietude of nature's repose and their own calm waiting, the glorious vision broke upon them, revealing "peace and good will to man and glory to God on high." No one can look on the scenery around this highly-favoured spot without feeling in some measure an identification of the past, written on those very hills and plains.

The crypt of the church, which is evidently an ancient building, is the part to which strangers immediately descend. It presents a series of cavernous recesses, which, by the desire of the monkish guardians, has each its especial title; and over the spot which has been especially chosen to mark the exact situation of the cave where the Nativity took place, are suspended a silver star and lamp. That the hostelry anciently stood here, and that horses and cattle were constantly stabled in the hollows and recesses of the overhanging mountain brow, are facts which require no stretch of belief, and render this actually a probable locality for the birth of our Lord, whose parents sought what shelter could be found in an overcrowded inn, and whose first bed was a manger. But whilst there is this unity of belief below, it is

sad to see the neglect of the fine nave of the church above. It is left in utter carelessness and desolation, its magnificent columns bearing witness to its former grandeur; but now it does not appear possible that the three creeds who claim the crypt could join together in preserving the floor of the nave from the commonest desecration of oriental dust and dirt.

The ride to Bethlehem, on leaving the city by the Jaffa Gate, is up a very rough and stony ascent, leading on to a wide and open plain—the battle-field in many an encounter of David with his foes. On the right lay a village, where the Bishop has a school. To the left has been built a fine convent, dedicated to Elias; and near this is pointed out a spot where, sculptured out by nature in the rock, is the recumbent form of a man, and said by legendary story to be the spot where Elisha rested in his flight into the wilderness.

A very interesting memento remains nearer the road-side. It is called "the Well of the Three Kings," from the fact that, when the wise men had hastily left Jerusalem, under the command of Herod that they were to find the babe they had been seeking, and to bring him word where the child was, they sat down by this fountain, having lost all traces for guidance; but, stooping down to drink, suddenly saw mirrored in the waters the star which had so long directed them, and then joyfully followed its leading, until it stood over the spot where the child lay.

Bethlehem and its neighbourhood is highly picturesque—terraced in gardens of fig and olive—excellent irrigation being obtained from Solomon's

tanks, three miles distant, but brought by an aqueduct, still perfect in its supply. The distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is about six miles, over (the greater part) a very stony road. No repair is attempted in these thoroughfares, and the only paths are those which the constant traffic of mules, and horses, and donkeys' feet have made; and the devious little paths thus traced seem to suffice each succeeding generation.

Tuesday, 4th. This morning I was awoke by loud wailing, and Death, I was sure, had laid his hand on some loved object. The intendant's wife confirmed this, though she had not heard it in the lower rooms. This afternoon I paid a visit to Mrs. Gobat, who kindly showed me her son's sketches. At five o'clock I attended a prayer-meeting in the Arabic chapel. Addresses were made in two languages, and extempore prayer offered in English.

Wednesday, 5th. Called at the Damascus Hotel upon a sick traveller, to whom I had letters; afterwards went to the school of the City Mission to the Jews. The boys were examined in the New Testament, and then sang several hymns, one of which, "The River," was set to a beautiful and marked air. It was affecting to hear "Hosannas" in the mouths of these Jewish children. The rest of my afternoon was occupied in a sketch of the Mount of Olives.

In the evening I was invited to witness the ceremonial of the Jewish Passover, as held in the house of the Chief Rabbi. The two clergymen, Mr. B. and Mr. F. S., accompanied by the physician to the Jewish Mission (Dr. Chaplin), and the head of the dispensary (Mr. ——), himself a converted Jew,

made up our number. We first visited the synagogues, of which there are three. The most ancient building was very much crowded; prayer was constantly going on. Each Jew on entering bowed his head to the Holy of holies, which was on the right hand. Their heads remained covered during the service. The centre of the building was occupied by a raised platform, on which sat the reader or singer, and with him some of the rabbis, the back seat being filled up with about ten or twelve men and boys, who repeated the responses in the tone of a chant. The congregation was entirely composed of men and boys. At times they joined loudly in the reading, and throughout continued a rocking and see-saw motion of the body, which was wearisome to look at.

Passing by the second synagogue, where the same service was going on to a less crowded attendance, we entered the third, a new building, decorated with considerable care. The high altar with its ornaments nearly reached the coved roof, and was a mass of gilding. In the centre, and raised up, but not lighted, was placed the seven-branched candlestick. It was a massive piece of gold plate, and was presented to the synagogue by a rich merchant of St. Petersburg. On one side stood the singer (his head covered with a pallium or hood), intently reading aloud the law of Moses, with his back to the congregation. During this part of the service all were standing. There is much preference shown in the choice of the singer, some of whom are considered highly melodious in their intonation. In the older synagogue we were led to expect a voice of great modulation, and the Sweet Singer of Israel occurred

to my mind; but the intonation I thought monotonous rather than commanding. We now repaired to the rabbi's house, where, after passing several outer courts, we entered by a very low aperture, and found all the family assembled in the outer room. The rabbi advanced to meet us, as did also his wife. They offered their hand in English fashion, which we took, and then we were motioned to a seat. Round three sides of an inner room ran a divan, with some chairs added to close the space left for entering. Our party was increased by the English consul, and that of Damascus, Capt. Burton, accompanied by Mrs. Burton. On a small, low table were several wine glasses and bottles of wine. Another table close to it was covered with pink calico. Both stood close to the divan in the upper corner of the room, and were conveniently placed, so that the men of the family could take their places round the larger one, and when disposed could recline in Eastern fashion.

The party consisted of the rabbi, his young son, his son-in-law, and his little boy of five years old, whom the father seemed throughout most carefully to instruct in the ceremonial. At the end of the divan, apart from her husband, sat the wife, and immediately behind, but at a later period, the daughter of the rabbi and some other female relations ranged themselves; the servants and poorer neighbours remaining in the outer part, divided off by pillars, crouching on carpets and a low stone divan, which ran round the vestibule. Each taking first a glass of wine, the ceremonial began by the younger son of the rabbi intoning Psalms cxiv., cxv., cxviii. The sound was monotonous, and accom-

panied by the rocking motion. At intervals allusions were made to their servitude under Pharaoh, by a mixture of white paste, brought forward by a servant, and which denoted the labour entailed in making bricks. Three unleavened cakes were also brought in. The centre of the three, being broken, was laid in a linen cloth; the others were indicative of the unleavened bread they were obliged to eat; and the broken cake, being slung over the shoulder of the singer, represented the dough which was carried in their kneading-troughs. This occupied a considerable time. That which we term the doxology seemed to break in at the close of the psalm, and was joined in by all the men. At the close of these psalms, a series of dishes was brought in, and the real supper began, the women ranging themselves behind the head of the family, and receiving a small portion of the repast. The unleavened cakes were eaten with bitter herbs; and after a third cup of wine had been drunk, a more solemn ceremonial took place, before which it was necessary the appetite should be completely appeased. Then the rabbi, taking a cup of wine, uttered a blessing, drank of it, and ate with it a part of the cake which had been carried figuratively through the wilderness; and afterwards each partook of the same. It is worthy to be remarked that this (the only really devotional part of the ceremonial) should be commemorated by the Jews under the name of the "sop;" whilst to us it is the fundamental root of our holy remembrance in communion. It is sad to hear that they can offer no explanation but custom. It seems indeed as if judicial blindness had closed all wish to know the meaning of their own most solemn acts. We

thanked our kind host and his wife, who, during their own service, had given us ample refreshment (sweetmeats and glasses of cold water, cakes and coffee); and we retired, much gratified by their great civility in permitting us to witness this commemoration of their faith. Naturally dreading the curiosity of travellers in general, they only invite those personally known, or introduced to them by friends. It had occupied a considerable time—nearly three hours—and it was past ten o'clock before I reached home; and, going along the Jewish quarter, every house and every chamber was still lighted up, as the poorest member is employed in a similar manner at the same moment.

What a lesson for us who would wish for greater evidence by sight! Here are a people whose whole history was one of visible rule; and who amongst the nations of the earth have proved themselves more wilful and stiff-necked—to the last moment of their appointed career, denying even the evidence of their senses in the miracles of our Lord? Who would not tremble at the natural hardness and wickedness of the human heart which is thus exhibited!

Thursday, 6*th*. A beautiful sunrise and unclouded sky. Called on Captain and Mrs. Burton at the Damascus Hotel, to deliver letters addressed to them from a mutual friend. This house, though unpromising in the entrance from a narrow and crowded street, has, on terraces above, several airy and pleasant apartments; and the view is very extensive over the Mount of Olives and adjacent scenery.

No one can form an idea of the airy and commodious apartments existing in houses placed in

the narrowest streets in Jerusalem, and affording in the terraces ample enjoyment of air and exercise resembling the house-top.

I went afterwards to the Jewish Industrial School for girls (London Mission). Twelve boarders reside, and many day-scholars come from a distance, whose parents are totally unable to provide for their children, and careless as to what becomes of them. Some of the boarders are brought in a most miserable condition, but they are formally given over to the Institution for instruction and support. If disposed, when of responsible age, they are baptised, and efforts are made to place them in a way of getting their livelihood.

The house is built on ground left by will to the mission by their late medical man. It is one of the best positions; large open ground extends before it, the property of the Greek convent, and beyond is the site of the ancient order of the Johanniter, now given by the Sultan to the Crown Prince of Prussia, during his late visit, previous to the war. It is called the *Muristan*, and embraces a considerable acreage, covered by the ruins of the noble building erected by the Crusaders, and of which the gateway is still standing.

The view from the terrace of the girls' school commands a fine prospect, embracing a great part of the city and its central object, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The rooms are large and convenient; the dormitory especially is noticeable for its airy position. Sickness is hardly heard of. Every Saturday afternoon the girls are taken out for a walk. There are a superintendent and under-teacher. In another part of the building there is a work-room,

where poor Jewesses are employed under an excellent German lady, who superintends work taken in, and for which remuneration is made to the women. A Benevolent Society also holds its meetings once a month at the School-house, when bags of clothing are made up for women and infants and the very poor Jewesses unable to buy materials. This is attended by the resident ladies, as well as one which Mrs. Gobat holds at her own house, and which is for the benefit of all poor natives. The medical officer of the institution, Dr. Chaplin, resides in the adjoining building. A little way removed are the hospital and dispensary, the whole embracing a very valuable property on Mount Zion, the healthiest and most commanding position in the city; the church and buildings around—now the boys' school—being included in the area.

After sunset I was walking in the upper terrace, and heard the Evening Hymn, played with great accuracy and feeling by the intendant, on the harmonium, which closes the house-worship on the eve of holy days. The moon was near the full, and marked as close at hand the anniversary of the solemn scene of this night in the Garden of Gethsemane. Then rose the cry of mortal agony, "Thy will be done." How few realise the completeness of that Sacrifice, the entire taking of our sins and sinful wilfulness upon Himself!—the sole demand, belief; and, if real belief, the faith that works by love will follow.

Good Friday, April 7th. The flags of consulates are all half-mast high, and also that of the Prussian Hospice.

Service in Christ Church at ten o'clock. On my

way I was stopped by the processions of the different churches entering into that of the Holy Sepulchre. The area of the church around the shrine is given up to seven denominations or creeds—Armenian, Latin, Greek, Orthodox and Unorthodox, Syriac, Coptic, and Abyssinian. Service succeeds service. I was glad to get away from the press of the crowd and the stifling atmosphere of the church, heated by thousands of lamps of coloured glass, pendent round the shrine, and hanging like jewels from the roof.

I gained our own church by half-past nine, and was thankful to be able to sit down in its quiet solitude till the hour of service. In the afternoon I walked upon the terrace, looking upon the Mount of Olives and all the scenery around which, on that day one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight years previously, had witnessed such a supernatural visitation. It was at three o'clock our Lord gave up His spirit from its earthly tenement, and sealed the covenant of immortality and life eternal to all who believe in Him.

Later in the afternoon I descended to the lower court, and found the intendant looking at his various plants and shrubs, which he cultivates with great assiduity; and he offered to take me through the adjacent buildings of the consulate, and the pleasant rooms occupied by the consul-general. In an inner court he showed me a vine, fifteen years old, but of extraordinary growth; it covered the whole court with the spread of its branches. It had borne four hundred bunches, and measured fifteen inches round the stem. The pavement of the court surrounds its stem, and whence it obtains its nourishment can only be guessed at: probably it has reached

the margin of a well or tank, as water alone can cause such surprising growth. Our own Hampton Court vine is said to have reached the Thames.

Saturday, 8th. Walked to the Orphanage—the Tahiti Kulmi. Several of the younger children were playing near the entrance, and they answered my inquiry, if Charlotte Piltz was at home, in the affirmative. The large hall was empty; but, knowing my way, I proceeded upstairs, and had just knocked at the folding doors of the reception parlour when Charlotte P. appeared and ushered me in. I found it was not a favourable day to see the rooms, as there was a general cleaning in preparation for the early service, which would be held here to-morrow. I took my leave; but Charlotte P. walked with me to the gate, where we met Mrs. Gobat on her donkey, preceding several more of her home party, whom I afterwards met on their way. The afternoon was very fine; and, feeling security in so many friends being on the road, I stopped to take a sketch of the city, as first seen on approaching the Jaffa Gate. The valley of Hinnom and the marked outline of the fortifications, turning so abruptly at the south-west corner, gave much decision to the picture. It was near the spot on which I stood that Rabshakeh drew nigh to defy the army of the Living God, which was followed by the solemn appeal, in faith, of Hezekiah, answered by so ignominious a retreat of the Assyrian army. Here also was arrayed the army of Titus, who, on preparing to besiege the city, levelled and filled up all the inequalities of the ground on the north and west side of the city. Several of my countrymen, returning from various

expeditions, were fast cantering home. On nearing the city, I saw a funeral leaving the gate of the Russian Hospice. Three priests headed the bier, preceded by the bearer of the cross; and a few men and women followed. The body, as is the custom, was in a shroud, on an open bier—perhaps some poor person who had succumbed to the fatigues of the journey. Nights spent on the deck of the vessel, and probably much suffering and sickness added, would, I think, frequently cause a fatal termination.

The cross of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was brilliantly illuminated this night at twelve o'clock; and the bells then chimed out the joyful news of the resurrection morn, and the seal of the Christian's hope. The intendant's little son came in to call my attention to the beautiful sight ("the cross all on fire"), and clapped his hands with pleasure at the radiant flashes seen against the calm blue sky.

Easter Sunday, 9th. Service at ten a.m., and a large congregation to attend the Holy Communion. The bishop preached from Luke xxiv. 26. It was gratifying to see the many nationalities that partook of the sacrament. Several Arabs, a Greek, and some Syrians, beside proselyte Jews, knelt by turns at the communion rail. The Arab women, in their white veils, shrouding their faces and figures, were especially marked as a strong realisation of the Marys who that day at early morn had, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight years before, sought the sepulchre, when a vision of angels appeared, assuring them that "He whom they sought had risen." The evening text was from Rom. viii. 34.

Monday, 10*th*. Went for letters to the English consulate. A crowd of travellers were waiting in the court in various attitudes of suspense and anxiety. The dragoman came forward to inform me that only a few letters had arrived for the consul himself. I returned much disappointed, but in the afternoon a letter arrived from Italy, and the delay was explained from its being a French steamer that had brought the mails; they had been taken to the French post-office. Later in the afternoon I had more letters and a newspaper. I went to call on several friends at the Mediterranean Hotel, all of whom are now on the wing to Damascus and Beyrout.

Tuesday, 11*th*. Started this morning at eight o'clock for the Cave of Adullam and Frank Mountain. At Bethlehem our party was joined by the Pastor Müller, his wife, and several other ladies. The pastor insisting on our previously partaking of wine and cake, we at last set off, a large cavalcade on horses and donkeys. The descent from Bethlehem is very abrupt, but we took every opportunity of the ground being at all favourable, to canter on. We were nearly an hour in gaining the foot of the Frank Mountain—so called from its having been the last stronghold in possession of the Crusaders, and the remains of the fortress is still to be seen on the mountain height. The latter part of our track had opened on a wide valley, which was dotted in places by what looked like piles of *cut turf* (as is seen in Ireland), but to my surprise I heard they were Bedouin encampments. All were formed in the same manner; an oblong, leaving in some cases a considerable space in the centre, but more contracted in size

when the tribe was small. The sheep, goats, and cattle graze outside during the day, but at night are driven inside. The tents are made of camel's hair woven, and will resist rain; they are perfectly black in colour.

On reaching the Frank Mountain, we made a portion of the ascent on horseback, and then, dismounting, left the horses to feed under the care of a man who had followed us on foot, with his gun on his shoulder. It took us quite a quarter of an hour to reach the summit, as it was very steep, but the view well repaid us. To the south were the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab; to the west the wilderness of Judea; and towards the east lay the line of the Jordan, and the country of Benjamin and Judah. Immediately around us the valley was covered with patches of cultivation, made by the Bedouins, who pay a heavy toll of produce to the Sultan and Pasha for the right of occupation. Both the fellahs in villages and the wandering tribes are indeed a grievously oppressed people, and no wonder the hand of the latter is against every one, for they are treated with little consideration by the masters of the country. The face of the soil presented on all sides a rocky and uneven appearance. It was only in the lower parts and the valleys that spots of great verdure were seen. The wandering Bedouins seem in that respect a merciful provision, for where they have encamped, very little tillage of the rudest nature produces heavy and luxuriant crops. The hyena and jackal are both found here; and it would appear, by the number of eggs we were afterwards offered, that partridges abound; and I should imagine the plover as well, as I more than once thought I heard its

familiar cry overhead. Some large birds, in colour and form like sea gulls, hovered awhile in the air, but no one could decide what they were.

We were now joined by the remainder of our party, who, being on donkeys, had been distanced across country, but it is surprising how actively and quickly the donkeys of Palestine get over the ground, without fatigue to their riders; their pace is so even and gentle, it would not shake the most infirm person. Having rested awhile amid the ruins of the ancient fort, we descended, and it was decided we should pay a visit to the tents of the Bedouin tribe encamped close to the foot of the mountain. Two young lads, sons of the Sheik, who formerly had been in M. Müller's school, had been sent as a deputation, and were followed by two elders of the tribe, to press the invitation. We gained the tents by crossing a large space of herbage, which had been the site of a former encampment. Some dogs rushed out to meet us, but were soon sent to a distance by their owners, our conductors. Heifers were tethered, and cows, goats, and sheep, were all grazing around. We were ushered into the tent of the Sheik, and received the kindest welcome. Sheep-skins were immediately spread for our seats, and the saddle-bags piled behind us to form backs to recline against. The wife of the Sheik at once prepared meal to bake cakes on the hearth. Some of the men made a fire in a hole scooped out to roast coffee, which Mrs. M. had prepared, in her care for our luncheon. Goats' milk was brought, boiled, and sweetened with sugar. This is taken separately. The coffee is drunk without either. Excellent butter was brought with the cakes, which had been kneaded and drawn out in thin, delicate slices, and placed

on iron bars above the fire, and were then fried much like a light pancake. When handed to us they spread over our knees like a napkin, and on one occasion I heard of a traveller concluding that this was their use, and acting accordingly. Everything was done in order and regularity, and a great dignity of manner preserved, which was very striking. The scene seemed like a realisation of the life of the patriarchs. Reference was always made to the Sheik (father and head of the house) for every movement in the household economy, and a word from him seemed sufficient to ensure obedience. It was the early type of obedience to their Heavenly Father, and perfect trust in Him. Our leader now warned us we must not linger, having yet some length of way before us. Leaving our hospitable hosts, with many thanks and kindly shaking of hands, responded to by them with the customary carrying of the hand to the forehead and heart, we mounted our horses, and prepared to cross the country in the direction of the Cave of Adullam.

As I rode along, my thoughts reverted to the life of the "man after God's own heart," who had passed so many harassed days amongst these fastnesses. How often, with failing heart, had he crossed and re-crossed these mountains to avoid the persecutions of Saul, and was often warned by the faithful Jonathan,—a model of devoted friendship,—who ever shielded him from the growing vengeance of his father. Saul is indeed a painful representation of the unregenerated human heart. The more convinced was he of David's divine appointment to succeed him, the more fierce and savage was his persecution; and his having recourse to the sorceries of the witch of

Endor, is a lesson to all that the search into futurity will only bring an increase of misery, and often in the knowledge of calamity.

Again the thought became uppermost that we were traversing the scene of the forty days of Satanic persecution endured by our Lord. Loneliness and destitution were everywhere embodied before our eyes; the haunt of jackal, hyena; all feeble living things would hide themselves in terror; but here Satan received proofs that his power was limited, and that there was one born in human form "mighty to save all who come to Him."

The appearance of the country was somewhat that of the roughest and most stony part of the Welsh mountains. Even where thick herbage appeared, large pieces of rock would lie across the path, and also many stones hidden in the grass. The horses, however, picked their way safely; for it is always best to leave the choice to their discretion, and it is remarkable how surely they tread over and through all obstacles. In one place we came to a rapid descent to a wady, over the largest surfaces of flinty rock. A boy who was in our company seized my horse's bridle, and at once directed his path to the edge, and down a circuitous route to the bottom, arriving as quickly as the cavalcade of horses and donkeys, which had carefully, step by step, picked their way down the more direct path. My young leader, however, seemed to have a theory of his own, and an impatience of slow movement; and with a rapidity which was surprising, made the horse follow his quick steps down the path he had chosen. The faithful brutes, when thus overruled by their masters, seem not to hesitate in obedience.

On reaching the wady, we found ourselves in a crop of barley, far above our horses' knees, and in many places up to their shoulders. A track was visible, and through this our cavalcade was seen making their way, the donkeys and their riders scarcely visible in the luxuriant height of the crop. On arriving near the mouth of the wady, which opened on a large ravine in the mountain range (and leading, I was told, down to the Red Sea), we turned short up to the summit of a paved tank. It appeared in good repair, though the wall and stones around the mouth seemed of great antiquity, and bore evidence of constant usage. Here we dismounted, and leaving our horses, prepared to walk along the brow of the shelving cliff to the cave.

CHAPTER IX.

CAVE OF ADULLAM—TOMB OF THE KINGS—DE SAULCEY'S RAID—NEWLY FOUND COLUMN—PRUSSIAN HOSPICE—AREA OF THE TEMPLE AND MOSQUE OF OMAR—MOUNT SCOPUS—THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL OUTSIDE THE GATE—THE CEMETERY—THE COMMUNION FOR TRAINING SHIP'S COMPANY—ARMENIAN CONVENT.

In about a quarter of an hour we reached the face of an overhanging rock; a bold projecting rock also hung across our path. This was to be surmounted, not only by climbing over, but by crawling under the one above, which did not leave sufficient space to rise higher than upon hands and knees. The width was about six or eight feet, and I found I could, without aid, slide down to the ledge, which continued on the other side. Four ladies had to be helped over this obstacle, and I was glad to find I could, in part, assist myself. The ledge on which I alighted was wide enough to give a feeling of some security, and I boldly went on to the next obstacle, another rock, without the overhanging mass of the last, but presenting a more terrifying appearance, as it must be climbed close to the precipice.

I waited here for advice and aid, and was soon shown some rough niches where the foot could find a hold; and choosing a part as far as possible inward, I succeeded in gaining the platform, shorter than the last, but divided altogether from

the hole by which the cave is entered, and into which a long, jumping step, must be made. A hand was ready to receive me, and I got over safely.

How few think of their method of return in these cases. I confess I was one; and we pressed on into the cave by a narrow passage, holding lighted candles in our hands. The path was winding, but at last opened on a large cave, the rocky sides in bold masses gradually spreading to the top, which was like a coved ceiling, and of considerable height. The sides were formed into niches by the grouping of the rocks, and some masses lying on the ground formed good resting-places. It was the embryo of a perfect habitation, and so dry, that there was not the least sensation of coldness even on touching the rocky sides.

A dark aperture at the further end revealed the passage which led into the interior. There our party now proposed to go, but I had been previously warned that the difficulty was great, and that the cave we were in was the one best worth seeing. Our party divided, and those who wished to proceed took their way through the opening; whilst those who remained availed themselves of the rocky masses on the floor to sit and await the return of the more adventurous.

There were other smaller passages branching out of the central cave, but all led alike to the place of entrance; and we had remained seated, in conversation on the dangers of the place, hidden or otherwise, for half-an-hour, when the thoughts of all reverted to the time having arrived when we might expect the return of our companions. Many ideas arose of the horrors of a life falling

a sacrifice to curiosity in this dark abode; and it was with intense pleasure we at last, at the far end of the darkness, saw a glimmer of a faint light which shone like a star in the depths of the blackness, and then arose the joyful exclamation of "They come!" and in a few minutes the foremost of the group appeared, covered with sand and begrimed with wax-drippings. The greatest obstacle we understood which presented itself was a steep and sudden descent to a lower cave, without footing or step of any kind, in fact, like a shoot, such as might be used for a sack of coals. Thence the way was groped on hands and knees, and at last flat down, wriggling along like a worm, into a cave of less dimensions and less character than the one we had remained in.

We now prepared to depart, and soon made our way out, having a cord in hand, which had at first been made fast at the entrance, and carried by one of the party through their further discoveries.

The chasm at the entrance was again passed; and returning in the same manner, climbing, sliding, and with careful footsteps, we all arrived safely, and made our way down to a broad rocky ledge underneath, overhung by a precipitous cliff, which was festooned from above by long tendrils of the maiden-hair fern, which hung in graceful luxuriance over a cleft in the cliff, out of which trickled an abundant supply of water. Below, too, on the ledge of natural pavement which formed a deep and wide alcove, was a well, which bubbled up and sparkled in a most refreshing manner to the eye. This had been chosen for our place of refreshment after the fatigues of the last

expedition, besides which it was necessary to give our horses at least two hours' rest; and we merrily chatted over our light repast of some delicate cutlets and apples, oranges and figs, with wine and bread, from the store of our kind Mrs. Müller.

The scenery was wild and bold, even to savageness. The glen below us, down which a mountain-stream rushed to the Dead Sea, was verdant though craggy. The sky was calm and blue, and the sun threw its vivid rays on the face of the opposite cliff; while the cry of the peewit, or chirp of some field bird, was the only sound heard, save the merry voices of our own party.

It was now, however, five o'clock, and we had quite three hours' ride before us; and the call was given to return to our horses, and mount for our ride home. It was by a somewhat different track to that which had brought us from the Frank Mountain, and we rode by a long wady almost to the foot of the rocky eminence on which Bethlehem stands, and gained the Jaffa Gate before it closed at half-past eight. The latter part of our ride was left to the sagacity of our horses, whose unfailing instinct carried us in safety; but so dark was it, I could scarce see my horse's head, and to guide him would have been impossible. The halloo of the pastor's servant, who was on the watch for us, was a pleasant sound; and we gladly responded, "We are coming! we are coming!"

By the light of a lantern we threaded the stony streets on foot, and eventually reached the Hospice a little before nine o'clock, where the intendant, M. Gutzman, stood anxiously watching for us at the gate.

The rest of the ladies riding donkeys, who were far behind us in reaching Bethlehem, remained under the hospitable roof of the Müllers till next morning.

Wednesday, 12th. I had the offer of a guide to the so-called Tombs of the Kings, an appellation denied by the Jews. They state that the tombs we were to see were originally the burial-place of two rich brothers, who had contributed largely to the support of the city in the siege by Titus—one in gifts of corn, and the other in various aliments.

We crossed the olive grounds outside the Damascus Gate, and soon gained the place we sought. The ground we passed over was strewed with the cubes of tesselated pavements. It was said to have been the site, in Herod's time, of innumerable villas and gardens, and was enclosed in Agrippa's wall after the crucifixion of our Lord. On reaching the tomb, we descended by a flight of steps to an area levelled in the rocky strata. An archway formed the entrance, and to the left of the area the face of the rock was finely sculptured; and the capitals of two pillars, and the evident remains of one on each side in bas-relief, showed the great pains that had been taken in the structure. The garlands of pine leaves and grapes were perfect in the cutting, and, as well as the frieze which ran along the edge, gracefully portrayed.

Under this alcoved entrance we passed, and to the left lay the aperture of the tomb. My attention was now called to a round stone, which was pushed back into a recess between the wall of the tomb and a large piece of rock, which seemed to have formed the other side of its receptacle. Over this, cut in the wall, was a ledge which had evidently received

a slab for a covering, now removed. The round stone was maintained in its place by some fragments; otherwise its own weight would have rolled it down an inclined plane on which it stood, and it would have settled into a groove fitted for it on the opposite side, and thus closed the doorway of the tomb. This was a realisation of that stone which was "once sealed" and a "watch set."

The form and purpose both indicated that its use had been to close the door, and formerly there was said to have been the remains of a bolt of stone which secured it; but, alas! the sacrilegious hands of the Bedouin had long ago destroyed it. Marks were visible of their fires, when made a place of refuge for the night. To enter the tomb, we were obliged to stoop low, crouching through a passage of nearly seven feet in thickness, and then found ourselves in a large chamber. The centre was lowered, leaving a ledge of perhaps three feet wide all round.

This chamber must have been at least twelve feet square. It had evidently been the original burial-place, from which many *loculi* in groups branched off. Some years ago a French *savant* made his way from this chamber into a lower vault, by way of a concealed staircase. There he found a sarcophagus of great beauty, and, within, a body wrapped in golden cerements. At once he proclaimed it as the Tomb of the Kings; and the sarcophagus is now placed in the Musée of the Louvre, as that of King David. But it is well known this is not the burial-place of the Jewish kings, who were interred on Mount Zion, and near where the tomb of King David is shown. A mosqu

is built over that site, and most probably on the foundations of a Christian Church of the time of Constantine. This mausoleum into which we had now entered, is held by the present race of Jews (and from their own records proved to be, as stated) to belong to the two rich brothers; and they had further proofs of this in an examination, which had been made many years before by some of their own people, and long prior to the visits of modern antiquaries.

Some further excavations have shown that in later ages a woman of high descent had been buried there. An inscription was found in the lower chambers, written in Syriac and Hebrew, and was distinctly to be read, "Sarah, Queen." This was thought to be of the later Christian era, and to refer to the widow of a king of Adabene. She, having become a proselyte to Judaism, as also her son Igatus, fixed her residence at Jerusalem, where, during the prevalence of the famine predicted by Agabus, and in the days of Claudius Cæsar, she relieved multitudes of the poor Jews by her unbounded liberality; and, having determined to end her days in the Holy City, she prepared her sepulchre in her lifetime, as was then the custom.

This tomb is thrice mentioned by Josephus, —once as marked by three pyramids, and at a distance of three stadia from the city; again, as opposite the gate near which Titus first approached the city on the north; and lastly, in the description of Agrippa's wall, as passing opposite the monument of Helena.

It is a singular fact that this is the only instance known of a rolling stone to close the door of a tomb,

and I could not help indulging the reflection that it might have been the original sepulchre. My guide added that the remarkable plateau, or rocky rise, which many concur in thinking marks the place of crucifixion, was very near at hand. That spot was thought by many to have been the locality of "the place of a skull;" some think so called from the configuration of the rock below resembling a skull. The tomb is not far without the gate, and within view of the opposite rise of the Mount of Olives, where the women could "stand afar off," and yet see all that was passing in that sad scene.

Leaving the tomb, we returned by the olive grounds to the Russian hospice. In this tract of ground was pointed out to me the undoubted remains of the third wall, that of Agrippa, which encircled the ground to the tower of Heshbon on the highest point of the city walls, and near the ground which the Russians have now made their own. But even these landmarks are fast disappearing; for we found a Moslem superintending the building of a house for one of his sons, which would completely efface a part of the lower level of the wall, hitherto distinctly visible above the surface. On reaching the Russian hospice, we entered the stately court, comprising the large buildings of dormitories for pilgrims, and the magnificent church, within which, it is said, the remains of the late Czar Nicholas are one day to be placed. A request that 30,000 troops might be allowed to enter Jerusalem with the body, had been firmly refused by the Turkish Government, who returned for answer that a sufficient guard of honour would be willingly acceded to. My kind guide of to-day, Mr. B., had waited on the

Grand Duke Constantine, with other English residents, on his arrival two years previously; and he was struck by the acuteness of his questions, and the perfect knowledge he showed on all matters connected with the city.

The object of our especial investigation at this moment was an enormous pillar lately discovered as lying below the surface of the ground. In the space opposite the church, some planting of trees had been carried on, at equal distances, to form an avenue. More than once the spade had touched upon what appeared bare rock; but on opening the ground further, the pillar was discovered. The shaft is perfectly hewn, the capital roughly marked, and also the base. Many are the opinions as to whether it is still in its natural quarry, or whether it has been thrown down where it stood. In massive appearance it exactly resembles the still existing pillars under the Temple area. No traces of any building of a similar kind exist near the spot; nor do I believe it is even ascertained, satisfactorily, that there are the remains of any quarry, and no other traces have been found in digging the foundations of the extensive Russian hospice.

Thursday, 13*th*. This morning we were to start at seven o'clock for the Mosque of Omar, and area of the Temple. This expedition is always arranged at an early hour, as it is necessary that the fanatical dervishes who inhabit the area should be for the time shut up, to prevent any annoyance they might offer to strangers. It seems a singular reflection that the Christian is set at defiance, on the ground of his holy reverence, by Moslem, Turk, or other fanatic. And towards the Jews, who are

even more completely shut out from a locality of their holiest associations, it would seem as if, in having so long neglected the only real clue (as in their Bible) to all which once existed there, they were now permitted to be warned off the precious localities of their faith, and the sons of Ishmael to step in and assert their elder birthright,—the son of the *bond*-woman for a time triumphing over the son of the *free*. On entering the area by the gate at the end of the street of King David, we found ourselves in a large and grass-grown court of considerable dimensions; in one part olive trees were growing. We at once ascended the steps of the mosque, called the Dome of the Rock, and passing under a small octagonal building, said to be the porch of the Sultan Achmet, found ourselves in a large circular building, the centre of which was railed off, and over which hung, or rather floated, drapery, to prevent aught falling to defile the sacred rock below. The rock or crown of the mountain appears in its natural state above the surface of the flooring. Uneven in form, and having a slight depression towards the north-east, it has the appearance of a highly-coloured stony stratum. It was with a feeling of deep reverence we looked upon what was in all probability the very scene of Abraham's sacrifice—Mount Moriah—Araunah's threshing-floor, and the after-site of the Holy of holies of Solomon's Temple. We turned away, after one long look, unwilling to see, as there shown, the supposed impression of Mahomet's foot (he thence, in Mussulman belief, ascended to heaven); and we left the mosque for that of Aksa, which, standing on the foundation of a Christian church, is immediately opposite, and used by the Moslem for

daily prayer. There are some prophetic verses in Ezekiel which point to the twenty-five unbelieving men who, with their backs to the Holy of holies, will worship with their face to the east; and this is literally fulfilled in the position of these two mosques and their worshippers.

The Mosque of Aksa has all the appearance of a Christian edifice; an immense length of nave, and fine columns supporting the roof, give great grandeur to its noble area. On one side of the pulpit was a niche of white marble, surmounted by a panel, in which were sculptured branches of palm. The niche was said to contain the impression of the foot of the Saviour. We afterwards descended a flight of steps at the south-east corner, and saw the cradle, as it is called, of the infant Saviour. It is of marble, and a canopy of the same is placed over it. These remnants of a Christian faith seemed oddly placed on Mahommedan ground. There were some very fine pillars in this species of crypt, which are the fac-simile of the one in the Russian ground. The whole floor was spread with mats, and is used as a place of prayer. On descending the steps, I had noticed, through a cavity in the wall, a series of arches, very much like those used for raising the ground to a level in constructing railways. They are supposed to be the remains of the substructure of the Temple. The actual area being very small and uneven, the space was enlarged and made level by these means. There is known to exist a large tank of water beneath the area of the court, and the fact was brought to light by the explorations. We had been shown, also, underneath the Dome of the Rock, a large cavity, which seems to leave the

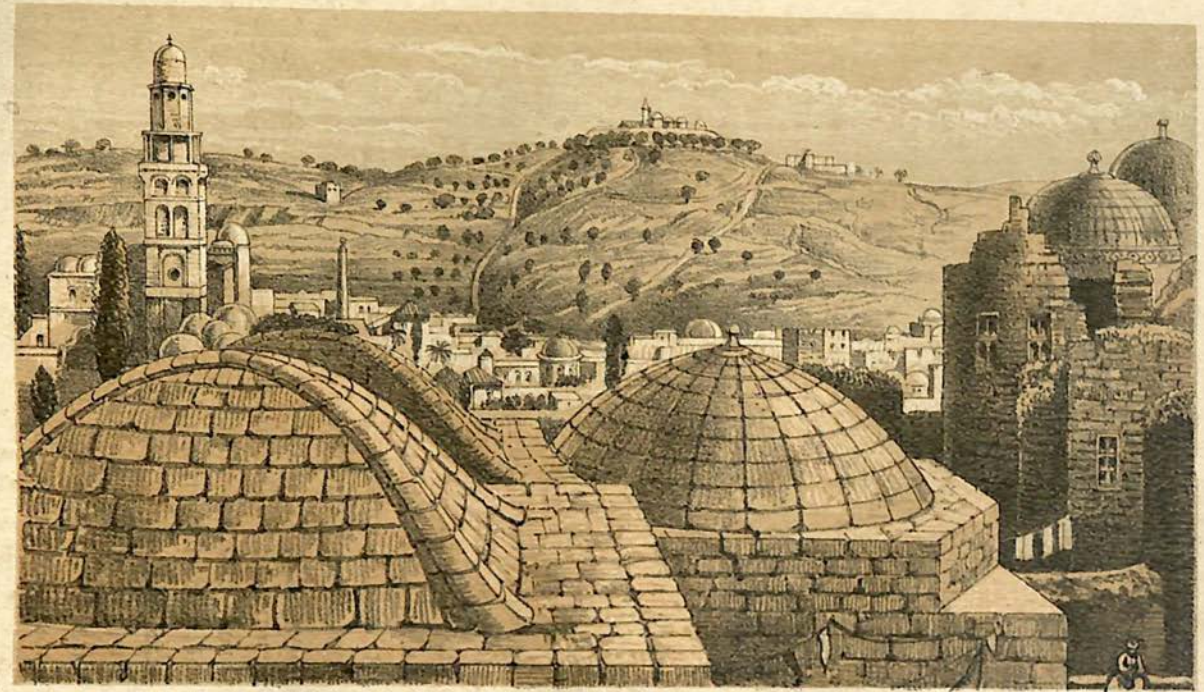
upper surface almost unsupported. This is now become the locality of unauthorised traditions; and four niches are shown as the places of prayer of Abraham, our Lord, King David, and Saint George. It was evidently intended for a widely different purpose, and little doubt now remains on the minds of the observant that it was the receptacle for the blood from the altar-trench, conveyed by a duct, which led by one of the horns of the altar, and where a perforation now exists. It was hence conveyed away by continued ducts to the Pool of Siloam, previously mingled with water from the central tank existing under the court, as well as from innumerable other conduits from the Pool of Gihon. The altar stood before the Holy of holies. I had been fortunate in joining a small party under the escort of the chancellor of the Prussian consulate. It is a privilege accorded the consulates to be able to take in friends at a small fee, otherwise the permission is with difficulty obtained and heavily paid for. We now retraced our steps to the entrance, gathering a few of the wild flowers at our feet, and obtaining a few chips of the marble pavement, which were scattered about. Though regarded with such veneration by Mussulmans, there is a neglected, solitary look reigning over the whole spot; and, in the mind of a Christian, there is a strong contrast existing to the busy merchandise and pharisaical devotion of the days of our Lord, as so familiarly depicted to us in the New Testament. And here, we are reminded, dwelt the Shechinah—the real presence of God—until the continued unbelief and idolatrous practices of the highly-favoured nation caused those solemn words to be heard, "Let us depart hence."

Fearful have been the presumptions of man in this spot; and the climax was reached by Claudius Cæsar, who, after the overthrow of the city by the Roman armies, erected his own statue on the very spot occupied by the Shechinah. But the time is coming when *Zion* "will lift up her head," and when she shall be the centre of all nations, proclaiming that "the Lord is our God," and all people shall flow unto her.

Friday, 14th. This afternoon I walked up Mount Scopus, and, by the Mount of Olives, home. The wind was tremendously high, but the view was very fine, especially from the central point—the ruined mosque, which commands so fine a range of the Dead Sea and mountains of Moab, the line of the Jordan being so clearly marked by its fringed and woody banks, and the whole country of Benjamin lying beneath our feet. Jericho is not visible, being too much under the mountains; but we looked over Gibeah of Saul towards Bethel and Ramah, and round to Mizpah, on the west. As we descended on the other side, the sun, sinking as it was, threw up the outline of the city in fine relief. We reached St. Stephen's Gate just as the muezzin commenced his call.

To-day, Friday, is post-day, and letters to write for home.

Saturday, 15th. Walked this afternoon to the Bishop's school, outside the Jaffa Gate. The boys were at play in the court, and opened the gate, that I might pass through to the English cemetery. There are not many Europeans buried here. A few monuments exist, and one of interest, from the fact of its being that of the first missionary in Jerusalem—an Englishman. The inscription was appropriately



Haghe dro^t Lith.

A.F.F. Del

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES,

from the Prussian Hospice.

(London, S. W. Partridge & C^o.)

worded, "To the memory of a faithful watchman on the walls of Jerusalem." All the existing religious work dates from the labours of this missionary, Mr. Nicholayson, who was a most energetic and faithful servant of his Lord. He resided here twenty years, and his memory is recalled with respect and tenderness.

The Bishop's school-house, through the court of which I passed, has an air of great substantiality and comfort. The resident master, Mr. Palmer, is highly spoken of. The school is for Arab boys, and contains at least eighty in number. The morning was cloudy, and in the afternoon we had a shower, which fell inopportunely as I was finishing my sketch of the Mount of Olives.

Sunday, 16*th*. The Bishop of Gibraltar preached. There was a large attendance of the officers and midshipmen of the training ship, *Trafalgar*, now lying off Jaffa. The communion was celebrated by special request of the naval men, and many stayed, as well as several young midshipmen.

In the afternoon I joined in a walk to the Armenian Convent of St. James, one of the largest and richest foundations in Jerusalem. It is finely situated on Mount *Zion*, close to the Castle and the English church. In the Armenian church no seats are permitted. The area was entirely open; and, by a truly oriental custom, the church had no roof, and the birds flew in and out as if in the open air.

There were magnificent doors to the shrine of the saint, of ebony, inlaid in a most elaborate manner with silver and mother-of-pearl. The chair of the apostle is also shown, which is placed within the altar-rails. The arrangement of the chancel

much resembles that of the Greek Church. It has a raised platform, and a railing beyond, which none but the officiating clergy enter. The church began to fill with worshippers; the men knelt on the marble pavement, but many of the women crouched down in sitting postures. There was no division of the sexes. The young students took possession of a railed square space, and the service began from a pulpit in a gallery above. We went to the terraces, from which we could see the many ranges of dormitories. The view over the country was very extensive. Below we overlooked a fine piece of garden ground, protected from the north by a grove of pines, but the whole was in a miserable state of neglect. There are resident students here to the number of fourteen or sixteen.

We now continued our walk by the walls, passing the Zion Gate, and by the lepers' houses, low, small buildings, but which I am informed are kept both clean and comfortable. The poor inmates have the advantage of Scriptural teaching, under the superintendence of an excellent Christian German lady, who accompanies the Arabic Scripture reader once a fortnight to the houses, and who told me that her visits were received with gratitude and thankfulness.

Passing on by a path which led above these cottages, we ascended the wall by steps near the Dung Gate. The latter is a curious cavernous entrance. It has a guard of soldiers living above it. The view from the walls gave us an extended prospect over the far end of Mount Zion and the Valley of Siloam, closed in on the left by the Mount of Offence, so called from being the scene of the idolatrous worship of Solomon's heathen wives. Before us

was the ridge of the Aceldama, and its many cave-like openings and remains of tombs. Below us lay in the valley the highly-cultivated patches of ground still called "The King's Gardens." The fountain of Enrogel, further up the valley, was seen; the meeting-place of David's friends, and in after years the scene of the proclamation of David's elder son, Adonijah, to the exclusion of Solomon, so speedily overruled by the timely interference of Bathsheba and Nathan the prophet. The part of Mount Zion extending immediately under the walls lay at our feet, "ploughed over," and thus a lasting memorial of the prophetic fate denounced against it.

There has been a singular verification of the truth of the position of Aceldama, or "the field of blood," bought with the thirty pieces of silver (the price of the betrayal of our Lord), from the fact of many skulls of different nationalities having been found there, thus proving it was the spot used to bury strangers in.

We now descended from the wall, and pursuing a path through a thick growth of prickly pear, we passed by the inner wall of the area of the Temple, and had lost ourselves in a labyrinth of small alleys, when we met Mr. B., jun., the banker's son, who kindly directed us; and we at last came upon the Via Dolorosa, above the fine convent of the Sisters of Zion, and speedily reached the Prussian hospice.

Monday, 17th. The air this morning was cool, but the sun very bright. The chancellor lent me the *Levant Herald*, which gave sad tidings of the state of Paris—continued scenes of violence. In the afternoon I took the servant Ibrahim as a guide, through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to the Fountain

of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloam. On leaving St. Stephen's Gate we kept close under the city wall, as I wished to see the substructure, which is marked by such enormous stones, and supposed undoubtedly to belong to the earliest period. These stones being sunk in the rocky strata, it is reasonable to suppose that they had escaped the overthrow of the city walls which followed the first siege. The sharp angle of the wall, which marks the commencement within of the area of the Temple, shows the point from which these enormous masses begin. They are of the same character, only more massive, than the stones of the Wailing Place, and in some instances still bear the mark of having been bevelled.

Passing the Golden Gate, which is evidently an architectural ornament of much later date, we continued along the walls to the south-east angle. The ground here falls away precipitously, and we descended by a pathway into the valley. The whole line of the city walls is occupied by Moslem tombs, this part being appropriated entirely by the Turk. The Jews' burial-place is seen on the opposite side of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, whitening the lower spur of the Mount of Olives; but the Jews are not allowed to bury their dead nearer to the city than this.

Our path led us past the Tomb of Absalom, and that of the Prophets, which were on the opposite side of the dry bed of the Kedron. The valley widens where it is joined by that of the Tyropœan, and also farther on by that of Hinnom. In the hollow lay the King's Gardens. It is supposed that the blood of the sacrifices contributed much to the fertility of the soil, as drains of communication have

been traced from the place of the high altar in the area of the Temple to the fount of Siloam; and to purify further, a supply of water was provided, and led from the altar, cleansing and carrying away, for beneficial purposes, the blood of the holocausts which at various times were slain there. Thus human economy, under Divine regulation, turned everything to good. To the reflecting mind it was difficult to conceive what could have been done to convey out of sight such a continued stream of animal life-blood as that which must have flowed from the altar; but the researches of the "Exploration" have done much to explain this, the whole substructure of the Temple being a network of arrangement for that purpose. On descending the path from the south-east corner of the city walls, the first object which claims attention is the Fountain of the Virgin, so named it is said, in legendary lore, from the blessed Mary having there washed her clothes,—at what period of her life does not appear; and probably it is only grounded on the fact that it is largely used up to this moment by the women of the neighbourhood. At the head of its flight of deep steps I sat down, and watched the groups of women and children going to the fountain below. It was hid in a deep recess, to which a second and narrower flight led. I observed all the groups, but especially the children, began to sing as they descended to the waters below. It was truly enough to cause some apprehension from uncertainty of footing, and had prevented me from descending farther than where I could hear the water bubbling below, and see the glittering surface lighted from some chink above. But it was

through this very water-way that the adventurous explorers made their route, creeping along the whole way to Siloam, that they might trace the communication between the Fountain and the Pool of which it is the source, and by so doing succeed in substantiating a suspected fact.

We continued by the path on the side of the mountain of Zion, and arrived at a picturesque and half-ruined pool, where various groups of young horses, sheep, goats, and cattle were collected for evening watering. The children who were tending the different animals stood or sat in picturesque attitudes, recalling the various scenes related in the Bible of flocks of animals brought to water. Time pressed, however, and we passed on by Isaiah's tree, marking the spot, it is said, where the prophet was sawn asunder; and, as it proved afterwards, passing the path which led to the fountain of Siloam, which lay higher up in the Tyropœan valley.

My guide, Ibrahim, professed to understand both French and Italian, but with the exception of a few commonplace expressions he had picked up, I found he was really ignorant of both, and in this Madame Gutzman confirmed me. Passing the path to the fountain, he seemed to consider, with the stolidity of a Turk, that the lower receptacle of water used for cattle might serve to me for the Pool of Siloam itself. I, however, detected this later; but the sun now getting low, and having lingered on the way, I saw Ibrahim was anxious to get up the Valley of Hinnom and near to the city; and I knew that sometimes wild groups of returning fellahs and Bedouins are met outside the walls at sunset, and render it not altogether safe.

The Valley of Hinnom is deep and well cultivated, and water can easily be brought from the pools of Gihon, which lie higher up, where they are crossed by the Bethlehem road. The Bishop's school was soon in sight, built on the cliff overhead. On the other side of the valley were several convents; and as we proceeded and came near the city, the range of houses built for indigent Jews by Sir Moses Montefiore were in full view. They consist of two rows of dwellings, and a third now under construction, separated from each other, and each lodging has its kitchen and bedroom. There they are provided with board and lodging for one fortnight only at a time. A windmill stands above, which is for the use of the institution.

The poor Jews are supposed to have much charity extended towards them. Large contributions are sent from Europe, but they reach the intended recipients only in the smallest donations. As a race, the Jews seem paralysed, and blight appears to attend every good intention towards them. Do they not yet await the taking away of the curse they called down upon themselves and their children one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight years ago? They are a mournful warning, which should touch the heart of the most hardened unbeliever.

We reached the Jaffa Gate just at sunset, and entered the city with several groups of midshipmen belonging to the *Trafalgar*. The Bishop of Gibraltar, who had arrived at the same time, made one of their party to the plains of the Jordan, and spoke in terms of pleasure of the enjoyment he had had in witnessing the buoyancy and mirthful spirits of so large a group of lads. It was a sad termination to their

visit that they had to lament the death of three of their number. One was taken ill on his way coming to Ramlah, where he died; and on their return two more were taken ill. One, unable to go on board, died at Jaffa, and was buried there; and the other only gained the ship to find a sailor's grave at sea. It was a circumstance much lamented, as the fine, manly bearing of the lads had been observed by all, when attending the English church on the Sunday previously; and the orderly conduct evinced by a group of above fifty boys, between fifteen and twenty years of age, was most creditable.

CHAPTER X.

JEWISH GIRLS' INSTITUTE—PILLARS OF THE SUPPOSED GATE WHICH WAS OPENED TO ST. PETER BY THE ANGEL—THE MURISTAN—THE NEEDLE'S EYE—THE PIT FOR ANIMALS—BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR—BETHANY—VISIT TO TENTS—LOADED CAMELS—THE SERAI, OR PALACE.

WEDNESDAY, *April 19th.* I went to the Jewish Girls' Institute, to finish a sketch from the terrace. The under-teacher kindly took me through the many cellars below, in which are stored wood and all the requisites for housekeeping. The superintendent, Miss D., was gone to Beyrout for a fortnight's absence. Some pillars of an ancient gateway are still existing in the pathway above, and supposed to be those of the gate which opened to the angel, and through which Peter passed; and not far from hence is shown the house of Mary, the mother of John, to which Peter repaired on his deliverance, and where constant and earnest prayer for his rescue had been made by the Church. There is nothing improbable in these conjectures. Altered as the whole surface of the city is, it contains within its precincts these localities. The house of Caiaphas, the high-priest, is placed not far from this spot; and there are many reasons for supposing the site of the common prison was near at hand. It must

be borne in mind that though the overthrow of the city was fearfully completed by the Roman siege, yet, in the ages immediately following, there must have been a possibility of tracing many of the ancient localities. The revival of Christianity under Constantine fixed, probably with some certainty, the position of many of the spots marked in Jewish history, and sought for with great care and veneration. The time of the Crusades brought another era in these conservations, and the Johanniter knights no doubt made selections of the best ascertained and most venerated spots. The Muristan extended throughout all this locality, and the solid underground work often discovered and existing under much of this part of Mount Zion, carries with it a presumption that it was thus chosen from its ancient associations. The ground presented to the Crown Prince by the Sultan does not comprehend (though large in itself) the whole extent of the ancient Muristan, for parts of it had already passed into other hands. The Greek Church has a portion, and the ground of the Institute for Jewish Girls probably stands on a part. The Moslem, perhaps, has done the least to overload with obstructions the holy places. Their rule has rather tended to preserve untouched the sanctuaries; and in converting the Christian church into the mosque, their faith, in consequence, from its absolute simplicity of worship, permits of neither shrine nor image.

The view from the terraces of this building is very interesting. It overlooks all the part of the city seen from Mount Zion,—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Muristan site, and parts of the ancient walls of that foundation, which no doubt

will be soon again raised for an edifice worthy its antiquity and ancient use. Part of the building is already restored as a chapel for the use of the Prussian congregation.

There are also many edifices of inferior note, but picturesque in colour and form, and giving a good general idea of the city from this point of view.

Thursday, 20th. This afternoon I had arranged to walk with Miss R. (second teacher in the Girls' Institute), at her holiday hour of five o'clock. She was to show me the gate in the city walls called the "Needle's Eye," and supposed to have been the object of allusion made by our Saviour to the drawback of riches in the pursuit of heavenly things, this gate being so low that a camel cannot pass through without kneeling. It is not now in use, but had been, within the memory of persons living. The sceptic says it did not exist in our Lord's time, but there are as many proofs it *did* do so as that it did *not*.

We went out by the Damascus Gate, and turning to our right, began our search close to the walls. We passed the pit which is still used for the reception of dead camels and donkeys. It is a deep grassy slope. The custom is barbarous, as, when the poor beasts are worn out by labour and age, they are taken to this steep place and shoved backwards down it, and left to perish. The city is soon made aware of any replenishment of the animal Golgotha, by the unusual scurrying and barking of dogs, which at once fly out to the new quarry, coming by all kinds of breaks in the walls, and ways known only to themselves, and at night when the gates are closed. We saw lying at the bottom several skulls of camels, and large

jaw-bones of donkeys. We were some time in finding the gate we were looking for, as it was in a turn of the walls. Its appearance, narrow and low, quite verified the saying attached to it.

This evening a party was asked by Bishop Gobat to meet the Bishop of Gibraltar. The consuls were present, and also a tent party (Doctor P. and Miss W. of *Z*achleh, and her companion friend Miss D., from Shemlan). With Miss W. I had much conversation on my own intended route; and she held out hopes that I might reach Baalbec, taking *Z*achleh in my route.

Friday, 21st. This afternoon was set aside for a walk to Bethany. Starting by the well-worn centre path which leads over the summit of the Mount of Olives, we passed across by the Moslem Tomb, and descended into Bethany, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the summit. Every step furnished food for thought, for we were tracing the very path of our Lord to His much-loved haunt, the village of Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus—probably for Him the only place of rest or repose. It is a hallowed recollection for earthly ties and friendships —Divinity in humanity thus feeling solaced; and may we not think that it is permitted to us also to seek in such friendly brotherhood a haven from earthly toils? The landscape became more cultivated, and our path led into a narrow valley on the side of the mountain, many groups of olive trees forming pleasant spots for repose and shadowed quiet to the eye. The village, as it now exists, is supposed to be somewhat removed from the ancient site. It is true, localities have been given names, and actual spots are pointed out, such as the house of

the family and the tomb of Lazarus; but it appears more probable as regards the latter, that some ancient tombs, deep in the side of the hill, and lying under the road leading to Jerusalem, point to the site of the ancient burial-place. The ancient village, it is said, was built on a terraced ground under the Mount of Olives, and facing the same direction. There are the remains of what appears to have been a fort, perhaps for the protection of a road (the highway to Jericho) which was always noted for its *in*security. Many are of opinion that the Mount of Ascension was on this side, and not far from the site of the ancient village; but we are told, "He led them out, and then vanished from their sight;" and we have no reason to suppose this was from the summit of the Mount of Olives, which is considerably above Bethany, and some way removed from it; and it would have placed this pathetic scene in full view of Jerusalem. Bethany, as far as the history of the locality now permits us to judge, must have been, doubtless, quite removed from the ever to-and-fro and busy hum of such a city as Jerusalem then was, and probably too humble and unpretending to attract the crowd of scoffing unbelievers daily met with in the Scribes and Pharisees; and the heartfelt welcome of Martha, and the devotional spirit of Mary, must have proved a balm to the wounded, struggling spirit of our Lord, whose whole days were spent in combating the wranglings of the priests, and in contemplation of so much physical suffering. Our path now lay along the high road leading to Jerusalem, and we shortly came to a distant view of the city, seen from a turn of the road. Some have selected this spot as the one whence the affecting lamentation was pronounced;

but it does not answer the description given of "looking on the city." A second turn reveals the city close at hand, lying on the opposite side of the valley of the Kedron; and being on ground slightly inclined, the whole grandeur of the Temple area and the city nestled round its walls must have been seen. We had passed a village a little way removed on the left, and generally considered to be the ancient Bethphage, from whence was brought the ass, and a colt the foal of an ass, on which, with garments spread upon it, and children crying "Hosanna!" and multitudes throwing their garments in the way, our Lord's triumphal entry was made. But what a spectacle did the city itself present! and imagination can hardly now replace the stately splendour of the Temple. Restored by Nehemiah, its magnificent area and grand arcades, with its numerous porches of approach, must have far excelled anything modern times can offer. The pomp and splendour of the moving processional groups of priests, neophytes, scribes, and Levites,—their flowing robes and beautifully ornamented garments, together with the imposing dignity of their carriage and demeanour, all could have been discerned; and the evil tendencies of worldly pride, and will-worship, and self-sufficiency, casting off the slightest reference to the Author of "all things," must have then stood out in their most glaring effect.

But the eye which formed all things was resting on this dazzling picture, and it was changed into a subject of lamentation, and sorrow, and woe. Perhaps no incident, among the many affecting ones with which the Scripture is rife, strikes upon the heart more than this passage, or more bespeaks the God-

like humanity and tenderness of love for His creatures of Him who uttered it. Not a word of reproach, not an expression of censure at man's work so carried out, only a lament, pouring forth the agonizing grief of heart at the spirit of total forgetfulness of the realities in the types.

To have stood on this spot, and to have thought these thoughts, is to bring man's nature in face of God's revelation; and surely must prove a lesson, when so learnt, never to be forgotten, showing the great crime of forgetfulness of God Almighty, when, outwardly, every act tended in appearance to magnify His name.

The sun was fast sinking, and we had yet some very rough road to get over before we could gain the old bridge of the Kedron, and ascend the path to St. Stephen's Gate When we reached it the half of the gate was already closed, a warning that ere long the gate would be wholly shut and barred to all entrance. I reached the hospice in time for our supper at half-past seven, and was glad to have accomplished this long-anticipated walk to Bethany under such good auspices.

Saturday, 22nd. I set out, by the Jaffa Gate, to visit Miss W. in her tent residence. I found the encampment in the usual spot, selected on high ground, above the road of approach from Jaffa, and near the city walls. A group of three or four tents usually make up the necessary accommodation for one or two families; the kitchen, the ladies' tent, if several, or separate ones for married couples. The horses and mules were grazing around. I approached carefully, as not only tent-pins and ropes are to be avoided, but frequently dogs are kept as guards.

One of the tents, which appeared larger than the rest, had its fold of cloth which formed the door thrown back; and as I approached I heard the voice of one reading, and at the entrance saw seated a young Englishman, as I could perceive by his dress, reading aloud. He stopped on perceiving me; and, apologising for my intrusion, I said I was in search of Miss W.'s tent. The tent, he informed me, had been struck that morning, and taken to a field further off; and Miss W., and her friend Miss D., were gone to stay some days at the Bishop's.

Thanking him for his information, I retraced my steps, little thinking that my kind informant would be numbered with the dead within less than a month; but so it was, as I afterwards heard at Beyrout, whither the family returned (that of Dr. P., with whom he was travelling). Acting as a missionary, this young man had joined this party, who shortly started for the eastern shores of the Jordan, crossing at Bethabara, the place of our Lord's baptism. They travelled up through the unfrequented paths of that country, teeming with luxuriance and the wild culture of the Bedouin; meadows of grass knee-deep, and left to decay where it grows; magnificent timber, equalled only in English parks. The route they pursued was to Ramoth, and to Jabesh-Gilead, the outlying city of Israel on the Assyrian frontier. They met with the greatest civility from the inhabitants, and no annoyance from wandering tribes, and came back by way of the Fords of Jabbok and Sea of Galilee, full of the wish to make a more permanent stay in that neighbourhood. The young missionary, together with a friend, accompanied the party on foot almost the whole way, never doubting

his own ability to travel in this manner so many consecutive days; but on his return to Beyrout he was seized with fever, carried to the hospital, and died very shortly. On my return to Jerusalem I again passed the Jaffa Gate, crowded, as is usually the case in the afternoon, by groups of travellers. The market with the vendors, donkeys laden and unlading; groups of dragomen; strings of camels (on one occasion I counted thirteen, headed by a boy, who led the foremost one), their heavy loads swaying from side to side on their backs, their slow, measured tread, their heads carried far above the throng, and seeming to disdain all attention to those who may be in their path: their large, calm, heavy eye, with the proud, dignified aspect of their bearing, made them objects of admiration, but of care to avoid, if you wish to escape the chance of a crush against a wall or shop counter. I watched the lading of a string of these camels at a store, in a street near the Casa Nuova, the Italian house of reception for pilgrims and travellers, and which street I had turned into, thinking to avoid the crowded thoroughfare in the main street. Some of the group were leisurely feeding as they lay at rest, others standing; and the drivers had just finished the lading of one, and led another up to take the load awaiting it. The camel began an angry snort, which always sounds like that of a human being resenting some injury. The man jerked the rope of the halter, as a signal for kneeling. The camel again protested, and I fancied the large eye glared with anger. However, a more resolute tug of the rope, and the advance of a stick, had the desired effect, and the poor brute bent his fore-knees, and ultimately placed himself in the always apparently

uncomfortable position necessary for loading. It is the attitude of a dog, the hind legs bent under, and the fore-feet also; and in this position they remain till bidden to rise, and sometimes with the continued scolding grunt which this animal had used at first. What a providential arrangement for the comfort and use of man are the instincts and properties of this animal, "the ship of the desert." The ready manner in which he is able to assume the only attitude by which he could be mounted or laden; the wonderful strength given by the arch of the spine, so fitted to bear great weights; and his peculiar constitution, capable of coping with a total want of water-supply, by the provision made in his structure,—all are arrangements for man's comfort and well-being, by the great Creator of all things, and how thoughtlessly ignored by the many who are partakers of the benefits!

On my return to the hospice, the intendant, M. Gutzman, asked me if I would like to see the view from the Serai terrace,—the Government House,—as it was considered one of the best sites for overlooking the city and surrounding country. I gladly acquiesced, and we at once proceeded there. It is also the great barrack of the city, and is entered by a low, heavy archway, and inclined pavement, and it is supposed to have been raised on the remains of the Tower of Herod, and adjoins the Temple area. We passed across a court in which were groups of soldiers, and then under some very low, heavily-groined arches, evidently of great age, through vaulted chambers, and up steps, till we gained a terrace which overlooked the whole city. We had stood admiring the extended view, and M. Gutzman was pointing out the various familiar

buildings, when I saw approaching us, from a low pavilion at the verge of the terrace, an officer in the uniform of the Turkish guard. My companion said in a low voice, "The Colonel-Commandant," and turned to salute the officer as he approached. This was courteously responded to, and a few words addressed in Arabic were afterwards translated to me as being an inquiry as to my nationality. The word "Inglese" had met my ear; and immediately the officer, plucking some flowers which grew on the beds at the edge of the terrace, presented me with the bouquet, at the same time saying, with a bow, "The policy of England and Turkey has ever agreed."

Taking the flowers, I thanked him in English. He then clapped his hands, and a servant appeared, who at a sign retired, and quickly brought in the usual small cups of coffee. Chairs being arranged, we sat down, and drank from the tiny cups. The colonel, meanwhile, had his chibouque brought, and another sign was followed by the appearance of the military band, which, arranging themselves on an upper part of the terrace, the usual noisy and clanging Turkish music commenced. It was a band of some thirty performers. The musicians kept excellent time, but seemed not to have the slightest notion of expression. Meanwhile our kind host had ordered up his lorgnettes, that I might have a more distinct view of the city which lay at our feet; and he pulled out of his sash a small gold watch to show us, with evident pride and pleasure, and given him, as he told us, by our consul, Mr. Temple Moore.

Feeling very grateful for the intended compliment

to my nationality, and which had been duly brought to my notice by M. Gutzman saying to me in an undertone, "This is all for England," and of which I felt quite aware, I was turning over in my mind how and when we could gracefully make our retreat; and at the pause of the third piece of music about to be played, I rose, and holding out my hand, expressed my thanks in English. The colonel shook my hand in English fashion, and with bows and salams we left the terrace, quite sure that the gossip of Jerusalem coteries would be aroused at the unwonted sound of the band at that hour. As it was, an amusing story was got up that I had lost my way and been serenaded. It had some foundation in my losing my way in the Jews' quarter on one occasion, when I was on my way looking for a path leading round by the Eastern church from the Jewish Girls' Institute. Instead, however, of taking the street in that direction, I continued on, and found myself at last bewildered in a new quarter of the town. I continued on, expecting to arrive by the citadel; but nothing is more deceptive than this city in its intricacies. The elevations and depressions of the ground make it in many parts like a rabbit warren; and when you expect to arrive on an area close to the gates, you find yourself, as I did, facing an immense tunnel, which was one of the long, *now* underground approaches to the Temple area. No gate was in the way, nor sentry; and a tempting open sward as the vista would have led me through the long arched passage, had it not been so dark and forbidding in its appearance. I therefore turned about, and asked a passer-by my way to the Jaffa Gate,

when he told me I must retrace my steps, and avoid all turnings, for that I had reached a Mahommedan and forbidden quarter. By the kind direction of a Greek priest, I afterwards found my way back into Christian-street, and was glad I had met with no misadventure.

Sunday, 23rd (2nd after Easter). This morning the sun rose in all the splendour of an oriental sky. It is a beautiful sight to see the first rays gilding the top of Mount Olivet; and it is impossible for one's thoughts not to revert to that morn when the sun for the last time will rise, henceforth everlastingly to be eclipsed by the Sun of Righteousness, and when "His feet shall stand upon this very height." Rapidly the beams attained that height, and still more rapidly poured down the sides of the mountain, gilding every object, and chasing away every dark spot and shadow that lay beneath; and so will all things give way to the power of His presence, and the healing of His wings will be to all things beauty and symmetrical perfection. Now I heard animated music, and knew it was a wedding procession that was passing. May we all pray that we may be present at the marriage of the Lamb,—at the eternal feast which will be provided by the King, and where all who seek the robe of His righteousness will be made welcome.

CHAPTER XI.

PLAINS OF JERICHO.

TENT PARTY TO PLAINS OF THE JORDAN, JERICHO—ARAB AND EUROPEAN HORSEMANSHIP—APOSTLES' WELL—CAMELS FEEDING—JORDAN AND BATHING-PLACE OF PILGRIMS—DEAD SEA—MAR SABA.

MONDAY, *April 24th.* A busy morning, for we were to start for Jericho and the plains of the Jordan. The hour appointed was ten o'clock, and at half-past nine I found a crowd of persons assembled at the gate of the hospice, all in various ways connected with the journey. Some were saddlers' men, who had brought English saddles for the gentlemen and side-saddles for the ladies. Some were men attached to the horses, which were now being led down the street, and to the narrow thoroughfare which passed the gates of the hospice. Others were mere idlers, who took their seat on the steps of the gateway, with full intent to gratify their curiosity, heedless of the impediment they offered to the dragoman and his subalterns, who were hurrying up and down, to and from the hospice, making preparations, and attending to the various requests of members of the party. It was a large assemblage, numbering seven gentlemen and four ladies, to whom was added a young woman, niece of the Prussian missionary,

M. Müller, engaged to marry a missionary already out in South America, and who was permitted, at the earnest request of her uncle, to join the ladies, and spread her mattress on the tent floor. She was an intelligent girl, a capital rider, well mounted on her uncle's horse, and very obliging in any act of service she could do for the ladies. One of these, Miss L., had come out to Jerusalem with the idea of partaking in school work. Many have formed this notion, forgetful that they are devoid of any kind of useful experience, and, above all, ignorant of Arabic. Miss L. was accompanied by a companion, who probably was indispensable to her as an escort, but wholly incapable of assisting in the forwarding of her ostensible plan. Her idea seemed to be anxiety to impress us with the importance of her rank in life, by showing herself totally unequal to any exertion; and I can never forget the absurdity of her appearance with a fan, when, after our long ride, we assembled in the evening at dinner. A fan seemed so ludicrously out of place under canvas on the plains of Jordan, that it was the subject of ridicule by our leaders, the three German pastors, and never again made its appearance. Nothing seems so foolish and thoughtless as persons joining in an expedition of this sort who are deficient in bodily strength, and have never mounted a horse in their lives; and this to ride at once some nine hours on a stretch, over the roughest roads, though at a foot's pace, jerked by the badness of their seat from one side to the other, the poor animal suffering as much as themselves from the unsteady burden, and very probably flinching at every step under the misery of an almost excoriated back, a constant

agony to the poor brute; whilst the human being sits huddled like a cat on the top of a wall, entailing apprehensions on others of the party that ere long great will be the fall thereof, and without the cat's activity to alight on her feet. The third lady was less an impediment in this respect, but held "peculiar views." She had arrived in Jerusalem with letters of introduction to the Bishop and Mrs. Gobat, too often given to get rid of inquirers; but in this instance I was assured they were from persons who could command attention. She also had a wish to join in plans of instruction,—how or when, did not seem so easily defined; and I could well believe what I had heard remarked, that much anxiety and hindrance were entailed by these supernumerary offers of assistance from persons who would require at least two years' study of the language before they could open any communication with the population they professed to come over to teach.

Our party had grown to these dimensions by the good-nature of the German pastors, who were the nucleus. The Prussian resident pastor had, as visitors to Jerusalem, the German Pfarrer, M. M., from Beyrout, and the minister, M. L., from Alexandria, all most gentlemanly men, who had undertaken to arrange for a certain number of ladies to fill a tent, and of these I was to be one. They had added to their own number a former vice-consul at Khartoun, who was well versed in tent life, two young Swiss gentlemen staying in the Prussian hospice, and a German botanist Besides these were two supernumeraries, one a young man, who, riding ever on the wing of the party, was seen to launch about in the most

erratic manner. He had asked permission merely to enjoy the protection of the party, and of his comings and goings no one seemed to take heed. There was also a pedestrian traveller, who, following, took his chance of any native place of shelter that might offer.

The equestrian amused us at one time by challenging to feats of equitation the Bedouin who was guard to our party, and, by arrangement of certain pay to his tribe, undertook to secure us from any other annoyance. The horsemanship which the youth was anxious to display took place on an open plain to which we were descending. Both put their horses to full speed. The Bedouin's dappled grey Arab usually went at a most quiet and sober pace, having form and appearance much resembling the rough-and-ready look of a Cossack pony. But no sooner had he felt the long bit raised in his mouth, than, flashing his tail and setting his head at an angle with his ewe-neck, he put feet to ground in a most rapid manner, turning at every moment in the smallest circles, and then galloping straight away over every obstacle in his path; and finally, when reined-in by his rider, drooped his head and became the same passive, quiet animal which took the lead at the head of our cavalcade. The European youth, meanwhile, had signalised himself in the most formidable and headlong charges, which seemed to be certain to lead him into concussion with his rival or to end in his own overthrow; but luckily neither occurred, and, to do the lad justice, he had no sense of fear in these feats of skill, and had the power of maintaining his balance when all chance of so doing seemed gone.

To return, however, to our hour of starting. Each of the party mounted as they could ascertain the horse assigned them, or found one they had chosen. It was a bad moment to get horses in Jerusalem, and at one time the party seemed likely to fail from want of animals. The Easter visitors had carried off to Damascus and Beyrout the greater part of the best horses, and they had not yet returned. The dragoman chosen by the German pastors was at his wits' end to provide animals sufficient, and those that came under my experience were but indifferent specimens. I had fixed my choice upon a tolerable-looking animal, when I found our pastor's servant in vehement discussion with the dragoman, and disputing the placing my saddle on its back, as he said it was hired expressly for his master. The dragoman at last was vanquished, and with many salams and excuses begged me to accept a large mule. These animals, I had heard, were here most untractable, but he assured me he could answer for its temper and sure-footedness; and he was right, for notwithstanding its somewhat ungainly look and perfect deadness of mouth, it was as safe and sure-footed as a goat, and out-walked many of the horses. Out of that pace, however, he would not go; and wishing, in the course of the latter part of our ride, to hasten on to the site of the fountain of Elijah whilst the tents were being set up, not all the persuasions of Pastor M. could induce him to keep up even a rough canter. A high trot, with an occasional few steps of a broken gallop, quite determined me to request another steed for the morrow.

As each of us mounted, we defiled down the

narrow street, the Via Dolorosa, leading to St. Stephen's Gate, and passing out, went on to the little old Roman bridge over the Kedron, and there, together with the Bedouin guard, awaited the assembling of the party.

The gentlemen soon mustered. The three pastors had led the van, and the *ci-devant* vice-consul, mounted on a fine young chestnut horse, next appeared.

My mule had carried me safely over the rough street and down the rugged path, and I was well pleased at his sure-footed qualities, and had not then found out his inability for quicker movements. Poor brutes! all were patiently disposed to minister to our pleasure; and it is heart-breaking to see the ill-treatment they sometimes meet with, especially from the strange obstinacy of native owners and attendants, who will leave the saddle on a horse's back for days together. A lady's saddle, fortunately, could not thus be treated; but there was constantly a thick saddle-cloth, or a quantity of padded, stuffed material, which was too often left, I fear, solely to conceal rubs too terrible to conceive; and nothing would induce them to remove these coverings.

We had waited some considerable time before the other three ladies appeared. The young *fiancée* had arrived almost at the same time as myself, and was waiting alongside me when Miss L. arrived, who declared her horse had almost fallen with her in the street, that he faltered at every step, and she felt sure she should meet with an accident.

The German botanist good-naturedly offered to exchange with her, and this being effected, her

companion appeared under charge of the dragoman, and bewailing loudly her fate, declared her saddle was so poised that it became impossible to keep her balance. I believe there was some truth in this representation, and we suggested a better arrangement of the stuffed saddle-cloth, feeling sure the equestrian powers of the lady complainant could not be trusted to any great extent. Indeed, she acknowledged it was her first appearance on horseback, and she certainly was not mistress of the situation.

The lady of peculiar views seemed reconciled to the peculiarities and drawbacks of her mount, whatever they might be; and the two young Swiss having joined us on their little trotting hacks, we at last began our march, having been preceded, at an early hour, by our tent equipage, carried by a troop of seven mules. The first part of the road is that which leads to Bethany, round the shoulder of Mount Olivet. It was a series of rocky ledges and large, flat, massive stones. It was necessary to proceed slowly, and we wound round the mount in a lengthened string. The day was most favourable; there was but little sun, and the air was moistened by the latter rain we had had, and which had even fallen unusually late for this climate. Having gone this road on my return from Bethany, I was well prepared for all the objects of interest it offered—the village of Bethphage on the right in the hills, the ancient site of Bethany under Mount Olivet, and the present village, with its ruined castle. Past it we descended by a most rugged road to a ravine. It required all the agility and sure-footedness of our animals to keep their feet.

Brown Bro^r Lith.

A.F.F Del

THE APOSTLES' WELL.

An English traveller, speaking to me of this road, called it the worst in all Palestine. I thought it bad, but in my opinion we had worse before us.

English riders would have thought it madness to attempt the descent; but every one now seemed content to take it as a matter of course, and generally to adopt the wise plan of leaving the horses to find their own way. After about two hours' riding, we reached the Apostles' Well. Under the shelter of a rocky bank, and the side wall of the building, we soon found our luncheon spread. Much ingenuity was exerted to form some kind of seat, either on a piece of broken rock, or a large stone, with the wall as a back to lean against. All were soon accommodated, and hard eggs and fowls, figs and oranges, were quickly discussed. This spot had long borne the name of the Apostles' Well, and doubtless had been a fountain of the greatest antiquity. It may have been a resting-place used in our Lord's time, in the many journeyings to and fro of Himself and His disciples.

On remounting our horses, we passed by a somewhat varied path into a broad valley, said to have been always a dangerous part of the road for travellers. It might have been the locality to which our Lord especially alluded as the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan; and no one could pursue this ancient road to Jericho—paths in the East never changing—without recalling the scene, which is that of the parable of charity to your neighbour. Along this route we travelled, I think, for nearly two hours, without meeting a human being. Once a traveller passed us, armed, on horseback, but though there was an appearance of

cultivation, population there was none. The only incident that arose was our seeing some camels grazing on the mountain-side, which on seeing us set up the usual discontented growl, evidently their way of expressing their recognition at all times, as they were now free of burdens to complain of.

We had begun to ascend a sharp hill, and on reaching the top saw our leaders defile into an enclosure, partly ruin, partly rock. It opened on a wide space, encircled by the remains of walls, and in the centre of which was grouped a large party of Arabs.

The women immediately offered us water from pitchers, carried on their shoulders, as Rebecca is described as doing, and lowered them upon their hands, that we might reach them. They seemed very poor, but were apparently gratified by our halt amongst them, and went in and out of the cavalcade, looking at each individual with much curiosity. We were, however, called on to proceed. The sun was getting low, and it was necessary to push on, as we had still a considerable length of way to go to our halting-place for the night. We were descending, too, upon the eastern side of the mountains, and losing the rays of the declining sun proportionately early. The descent into the plains of the Jordan was rough and rugged in the extreme, and several of the party got off to walk. I, however, could fully trust my mule and its careful pace; but the sun had almost set, and mists were gathering fast over the plain when we gained the foot of the chain. Our encampment lay in a straight line before us, but we turned off, and went a dis-

tance of about three miles up the plain on the left, to see the fountain of Elisha, the spring rising from the chain of mountains under Bethel.

It gushed out bubbling into a small hollow made by its waters, and from thence meandered away through a thick coppice towards the Jordan. There we found an encampment of travellers, a situation frequently chosen for the sake of the near neighbourhood of the spring of water; but it seemed likely to be damp and unhealthy. The streams in Palestine are generally so neglected, that though water is one of the most precious gifts, and is cried about the streets of Jerusalem as "The gift of God; come, buy!" nevertheless there is no due regard paid to its preservation, by conducting it into proper channels, or keeping it within well-repaired tanks. The stream here soddened the ground in its neighbourhood, for, I believe, at least three miles; as farther down it was seen trickling close to the spot where our tents were pitched, but with the advantage of a knoll of raised ground above its banks.

We turned our horses about, after examining the scene of the prophet's miracle, and set off at a quick pace on our return. Our path lay through a kind of scrub and thorny thicket of low bushes. The three pastors and myself headed the party; and, by dint of fear of the long-lash whip of Pastor W., my mule was made to hasten its steps in a nondescript and rough kind of pace. We came shortly upon an enclosure which contained trellises of vines, and, as we afterwards heard, one of the most productive vineyards, and a small remnant of the once richly cultivated plains of the Jordan: all else was desolate

and wild. We paused for a moment to take note of our position, and soon discerning the ruins of a solitary tower standing out darkly in the evening light, we knew we were in the route for our tents, and at last arrived at the village of Jericho, a mass of crumbling mud huts, looking more like a broken-down embankment than any representation of human habitation. The camp fires were burning brightly, and preparations made for dinner.

Everything is done on these occasions to make the traveller feel discomfort as little as possible. In the large tent sofa-beds were placed for the three pastors and the vice-consul, a carpet spread on the floor, and a dinner-table set out. A little to the left a smaller tent accommodated the other three gentlemen; and quite in the rear, and placed with every consideration for privacy, was the ladies' tent, with its four iron bedsteads, and the mattress ready to be spread for the young girl. In front of all stood the cooking-tent, where we found the native servants employed over the most elaborate dishes, and we had daily a dinner of four courses, with coffee and dessert. So arranged, life in the desert did not appear any great hardship. I was given a hint by Pastor M. to go at once and make choice of my bed; and I did not delay in entering the tent, and arranging my bag and cloak, which were already beside the bedstead I preferred. We had also a carpet spread, and folding stools for seats. The iron bedsteads had excellent soft mattresses and warm coverlets, good sheets, &c., and gave promise of a good night's rest; but I had had repeated warnings not to omit wrapping myself up very warmly at night, and had brought a large Killarney scarlet cloak, in which I found it necessary to completely

envelop myself, as much cold air seemed to draw up from beneath the tent curtains, and I had been told caused neuralgia and rheumatic affections. Thanks to my Killarney cloak I did not suffer at all, though the cold of the morning air was very perceptible, and I heard many groans and complainings when our party turned in at night, from a want of this precaution; the day having been warm, thus disarming many as to the thought of such a precaution being necessary. Dinner was now announced, and we gladly assembled in the large tent. The gentlemen were all in high spirits, and as a rule, I think, men much enjoy such a life (so thoroughly free from *gêne*), and give themselves up entirely to the hilarity of spirits raised by the total novelty. After dinner, coffee was brought in, and this was a signal for our rising from table, and seating ourselves in the door of the tent. The air was soft and still, with the stars shining brightly over our heads. After a short time we retired, to prepare for rising next morning at four a.m., and starting at five o'clock.

The next morning was fine and clear, and I took a hasty sketch of the broken-down walls of the modern Jericho, possessing nothing to interest but the site of the city whose walls fell at the sounding of the trumpets of the "priests of the Lord." It was indeed a miserable mud-heap; and I was told that the population is most debased, inheriting the crimes of the ancient Sodom and Gomorrah. The houses of the native population of Palestine are frequently only of the same character, hovels of burnt mud. Stone is at rare intervals seen, and very difficult to procure. Doubtless, anciently, the temples were erected of such material as stone, and this is seen

in certain instances of *royal cities;* but the population generally dwelt in this perishable material, and left but heaps of burnt mud as the sole vestige of once populous places.

The camp was astir at daybreak; a tap had come at our tent-door about half-past three a.m., and I, having been expecting the signal from the first streak of dawn, rose directly, and had the first use of the pewter basin which had been placed ready, with a large pitcher of water. There is a difficulty, however, in dressing quickly, where the only place for all the et-ceteras of the toilette and attire is *on the bed*, or perhaps in hasty rising lost in the bed-coverings. Our dresses were hung on pegs provided on the sides of the tent, as also our bonnets; but, alas! the woful number of articles of a woman's toilette render themselves great impediments to a speedy termination. When completed, I stepped out, the stars still glimmering; but there was a widening streak of dawn in the east.

The cooking-tent had its blazing fire, and before the great tent was set our breakfast-table, and smoking coffee and excellent tea were soon placed before us. I had walked to a point whence I could get a good view of Jericho, and on the top of a house, at the same moment, sallied forth two figures, who, in their dark wrappings, stood out distinctly against the pale blue sky and golden streak of the dawn. At my feet, trying to make its way through increasing obstacles, was the stream from Elisha's fountain. Away, at some distance behind our tents, I saw another encampment of three tents. Our horses were picketed and feeding near the tents; and the long range of mules, haltered side by side, were also de-

vouring their morning meal, close by. The encampment was to be broken up early, for the mules had a long and fatiguing journey before them in ascending the mountains to the convent of Mar Saba, where we were to rest for the second night.

We, in the mean time, were to make for the Jordan's banks, and after resting there, to continue across the plain, by the Dead Sea, which would bring us near the entrance of the ravine, and lead us up the path to the convent.

The pastor M. kindly offered himself as my equerry, saw the horse which had been provided for me properly saddled, and remained to see me mounted; then the word was given to start, and every one made the best of their way. A good deal of ground was got over quickly, but it was near midday before we reached the Jordan.

The sun had risen clear and bright, the morning air was bracing and elastic, and we had ridden over the ground cheerily, but were glad when the low fringe of wood became more distinct, and marked the line of the river's bank; and we at last found ourselves on the deep water's side, the bank steep, and only in one place shelving sufficiently to be attainable for watering horses, which is also used as the bathing place of the pilgrims in their annual visit.

A strong blue current marked its course through the brown waters, coloured by the shadows of the overhanging wood. A wall of cliff seemed to make any attempt at crossing at this place unavailable. Indeed, many hardy and adventurous travellers have attempted bathing in the current, and barely escaped with their lives, and there have been instances of

drowning in an attempt to cross the river at this point.

All our party dispersed in various directions. Every one had some object, or fancied object, strongly present in their minds. The pastors had promised themselves a dip, under the safe conduct of the dragoman; and one lady, she of the peculiar views, also took a bath; and on my asking if she was not fearful of the effects after riding, said she would not on any account have lost the opportunity of going into the water. For myself, handing the rein of my horse to a servant, I stepped down upon the only place for getting close to the water, and dipped my hands under the surface, trying to find some pebble or shell as a memorial, but such are rarely to be met with. The river runs over a gravelly bed, but reduced to the smallest possible débris of stones. Getting up on the bank again, I seated myself near the only tree of any size, to take a sketch, my thoughts, meanwhile, wandering far back to that period when at this water-side began the mission-life of our Divine Master and the era of all Christian hope. The actual baptism is supposed to have taken place somewhat lower down. Why this spot is specially selected for travellers, I know not, save that it affords the convenience of an opening in the banks and a good watering-place. Our horses were fastened up in the thicket behind me. Two of the ladies had gone along the river bank in search of wild flowers. The lady of peculiar views was wandering at a distance, taking a stroll after her bath; and all the gentlemen of the party were reposing in the shade, enjoying pipes and cigars after their ablutions. The solitary foot-traveller

was trying to secure a nibble under the only tree of any very distinctive size or form near at hand, and whose drooping branches hung gracefully over the water from the knoll on which the tree grew. It was a large round-leaved tree, whitish-green in colour, probably some kind of alder or poplar. Indeed that seemed the character of the woody scrub on the banks, intermixed with a small, bright green, delicate-leaved bush, which grew plentifully, giving the appearance of underwood on the banks rather than any kind of timber-tree. It is this light green fringe of the Jordan which so especially marks its course on the plain when seen from a distance.

It would appear as if to it was accorded an ever fresh spring of life, nurtured by these holy waters, to remind the pilgrim that the life can only be sustained in the soul by the waters of that rock which followed a wearied band in its wanderings through the desert.

My sketch was nearly finished; but, as I looked down on my paper, how feeble, alas! was my power to give any true impression of the locality; perhaps the more so that its holy associations had so deeply seized upon my memory. Still I was glad to get even a faint outline to aid description to the many friends at home. But now a move was heard; the Arab followers shook themselves out of their siesta; the pastors and consul had smoked their pipe of peace; and the botanist hurried out of the wood with his box full of novelties. He was a most patient listener, and tried systematically to answer the four ladies, who all assailed him at once.

"I do not know this, M. L. Oh, M. L., would you tell me if this is not a *capellaria ?*"

"I have found," said another, "such a treasure, M. L.; I am sure we never see it in England."

Quietly he took each specimen, and examining its appearance piecemeal, pronounced upon it, either to the great triumph or disappointment of the finder.

But now our ubiquitous dragoman was calling to horse, and each lady hastened to her steed. My kind equerry was as usual in his place, and we soon started.

That was a charming ride over the heathery plain between eleven and one o'clock p.m. The ground was too insecure to admit of a canter, but we got over the surface quickly.

We met on the Jordan plain camels and donkeys loaded with a thorny brushwood, a species of brake, used in Jerusalem as firewood, and doubtless the very material of the crown of thorns. Small models are made of it. When I see this realisation of the very material then in use, the whole scene comes before me—the hall of entrance, the crowd around the blazing fire, the brushwood at hand to renew it, a piece snatched, the crown plaited.

Amongst the low thorny scrub there were two plants took my especial attention. The one a silvery delicate flower, fragile as the dust, which seemed to be heather. The botanist could not give it a name. The other was a plant that grew strongly and in profusion, with a soft blue flower of cup shape, growing in a group of calyxes; the flower fringed at the edge; the colour of a direct blue, rather of the grey cast; the large head of flowers making it a very showy specimen. I found the speci-

mens were prized in Jerusalem, and gladly accepted. A marked feature of the plain was its saline deposit, more strongly seen as we approached the Dead Sea, and left, I believe, by the overflow after heavy rains. No outlet of the Jordan is known, and these overflows cannot account for the level of the lake rarely differing.

As we approached, we began to see the distinct hue of the blue water; its high cliffs glowing the brightest of golden colours in the face of the sun, and on the contrary hand deepening their shadows into the most beautiful violet hue. Below slept the treacherous waters, the grave of tens of thousands of immortal souls, and the doom of an *un*conquerably wicked people, dead to all warning.

The whole contour of the lake now showed itself; and it seemed a fitting introduction to the eye that the shore of the beach was strewed with blanched and skeleton remains of timber, floated down with the Jordan's current, and thrown up on the shingly beach by the action of the wind and sea. We here dismounted. The lady of peculiar views prepared to bathe, and we lost sight of her for some time.

The pastors wandered along the shore, and one or other had, I believe, a second dip; and finally all three returned, placed their heads like true fraternising Germans under one umbrella, and read their Bible aloud. The young Swiss had gone to some distance, with intent, I believe, to try the buoyancy of the waters; and the other ladies and I had sat down on the trunks of the trees cast up, and watched the sparkle of the waters in the noonday sun.

Miss L. offered me a cup, and said, "Do taste." I put it to my lips and took a little of the water, but no description can possibly give an idea of the nauseousness of the Dead Sea in taste. Salt it was of the *saltest;* but the blistering bitumen taste was even predominant over that strong feature. Our ever-ready dragoman was close at hand, and the request for some fresh water was promptly answered by a cup of lemonade, made at the moment. Miss L. apologised for taking me so unawares, having supposed I was in some measure prepared for the peculiar nauseousness of the water.

But time now pressed, and we were called to mount. My horse being brought to the blanched trunk of a tree, I was soon ready, and we all pursued our way along the head of the waters to the ravine, pointed out to us as the entrance of the path to the mountain convent. It was evidently the outlet of the Kedron, which in winter becomes a stormy torrent.

The direct route to Mar Saba starts from Enrogel in the valley of the King's Gardens, and pursues the course of the ravine. At the mouth or opening of the valley, and down to the shore of the Dead Sea, could be traced where water flowed, as there was a small thicket of willow and alder bushes; and though no water is seen at this time of year in the Kedron, autumnal and spring rains cause a great flow from the mountain springs. Here some of our party hoped to find the celebrated and world-famed apples of Sodom. Indeed, Miss L. was carrying with the greatest care a small yellow ball, which much resembled the seed-pod of the potato

plant, which the botanist, after various turnings round in his fingers, and examining with the utmost minutiæ, declared to be, in his belief, of the order *Solanum*. Miss L., however, would not relinquish her hope, and kept resolutely to the preservation of her fancied prize. All travellers are on the look-out for these apples, but I had been positively informed by long residents that the season was too early for a chance of finding them. Being the seed-pod of the bush they grow upon, they are only found in the autumn, and some way down the shore of the Dead Sea. And there was again another efficient reason for travellers at any season rarely procuring them, as the Arabs had discovered that the flimsy cottony threads, which are the coating of the seed, are an excellent substitute for gun cotton, and they are prized and gathered accordingly. There is but little chance of finding it in museums. The outer coating shrivelling quickly after being picked, the whole collapses and becomes dust and ashes, which is the feature of the interior. I had seen several of those disappointments. An English traveller had shown us, at the Prussian hospice, a specimen he thought he had secured, which was, I believe, similar to that of Miss L. Several present wished him to open it, and certify to himself and them of the truth of his supposition; but he was bent on carrying it to England, and getting a lecture held on the subject. A fruitful theme it has been to moralist and poet. Fair to the eye and lovely in colour; but oh! so bitter, and filling the mouth with ashy dust.

Our path was seldom adapted to conversation, or

I would have asked our botanist if he thought there was a probability of the strange nature of this vegetable production being accounted for by the ground it grew in, certainly more or less of a bituminous character; but we were now called on to address ourselves steadily to our ride, as we had three hours of constant rugged ascent to cope with, but finishing with a fine piece of highway, cut out of the rock by the perseverance of the monks of the convent. They are certainly, in many places, useful pioneers, and travellers especially must acknowledge the debt they owe these conventual bodies; for, if not seeking shelter from the house, they are at least frequently indebted to it for water for themselves and their beasts, as we experienced at this convent. We had surmounted some of the difficulties of the ascent, our road lying constantly on the verge of a deep ravine, when we came to a fine reservoir. It was so deeply sunk in the mountain lap, that it required a bucket to be lowered to raise the water. In the winter season the stream bounds over its confines, and rushes in a roaring torrent to the plain, helping, no doubt, to feed the willowy marsh we had passed on leaving the plain. So anxious were our horses to secure some water, that they jostled each other for a place near the parapet, and seemed almost inclined to make a plunge into the well itself; but they were not permitted to slake their thirst, the Arabs never allowing their horses to drink on a long journey. Early morning and late in the evening, when arrived at their halt, are their stated periods. Any other time, they say, would cause illness, and perhaps death. I looked about for a mouthful of herbage for my poor steed, but could see nothing

save a bunch of what had the appearance of a herb, growing by the rocky wall and close to the reservoir. An Arab seeing me looking closely at it, jumped up and presented me with a large handful of it. It was Rue, used by Arabs as a preventive of ill effects from water drank at unaccustomed springs: they either chew the leaves, or sometimes soak the plant in the water.

We were not long now in gaining the fine road to the convent: it was carried by the precipice side, but a low parapet wall was raised as a protection to the edge. The scenery was wild and commanding, and in winter, no doubt, must have attained to the sublime, from its savage, lonely appearance; and even now the torrent waters rushed onward with no small force to the reservoir below. The monks are still exerting in these regions the mission of usefulness which in times past gave them so extended an influence. Now appeared in sight the square, high tower of the convent; and on turning a sharp angle of the road, the building was seen, and is of a very imposing character. Frowning in its walled strength, it stood like a fortress on the almost perpendicular rocky bank on which it was placed. Mar Saba is a penitentiary convent. Some infringement of their laws alone sends a brother here, and truly it has a stern and chilling exterior. Formerly the sole communication was by a door a third of the way up the tower, and from which a basket was lowered to receive the visitor; now there is a gate provided for the entrance of horses and mules to water at the large tank in the centre of a court. The two young Swiss lost no time in making good their entry by this doorway, and described the edifice

within to be of a most repellent nature. They saw no one but their appointed guide, and were conducted down by a series of steps and terraces to the chapel, which lies in the hollow of the valley and very depths of the gorge. In truth, the convent must be a living tomb, the sun's rays with difficulty penetrating its mysterious cavernous depths, even at noon-day, and leaving the greater part constantly in the dark shadows of night. A tower has been separately erected for women pilgrims.

Our tents, as usual, were all in order, and a steaming dinner had induced us soon to leave our own tent; and, now that evening had already set in, we saw before us a picturesque scene. The Bedouin guard had, I imagine, met here some of his tribe; they had lighted a fire. The horse of the guard was picketed close at hand, and the men, seated on the ground around the fire, were chanting some of their native songs. They had chosen a favourable spot—a rocky eminence overlooking the convent buildings, beyond which was seen the intervening range of mountain tops, the bright line of the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab beyond in the horizon, over which the full moon was rising in all her brilliancy of light. When we approached they seemed pleased at our presence, and it was suggested that they should show us one of their dances, upon which they immediately complied. Three joined, linked arm-in-arm; then a fourth; afterwards a fifth; and at last only one was left, who with his sword attacked the others, and then defended himself on their advance. All was done to the time of a mournful kind of chant. The lurid glare of the fire, their Eastern dresses and wild countenances,

formed a very novel picture. Though so savage in appearance, they most courteously thanked us for some small coin we handed them; and we retired, much pleased with their willingness to afford pleasure to the strangers. Our day was now closed as usual, by retiring early for the start at dawn. By five o'clock next morning the camp was all astir.

CHAPTER XII.

MAR SABA.

SHEPHERDS' PLAINS—BETHLEHEM—HEBRON—CAVE OF MACHPELAH—THE OAK OF ABRAHAM—ABRAHAM'S PATH TO MOUNT MORIAH—VALLEY OF ESHCOL—ROUTE OF HOLY FAMILY INTO EGYPT—THE POOLS OF SOLOMON—RACHAEL'S TOMB—RETURN TO JERUSALEM—STONES OF WAILING—EXPLORATION WORK—WILSON'S AND ROBINSON'S ARCH—POOL OF SILOAM—TOMBS OF THE KINGS—ON ZION—VALLEY OF HINNOM—ACELDAMA.

WEDNESDAY, *April 26th.* The botanist had already begun his rambles, and some of the ladies saw the sun rise from the brow of the mountain above our camp.

I made my way up to see the view later, having first explored the valley in which our tents stood. All seemed stern and wild. I had traversed what appeared the bed of a torrent; and in the winter time no doubt it came thundering down, its violence gathering strength as it rolled along, and leaving massive pieces of rock upturned in its bed.

What a savage abode for man to choose, and tending surely to harden all feeling, rather than to soften the heart labouring under a sense of sin.

By six o'clock our party were all mounted and slowly clambering up the mountain-path in single file; and then we found ourselves on the edge of a declivity, which overhung our route of yesterday.

The Bedouin, engaged I suppose in farewells to his companions, was not as usual at the head of the party; but we soon saw him approaching, his nimble steed ambling over every obstacle, he himself firmly seated in his high-peaked saddle, with his long spear in rest and gun slung behind. Forward to the headmost he passed, and at once plunged down a steep descent that lay before us, the road varying in ascent and descent. We at last arrived at the Shepherds' Plains, taking a route to Bethlehem, and one not commonly chosen; but our intention was to go from thence to Hebron, and in so doing make a very complete excursion.

The Shepherds' Plains lay before us, covered with herbage, and beautifully varied by the tints of the many flowers which grew among the grass. It was a sheltered and in every way most desirable spot for flocks and early lambs, and how memorable it has become in the Christian's memory. "Peace and immortality" there rose upon the soul of the believer, and the simple, child-like faith of the shepherds, who saw and heard, and doubted not, is an example many may cherish for their own edification. A heart resting in entire faith and dependence on the goodness of God is prepared for the reception of great mercies; and these shepherds heard tidings which would make future ages of the world sing out with joy.

How calm and beautiful lay these plains at our feet: nestled within two ranges of protecting hills, and defended on all sides from wild winds, they seem to smile in flowery beauty. At the far end we saw Bethlehem, the favoured city, on its steep acclivity, the blessed and chosen spot of our Lord's

nativity. White and fair did its walls gleam amid the rich foliage of olive and fig-trees, and the white cliffs in which it is embosomed. The houses seem built of the latter stony material, and with more appearance of architectural outline than those of eastern cities in general; and its position at the head of the plains along which we were passing gave scope for seeing it to great advantage.

We entered by the ancient portal of the Convent of the Nativity, and which opens upon the wide terrace dividing it from the streets of the city. Here our party dismounted and entered the church, as it was the first visit of several amongst us. Having viewed the crypt, &c., we again remounted, followed by a crowd of the poor inhabitants, offering small articles made of mother-of-pearl, and rosaries of beads of various colours, to make which is their employment in the winter, and hoped-for harvest by sale in the spring season; and here, together with another great place of resort in the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, they assemble.

We made our way to the guest chamber of a friendly Jew, where our dragoman had prepared luncheon. It was a little square chamber, to which we ascended from a court by a flight of steps. The usual repast of hard eggs, fowls, almonds and raisins, disappeared, quickly succeeded by oranges and figs. The gentlemen filled the ladies' glasses and drank to the health of the party.

Here the other ladies were about to leave, and return to Jerusalem; whilst I, with the seven gentlemen, pursued our way later in the day to Hebron. Before starting, our pastors had an engagement with the Prussian missionary, M. Müller,

which detained us nearly an hour and a half. Everything connected with Prussian affairs is conducted with the utmost order, and almost military precision. At last the pastors emerged from the study, and after partaking of the excellent coffee and biscuits of the Missionary-house, we were kindly attended to our horses by every good wish for our journey; and, mounting, we sallied forth, a party reduced to eight in number. The first part of the road we traversed was a section of boulders, but fortunately on nearly level ground, and which opened on a wild kind of heath. We passed on our way several groups of Jewish families. Hebron is one of the cities where they still congregate in Palestine. They were mounted on the donkeys of the country, their bedding and furniture on others, the poor little animals being hidden by their load, whether of goods, or of women in their numerous wrappings. But they went along at a good pace, their delicate little limbs, like those of deer, nimbly picking their way over or round everything that lay in their path. To our right, on an eminence, were the remains of a tower, or, perhaps, Crusaders' church, surrounded, as we were told, by a few fellahs' huts; but it has long ceased to be frequented, save by natives who dwell there. To our left lay Rameh el-Khulil, where are still some distinctly marked Jewish ruins. It is said it was here Abraham was encamped when he received the visit of the three angels. We soon came upon large wheat-sowings, and the whole of this district is noticed for its superior cultivation and good soil. About two miles from Hebron we fell in with the Roman road, or rather the remains of it, and

which was formerly the highway to the city. Such was its ruggedness, that for the first time I felt a desire to get off and walk. The vice-consul did so at once, as also one of the pastors; but so great was the roughness of the footing, that I felt it would leave me in a difficulty to attempt walking upon it, and I therefore remained on my horse, slipping and sliding sometimes in a hole to the horse's knees, then struggling across a flinty surface: in fact, it was a weary pilgrimage both for rider and horse, and right glad was I when I saw the large open green in the midst of the surrounding range of hills which forms the position of Hebron. Our tents were pitched among herbage which promised well for our poor animals. The latter part of our ride had been through an enclosed country, with the novelty of hedges on each side, protecting magnificent vineyards; for it was the far-famed valley of Eshcol we were now in, and the view of Hebron, its threefold city on separate eminences, its fine open space beneath, and large tanks of water, came unexpectedly within our sight. The evening, too, was fast drawing to a close, for it was now half-past seven o'clock.

I took possession of my tent, my bed and baggage all stowed ready in it. The arrangements are well made in all respects. Each person's bed and its bedding, straightly folded, is rolled up for transit separately, and replaced in the same position in the tent as originally chosen. I made a hasty toilette, and readily answered the summons to dinner. The pastor W. handed me to a seat at his right hand, and we were all soon engaged in the discussion of our fare with keen appetites.

Dinner over and coffee served, I went out to look at the scenery around, the moon lighting up the whole country in a most brilliant manner. We were encamped under the rising ground on which stood the caravanserai for the reception of pilgrims and travellers. To our left was the shoulder of a hill covered with an olive grove. Before us the moonlight was reflected on the classic façade of the haram, the white stone of which it was built gleaming brightly against the sky, tranquil and pale in its serene blue. This building for centuries has covered the crown of the cave of Machpelah, as the Dome has done that of the sacred rock of Moriah. The city built around and below, the houses of stone, and apparently of solid build, and the three sections of the city, were all very visible and distinctly marked. One of these is occupied by Moslems, another by native Syrians, and the third by Jews. Everything was perfectly still, the air so clear that the bark of a dog at a great distance was heard; but save in our camp, no signs of life appeared.

I had noticed, on our first arriving, there was a party of natives seated on the ground at a little distance, in a row. They had evidently taken up their position to watch this fresh arrival of Franks. The season was advancing, and few travellers were now on the road, so doubtless it was an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity.

Next morning I went out of my tent as the sun was rising, and found all astir and breakfast preparing, the gentlemen walking about in groups. The two active young Swiss, mounted on the parapet of the great tank, were curiously investigating its contents.

Breakfast over, we mounted our horses, and at once made for the city, the dragoman leading the way. We entered the narrow and dark streets, and with difficulty avoided files of camels, loaded donkeys, and the many pedestrians, all on their way for the labours of the day. We at last reached what seemed a high flight of steps to a great porch, and were told to dismount. It was the entrance to the mosque which is built over the cave—"the great haram." We were desired to ascend a portion of the flight of steps, and were permitted to look into a rough aperture in the stone wall, which is said to have communication with the cave. I put my hand inside, and felt a draught of cold air, as if from a depth below. This is all the Christian is permitted to see of the tomb of El-Khulil (the friend of God), and that also of his much-loved wife, Sarah, for whose burial he bought the cave and the piece of ground, and by right it is the lawful possession of the Jew; but here "might has prevailed against right," and the poor Jew pays the penalty of his unfaithfulness to his God to the uttermost farthing.

The only consolation offered to the Christian (who must naturally revere this sacred spot as one of the greatest sanctity) is, that it is preserved in strict faithfulness. Not even a Moslem dare put his foot within the cave, under fear of instant death, which they believe would surely ensue.

The firman of the Sultan permitted the Prince of Wales and sundry notabilities to enter the mosque and the chapels containing the sarcophagi of the holy persons; but these stand above the actual burial-place, which there is every reason to believe

exists in its primeval form, that of a natural cave.

From this most holy sanctuary we proceeded on our road by another and better route, which led us by vineyards to the oak of Abraham. Dismounting, we scrambled over a newly-made wall, enclosing a large vineyard, and reached the fine terebinth oak, which grows on high ground, and is said to be, if not the actual tree, one of the descendants of the oak of Mamre. Mamre was Abraham's friend, and a prince possessing a large territory in this neighbourhood. I had asked our dragoman, on first approaching Hebron, "But where is the Plain of Mamre?" for I had been figuring to myself a fine sweep of open country, such as we had passed in the Plains of Sharon. To this question I could get no answer, save that Hebron was before us, and on this, "the morrow," we should see the oak; and it is well ascertained now that the word "plain" has been wrongly substituted for "oak," of which this part of the country, at an early period, possessed magnificent specimens. This tree is a fine example, and apparently in its prime. Under what circumstances the future traveller may see it, it is impossible to say, as Russian money has bought it and the surrounding land; and already buildings are rising up for the reception of pilgrims, and the tent of an engineer was pitched close at hand. Having taken care to secure some of the acorns from the tree, and which are to be had from the native children, who are always on the spot (to obtain by that means a few paras from the traveller), we again mounted and continued our journey, which lay through magnificent uplands of wheat, still

green, but there was barley turning colour very rapidly. On our right the ruins of El-Khulil again were seen, and those of a basilica, raised, it is said, by Constantinè, upon the spot where stood the tent of Abraham. It is worth recalling, too, that we were following the footsteps of this faithful believer on his way to Mount Moriah, there to offer up the heaven-promised, much-cherished child, in a full and firm faith that He who gave had an equal right to demand back the precious gift. That was a faith indeed which overcometh this world.

Passing the route to Tekoa, we reached a wayside fountain, and here I saw the vice-consul dismount, and, whilst allowing his horse to drink, vehemently reproach an Arab who stood near him. The cause, as I afterwards found, was the neglect of this man to bring sufficient food for the horse, which, I believe, had little beside wayside herbage during our camping out. The horse, a splendid young chestnut, with flowing mane and tail, had become quite faint from insufficient food. Indeed, of this we all had to complain, two of our pastors excepted, the owners of whose horses were more merciful to their beasts. The native Syrian and lower caste Arab, unlike the Bedouin, is most hard and cruel, getting all the work he can out of his poor animal, and loth to lay out a para, particularly as food is very dear; and besides which, the horses had had to struggle through a hard winter, when famine was rife in the population, and human beings dropped down dead by the roadside. The horse I had started upon from Mar Saba was young and powerful, but gaunt in figure, from the spareness with which it was fed, and after a while I changed with the

dragoman. It is a lesson to me that I would never again hire horses for a journey without knowing the character of the master, or providing additional food myself—which would be quite possible—in a sack of barley, the food of horses here.

We were now on the high road to Jerusalem from Hebron, and the highway into Egypt by the latter, and through Gaza. It was doubtless this way that the Holy Family travelled in their flight into Egypt. I had seen, as I have mentioned, the traditional tree near Cairo, under which the Virgin Mother and her precious charge were said to have rested on their journey, and which is about three miles from that city, they having come by way of what is called the Short Desert, the caravan route and direct ancient way from Palestine into Egypt, and in use to this day. Interesting it would prove for the traveller to pursue this route on leaving Egypt, in preference to the risk of the unsafe landing at Jaffa. The caravan route of the Short Desert would require about ten days, and is by no means fatiguing, but a well-travelled track the whole way, with very little real desert or sandy district, and not without some native population. It must, however, be made with tents and camels, but donkeys have, I hear, been provided for ladies. The whole route we were now travelling was of the highest interest, independent of the ultimate object in Hebron. It was doubtless over this district that the patriarch Abraham moved from place to place as the flocks required, and he was evidently away from Hebron at the moment of Sarah's death.* Commentators seem to conclude he was at Beersheba when he was overtaken by this

* See Genesis xxiii. 2.

domestic affliction. Probably it was so; and it would then have taken two or three days to reach Hebron, or, as it was originally called, Kirjath-Arba, the city of Arba. Arba was father of Anak, and progenitor of the giants, "Anakims." It afterwards had for a time the name of Mamre, doubtless from Abraham's ally and friend, Mamre the Amorite, and who, in the patriarch's day, possessed it. It was on this route, and probably taking the path by Tekoa,* that Abraham set out in pursuit of the plunderers of his nephew Lot, with his three hundred and eighteen servants, and his friends, the Amorites. Here, too, in later times, the spies sent by Joshua came up the valley we had just left, and found the splendid grapes of Eschol, and bore them back on poles between two men, in evidence of the great cultivation and fertility of the soil of the Promised Land. Alas! how fatally does the curse hang over it now!—the vineyards and olive grounds trodden down, and the former rich crops of barley and maize become in so many districts a harvest of "briars and thorns!" It was again from this immediate locality that David advanced with his faithful followers to the conquest of the warlike Jebusites, and eventually placed the seat of his dominion in Jerusalem. After refreshing the horses, we made our way to a large tank and fountain, some miles farther, where we were to have luncheon. It was an amusing incident that a donkey belonging to the kitchen tent, and loaded with some of the furniture of that department, without leave, or waiting to be led, at once jumped from the bank into the water, which was deep enough to oblige the active little animal at

* See the "Wise Woman."

once to strike out with his fore feet and swim, his load helping to buoy him up on either side. The shouts and frantic gestures of the baggage-drivers it would be difficult to describe, and for some minutes it was undecided where the animal would choose to land. This he did, however, at last, and shook himself like a water-dog, heedless of the rage and volley of epithets showered on him by all the retinue, or the damage done to pots and pans.

Luncheon was now spread close to a stone terrace, above which grew a large spreading oak. Some of the party mounted the top of the terrace, and from that vantage ground hooked up various condiments from our spread below. The kind young Swiss had laid carpets and cloaks for me, most conveniently arranged on the high roots of the tree, and in this way we were all speedily accommodated. The day was delightful, the sun shining, but not blazing fiercely, and the air elastic and clear, giving feelings defiant of fatigue. The afternoon, however, was advancing, and we had an important object to see on our way back, viz., the "Pools of Solomon."

There is on the right of the road leading to Jerusalem a large caravanserai, now only occupied by the custodian of the tanks. We turned off at once under its walls, and arrived at the pools. Three enormous reservoirs are before us, each full of water, with walls of masonry and a parapet wall. Steps descended to the water's edge. The very fact of the neighbourhood of water seems to produce fertility in this land, and all around was fine meadow grass. The tanks are each on a different level, descending in the scale from

the first, the base of which is on a level with the top of the second, and the third following in the same proportion; and below the last the ground sinks at once into a most luxuriant valley, the water being strongly and solidly banked-up.

The tanks are provided with aqueducts, which conduct the water from the main spring to Bethlehem and to the Temple area. I am told nothing can be more scientific or ingenious than the engineering displayed. The source of the water is at some little distance, and covered over with a stone and arched building, into which you may descend and see the springs, four in number. The gentlemen walked to this spot, but I preferred remaining near the tanks, and contemplating their wonderful work and purpose. To have stood the test of so many ages, in this land of vicissitudes, is alone cause of surprise; but that such skill and solidity of workmanship should have been carried out in such an early period, reminds one that the master-mind of their construction was endued with no common sagacity, and that this work, undertaken greatly for the Temple's perfection, was one intended (however remotely it might be) to God's honour and praise.

The only historical mention, strange to say, is that of Josephus, who speaks of certain gardens and rivulet in a village called Etham, to which King Solomon was in the habit of taking a morning drive, and which lay at a distance of about fifty stadia from Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes (ii. 4, 5) has, however, this beautiful passage:—"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me orchards and gardens, and I

planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."

We now continued our road, proceeding up the valley and following the aqueduct, which bordered the mountain edge. Below us was the valley, a very paradise of cultivation, and continuing some miles through the mountainous range. The hills rose somewhat above the path we took, and at intervals we came upon the most picturesque groups of fellahs from the valley below, who were filling their waterpots at openings they had made in the aqueduct. At each time that we stopped to look down into the pipes below, our horses eagerly put their heads down to drink, hearing the gurgling sound below; but, poor beasts, the apertures were generally too small to admit of their reaching it, and the water often too deep below, if wide enough. Once I tried to persuade a woman to let my horse try to drink from her pitcher, but it was too small to admit even his nose.

We entered Bethlehem nearly by the same path as that which had led us up from the neighbourhood of the Shepherds' Plains, and at once made our way to the missionary's house. There we had purposed only announcing our safe return, but the hospitality of our German friends was not to be denied, and we were obliged to dismount and accept of coffee.

Many were the anxious inquiries as to our journey. "Was I tired?" "Was the dragoman attentive?" To all we had but one reply, "We had had great enjoyment, and no *contre-temps*." Even the neglect of our poor horses at that moment

was forgotten, and after this friendly entertainment, we were started on our way with every good wish and felicitation on the happy results of our expedition. We reached Rachel's Tomb just as the sun was setting. What memories of fond affection and wedded happiness does that recall! No one ever doubts the authenticity of the spot, and it is a cherished locality of devotion to Moslem women, who all go once a year to pray at this tomb, of which the epitaph is, "And he buried her on the way to Ephratah, which is Bethlehem."

Pursuing our way as quickly as the increasing darkness would permit, we reached the Jaffa Gate at a quarter before eight o'clock, and on ascending the steps of the hospice I found Mr. G. awaiting me, with every demonstration of pleasure at my safe return, and who ushered me into the dinner-hall, where our party was already gathering. Supper ended, the purse was made up for the Bedouin, and amounted to about five francs for each person, and, together with one pound, for each day of our journey, to the dragoman, covered the expenses of a most enjoyable expedition.

Friday, 28th. This day Miss W. called, and we went together to the Place of Wailing. Miss W. was much struck with the pathetic groups of mourning Jews; some entirely absorbed in their grief, and utterly unconscious of all that was passing around, more particularly the aged, and those whose advancing years were fast unloosing the hold this world might have had on their affections. Some of the young and light of heart were gathered there, but they were sitting at the feet of a rabbi, who was reading aloud to them from the Book of

the Law and the Prophets. It is worth recalling, by those who are witnesses of the Jews' weekly visit to this place, and consider it a mere form and outward demonstration, that on the dedication of the Temple by prayer, Solomon's most fervent petition was made that prayer offered there might always be heard.[1] In this spirit and hope we may trust the Jew comes to offer supplications here on behalf of his down-trodden and despised nation.

As we were leaving this spot we met Mr. B., who had promised Miss W. his kind escort to see some of the exploration works, with which he was intimately acquainted, having himself descended one of the shafts, and seen much of the sub-structure of the Temple. He conducted us to Wilson's Arch, which is now visible in the centre of the Temple area, and afterwards on to Robinson's Arch, the much-contested subject of various explorers, who, each having his own theory, do not like it upset by the most evident proofs. These ancient remains presented themselves in the form of a brick or stone projection, which clearly appeared to be the foot of the spring of an arch, and in the minds of many persons is a convincing proof of the existence, and on that spot, of the bridge which spanned the Tyropœon valley, and was the means of communication used by Solomon between the Temple and his own house, or palace. The finder of these remarkable architectural remains said that if it was, as he supposed, the foot of the spring of the first arch of the bridge, they ought to find the base of the opposite pillar or support at forty feet distance. It was dug for, and at that

[1] See 1 Kings viii. 30.

measurement they there discovered what had been the base of a shaft. Thence, continuing on, we went out at the Dung Gate, and made our way down to the Pool of Siloam, keeping throughout in the track of the Tyropœon valley.

The Pool was doubtless in close connection with the ducts from the altar, and it occurred to me that probably the mingling of the blood with the water may have impressed a Jewish mind with its curative properties. It was here, at any rate, that the blind man, by our Lord's command, "washed, and came seeing;" and perhaps this locality was chosen to bring to mind that all good and all cure was to be traced to the one source of the goodness of God, as shown in the great sacrifice, of which the ceremonies of the Temple were the perpetuating type. It is further thought that the immense fertility of the King's Gardens below was probably the result of the same cause—the blood mingling with the waters that irrigated the growing crops. The Pool is now almost a ruin.

Saturday, 29th. This afternoon I walked, in company with some of the young girls and the second teacher of the Institute, to the Cœnaculum, and, as it is also said to be, the site of the Tomb of David.

It is on Mount *Zion*, and is situated near the south-east boundary of the city. We were admitted within the walls of an ancient church transformed into a mosque. A court below led to an upper room, said to have been the scene of the Last Supper. All here rests on vague probability. It is near the site where the Tombs of the Kings are held to have been situated, and if so, marks the spot where

King David was laid with his royal race. Afterwards leaving the city by the *Zion* Gate, we at once descended, by the ploughed ridges of Mount *Zion*, to the Valley of Hinnom. Taking the upper part of the ridge in the valley, we skirted along the cliff containing the remains of many ancient tombs. The mountain-side seems indeed quite honeycombed with them. Some had still the remains of beautifully carved façades. From one we saw an aged woman creep forth; the dead had long perished, and their dust was scattered to the winds, and now the living found it a shelter for their poverty and desolation.

Above us, my companion pointed out a ruined building, which was supposed to mark the site of the Aceldama, or Potter's Field; and, as before observed, this fact was verified by the discovery of skulls of races foreign to the land. This indeed we may suppose was the field bought with the price of the blood of our Lord, and numbered at "thirty pieces of silver," so long before, by the prophet Isaiah.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORNING AND EVENING SERVICE AT CHRIST CHURCH—RAIN FELL ON MAY FIRST—THE STORE—LEPERS' HOME—COUNTESS KILMANSEGGE—NEBY-SAMWEL—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—SKETCH OF GIBEON—COLONIA AND COUNTRY—HOUSE OF SISTERS OF ZION—APPROACH TO JERUSALEM BY HIGH ROAD—VIEW OF CITY FROM MOUNT SCOPUS—MONTHLY PRAYER-MEETING—BENEVOLENT WORK MEETING AT THE GIRLS' INSTITUTE FOR POOR JEWESSES—CAVES UNDER THE CITY—SKETCH FROM BETHANY ROAD—SCRIPTURAL LANGUAGE REALISED—WELLS—MODEL OF THE TABERNACLE—GREEK HOSPITAL.

SUNDAY, 30*th April* (*2nd Sunday after Easter*). This morning Mr. Bailey preached. I dined, by invitation, at the Bishop's, and attended the service in the evening. The Rev. F. S. preached; text John v.—The woman of Samaria. Mr. S. had just returned from an expedition through the land, and his language bore the stamp of a mind whose impressions had been most powerfully deepened by visiting the spot and very locality of the touching incident.

May 1*st*. I find rain recorded as the first sentence this morning in my diary. This was unusual at so late a period in the season. The afternoon cleared up, and I walked outside the Jaffa Gate, on my way looking in at the store, a shop where all kinds of useful articles, such as writing paper, buttons, gloves, &c., may be had.

On leaving the Jaffa Gate I walked towards the Lepers' Home, instituted by the Countess Kilmansegge, daughter of the former ambassador from Hanover to London. It lies on the road to the Convent of the Holy Cross. I had heard this institution much spoken of. Anxious to alleviate the position of these afflicted aliens, this charitable lady built and endowed these houses as a home, providing them with excellent food and comfortable rooms; but as the rule of the house separated the wards for the women from those allotted to the men, it did not find favour even with these outcasts of society.

I was afterwards told that this loathsome disease is not hereditary. It would appear in the child of parents who were not its victims; and, again, cases were known in which this would be reversed. Dissolute lives and a total want of cleanliness are supposed to cause this disease. This, at least, was the opinion of the charitable German lady, who did not hesitate to visit the cabins of the lepers within the city.

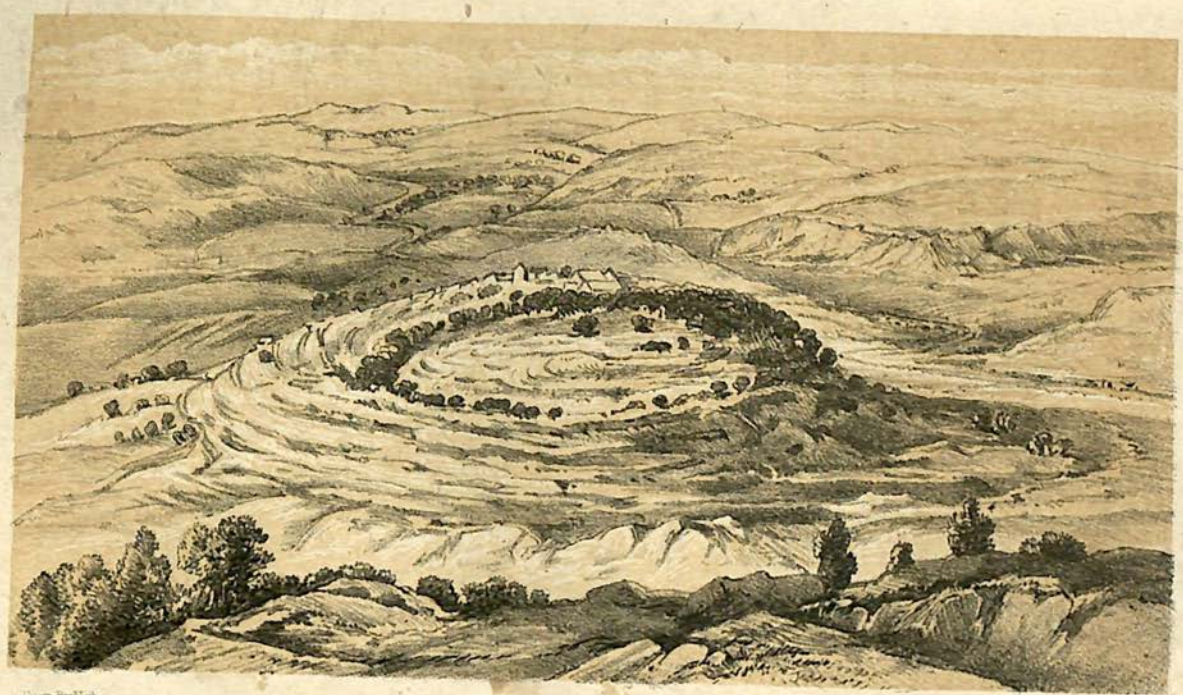
Lepers are the first objects which meet the eye on entering Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate. Sitting on the roadside, they rattle the tin boxes provided for the reception of alms. No one approaches them, and the money is thrown into the tin receptacles by the donors.

Tuesday, 2nd. I left the hospice this morning at seven o'clock, to reach the Bishop's residence in time for prayers and early breakfast, and to start on an expedition to Neby-Samwel, under the escort of Miss Gobat, who had kindly undertaken to arrange the party. Miss W. was to accompany

us, and her friend Miss D. We were to make a picnic dinner, and return late in the afternoon.

It was a lovely day; and, under the guidance of Mr. B., jun., we reached Neby-Samwel in about two hours, without adventure, save that my horse, who was young, and I suppose unpractised, made a dart up so steep a part of a mountain-side that I checked him with the curb. He instantly came to a stand-still in a most ludicrous manner, his fore-feet raised nearly as high as his head; and as I could only keep my seat by a grasp of the mane, I had no hand at liberty to use the whip. Mr. B., seeing my difficulty, jumped off his horse, and leaving it to its own guidance, seized mine by the head, and led him into a more level path. The curb of the Arab bridles is very severe, and I have no doubt my horse was fearful of another chance of feeling it.

We reached the high eminence and ancient ruin, half castle, half church, which is said to date back to the period of the Crusades. We ascended the broken tower, and thence enjoyed a most extensive view, bounded on the one hand by the valley of the Jordan and mountains of Moab, and on the other by the Mediterranean, and looking over to the shore of Jaffa, which itself lay too much under the ridge to be visible, but the Convent of Ramlah was seen nestled in orange groves. We were now looking down upon the battle-field of the kings who came up to chastise the Gibeonites for their treaty, made under false pretences, with Israel. The promise of protection, however, had been given; and when they were attacked, Joshua and his men-at-arms poured down over the opposite mountain



Owen Pro[r] Lith.

APPD-I

GIBEON OR THE ANCIENT GILBOA.

from Neby-Samwell.

(Lon.don: B.W. Parkside & C[o].)

ridge, and utterly routed the five kings. Gibeon lay in the valley below us; and the valley leading to the left, down into the Plain of Philistia, contained the cave where, shut up on their seeking shelter in it, the five kings were afterwards taken out and put to death by Joshua's command.

Far away over the mountain range before us was Bethel, now only marked by a ruinous heap on an eminence; and Shiloh lay still farther away, and just visible among the mountainous ranges. Neby-Samwel is itself supposed to have been the locality chosen by Samuel the prophet and judge, who came there at certain periods to hold assemblies of the people.

We passed some pleasant hours among the ruins. Our picnic dinner was spread on a large shawl on the floor of the upper part of the castle. It had the remains of a small, beautiful gothic window, which served as a frame to the fine view beyond. After gathering up the remains of our meal, and distributing it to the Arab children, who awaited anxiously the donation, Miss W. and I went out for a stroll, and I took a sketch of Gibeon as we sat on the bank, under the ruins of the castle and church.

On mounting our horses, which had been tied up in the court, we made our way over the mountain passes to Colonia, and came to a beautifully situated house, belonging to the Sisters of Zion, and held in connection with the fine convent in the city. Their occupation is the education of the poor and the reception of homeless children; and this country establishment proves a most valuable change, at times, from the more confined air of the city.

Suddenly we came to an end of what had appeared little better than the bed of a wide torrent, and found ourselves on the high road between Jaffa and Jerusalem, at the pretty village of Colonia, embosomed in orange groves. We alighted, to give our horses rest, and Miss G., who had gone into the house to order sherbet, returned with the most splendid boughs of orange blossoms, and we were each speedily laden with enormous bouquets of this fragrant flower.

We had had chairs brought out to us under the trees of the olive grove; and having drunk our sherbet, we mounted our horses, and continued our ride by the high road to Jerusalem. How anxiously I had watched for the first glimpse of the city when riding up this road on our arrival in Palestine! Now I could more fully take in all the details. Every year, however, is combining to alter its features; the buildings on this side of the city rise with the cultivation which is fast encompassing it, and the approach to Jerusalem will soon be through a thickly inhabited suburb. The day had been most beautiful throughout, and the last rays of the setting sun were reflected in all their splendour when we arrived at the gate.

Wednesday, 3rd. Another lovely day tempted me to accept the offer of Mr. B.'s donkey, and the escort of some of the elder pupils to Mount Scopus, whence I was anxious to take a sketch of the city. It is a point of view considered to give the best idea of the commanding position of Jerusalem. My young escort were in high spirits. Miss W. and Miss D. were also of our party, intending to proceed over Mount Scopus and the Mount of

Olives home. We were descending the sharp hill from the Damascus Gate, when my donkey, hurried on by the merry lads, made a false step, and suddenly fell. I found myself, sketch-book in hand, on the ground, but quickly regained my feet. The poor boys were sorely amazed and distressed, and were sure that the loose shoe on the donkey had caused the fall. However, I assured them I was unhurt, but missed a silver brooch-pin, which fastened my shawl. We looked for it in all directions, but without avail. Happily, however, Miss W. on her return picked it up without knowing that I had lost it, and was much pleased to find I was the owner, when next morning she called to see me.

This evening I attended a missionary meeting at the private room used for the Prussian service, and also as the Arabic chapel. The first part was an address and voluntary prayer in English, and contained some interesting accounts of the religious work carrying on. This meeting is held monthly.

Thursday, 4th. Again a fine day. In the afternoon I paid a visit to Sister Charlotte, the superior of the Tahiti Kulmi. It is a fine establishment, built for orphan girls, under the care of the Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth. The house is in a most healthy position, and is a striking object as the stranger enters Jerusalem by the Jaffa road.

On the other hand, and some way from the city wall, is the Orphanage for Native Boys, under the establishment at Basle. Below in the hollow is the cemetery of the Russian church; and the Convent of the Holy Cross is seen as a beautiful object in the valley below, surrounded by fine orange groves.

Friday, 5th. This afternoon was dedicated to the meeting of the Benevolent Society, which joins in working for the pauper Jewesses, and preparing clothing for children. A report was read by Miss D., the superintendent of the Girls' Institute, where the meeting was held. Mrs. Gobat attended, with many other ladies interested in the work.

Saturday, 6th. This afternoon I made a long-promised expedition to the caves under the city, with Mr. and Mrs. Bailey. We entered a low opening on the outside of the walls, and found ourselves in large subterranean quarries. In some of them places could be seen where the blocks of stone for building had been chiselled away. It is thought this was the stone used in building the Temple. We were provided with candles, and in some places had to clamber over heaps of rubbish; but these *débris* were perfectly dry, and the atmosphere of the caves struck quite warm.

Subsequently I went on the Bethany road, to take a sketch of the city from the point where our Lord is said to have wept over it. The barley harvest was being carried by the labourers in the fields of Siloam below me. My thoughts wholly turned on the magnificence of the city in the period referred to; and, until I looked on the decayed and ruined heap alone visible above the walls, I could hardly believe that my outline was correct, and that this could be the once proud and glorious city which reigned over Judah. But here was portrayed, indeed, the abomination of desolation, and it was a fitting abode for the dejected and vagrant people that in this day represent that nation within its walls.

JERUSALEM FROM THE BETHANY ROAD.

On re-entering the city gates, the guard who had asked me, as I passed out, where I was going, to which I had replied, showing my drawing-book, "Out on the Bethany road," now, on seeing my return, said, "You have been a long time away." "Yes," I replied; "drawing!" This converse passed in Italian, which most of the Turkish soldiers understand and speak. It was a proof of the watch that is kept over the European population, and, I believe, with the wish to prevent any risk of safety; but I had consulted the intendant's wife as to the propriety of going alone, and she considered that the road, being in view of the city, would be perfectly secure. I heard, however, of an old resident of the city, Mrs. M., who said she had been annoyed and alarmed by the pertinacity of some of the women of Bethany, who had insisted on touching and handling her shawl and ribbons. This I had met with one afternoon close to the Jaffa Gate, in the path leading from the Valley of Hinnom; but as I saw that curiosity was alone the motive, I did not show any dislike to their wish, and they passed on with salams and every mark of respect. They were villagers, I concluded, on their way back to Siloam.

The streets of Jerusalem are perfectly safe, but some of the roads around bear a bad character, to which I cannot, however, add my experience. In the city, at night, a lantern must be borne before the passenger, and it is a realisation of the words of the Psalmist, "A lantern unto my feet and a light unto my paths." The lantern (a large one, with a powerful light) is held down at the feet, to show every step, and the light is cast a long way on the ground.

Another very affecting realisation of Bible language is seen in the custom of the bakers and many well-to-do persons, who having live coals left after the baking or cooking in their houses is over, are prepared to give these remains to the poorer class, who come through the streets with an iron tray and a cushion on their heads, and receive the gift of these still living embers. Thus in truth is carried out "heaping coals of fire," and is an act of charity in so doing to the receiver, whether offered to the adversary or the friend.

Sunday, 7th (4th after Easter). The Bishop preached on the text John x. 11—The Good Shepherd. This parable occurs with great force to the Christian's mind in Jerusalem, as so often may be observed the great power of the shepherd's voice over the sheep. An incident to that effect occurred on my way home yesterday. In the Via Dolorosa, opposite to the house of the Sisters of *Zion*, is a well, one of the many sources of water known now to exist under the city. This and the tank opposite, on the side of the Sisters of *Zion*, had been a disputed possession. It was discovered in building the house of the latter, who claimed the whole; but it was decided by the government that the Serai and barracks should have the use of the one, and the Sisters of *Zion* retain the other. On this occasion the soldiers were drawing water from their well, and with considerable noise and clamour handing the buckets to their companions to carry into the barrack yard. In front of me was a small flock of sheep, preceded, as is often the case, by some goats, the shepherd following. The goats looked shyly at the noisy troop of men, but eventually struggled

past. The sheep, on the contrary, at once turned round in timid confusion. The shepherd, however, advancing to their head and rallying them with his voice, they immediately resumed their path, and followed unhesitatingly at their master's bidding.

In connection with the wells of the city, many of which have been of late brought to light, the Jews have a record of the number, and say if *one* more is found the city will be taken possession of by the Christians.

Monday, 8th. This morning I went to see the very pretty model of the Tabernacle, the ingenious workmanship of a converted Jew, who is at the head of the House of Industry in connection with the London City Mission. It is placed in one of the rooms belonging to the Mission near the Church.

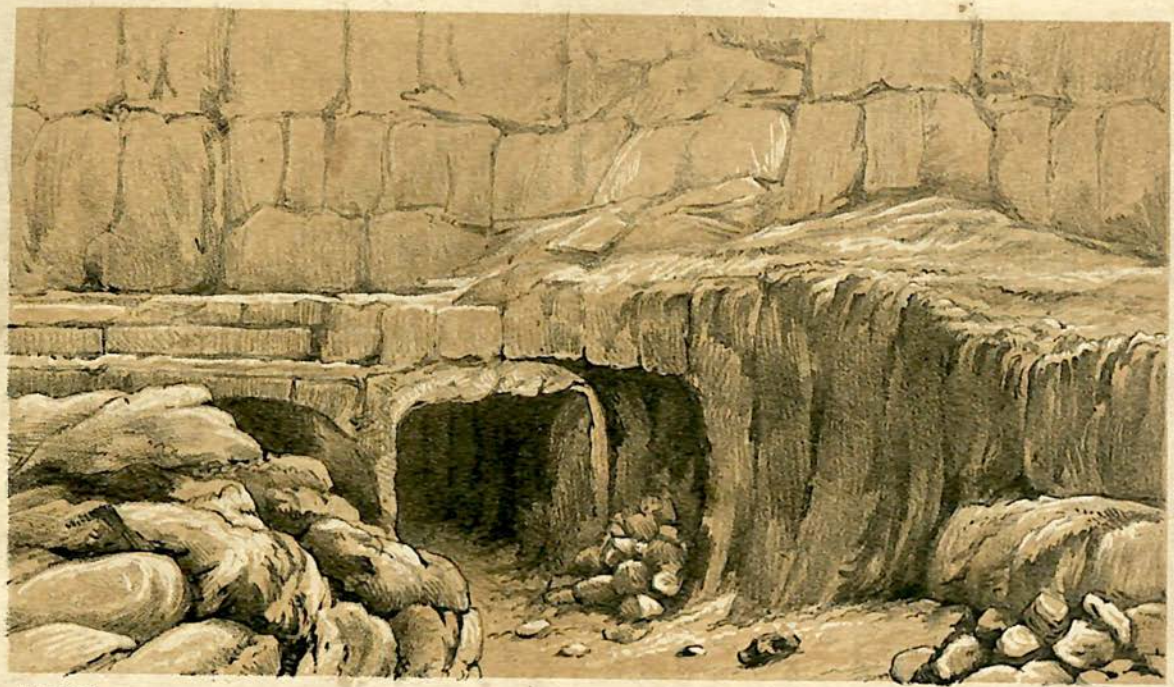
In the afternoon paid visits to Mrs. Gobat and Mrs. ——, the American consul's wife.

Tuesday, 9th. Went to call this afternoon on Dr. Chaplin (physician to the Jewish Mission) and Mrs. C., who are about to proceed to England for their recess. On my return walked round by the Greek hospital, which is built in front of the Latin patriarch's palace. During French supremacy, the building was not permitted to be completed, but the moment the power of France was seen to be on the decline, the Greek Hospital was finished in all its details, and presents a very commanding and elegant exterior, but shutting out from all view the palace of the Latin patriarch, which is also a large and very striking building, now only entered by the narrow approach assigned to it at the back of the Hospital.

CHAPTER XIV.

STALKS OF BARLEY—THE LILY OF THE FIELDS—THE ROLLING STONE—THE THISTLE—DORCAS MEETING AT THE BISHOP'S HOUSE—SHAPIRA'S SHOP AND JEWISH RELICS—POOR JEWESSES' WORK—VALLEY OF ROSES—SET OUT ON JOURNEY TO BEYROUT—CLOSING REMARKS.

WEDNESDAY, *May 10th.* This morning, calling at the bishop's, I was shown by Mrs. Gobat a splendid specimen of the forthcoming barley harvest, which numbered twenty-six stalks from one root. But even this was exceeded afterwards by a root brought to M. Bergheim (banker), which had eighty-four or eighty-five stalks from one seed, and verified the blessing of a thousand-fold. At the Jewish Institute for Girls I finished the sketch of the city, and afterwards went up on the terrace of the house-top to enjoy the sunset, the second teacher, Miss R., accompanying me. Whilst there the muezzin sounded the hour of prayer, and a Mussulman coming out on one of the distant house-tops, reverently spread his carpet and prostrated himself for prayer, in an attitude of the most lowly obeisance, and remained for some minutes in earnest devotion. It brought to my mind the long-practised habit of the Easterns, who often resort to the house-top for prayer. Peter was so praying when the vision of the sheet full of unclean things was let down before him.



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THE SUPPOSED TOMB OF OUR LORD

The weather this day had been unusually windy and cold.

Thursday, 11*th*. A most beautiful specimen of the white iris was brought to me; by many thought to be the "lily of the fields." It was a lovely flower, of much more delicate hue than those of the species we have.

This afternoon I walked again with Mr. and Mrs. B. to the tomb of Helena, as it is called, but actually that of the "two brothers" in Jewish record. My object was to procure a sketch of the entrance and the rolling stone.

We did not enter the tomb, but I sat down as near as I could, and so as to include the singular arrangement by which the doorway would be secured. The solemn scene which passed within, when the two Apostles looked in, was present to my mind. An angel sitting at the head and one at the foot, and the linen clothes lying apart, with the napkin rolled up. How distinctly is it all presented to the mind's eye. Having finished my sketch, which I was desirous to make as exact as possible, we set out on our return, and found it took us just eight minutes to re-cross the olive ground to the Damascus Gate, thus making this spot *near* the city, as described by the Scriptures.

Friday, 12*th*. This morning I made a careful sketch of the thistle, which grows wherever the neglected land lies uncultivated. It is of the most peculiar kind—armed with spurs which would tear the flesh, and yet, as a flower, coloured in a manner to please the eye. Palestine cannot restrain its natural fertility, even under the present curse on

the soil, but shows the redundancy of beauty in its weeds.

In the afternoon I attended a Dorcas meeting at the Bishop's residence. Mrs. Gobat read (most pleasingly) appropriate works, containing advice to the many young Syrian mothers present.

Saturday, 13*th*. Got letter of credit on Beyrout from M. Bergheim, the banker. Visited the shop of Shapira, the converted Jew, who is most civil in exhibiting to strangers the many Jewish curiosities he possesses, comprehending phylacteries, Books of the Law, &c. At this moment he is the agent for inquiry, in Samaria, as to some, supposed, very ancient Books of the Law kept in the synagogue at Nablous.

Afterwards I went to the workroom of the Jewish Girls' Institute, and was shown the performances of the poor Jewish women. The work much resembles that of crochet, but is done with a needle. Having bought some specimens and ordered others, I took a farewell of this interesting establishment, which provides work, with sufficient gain, to many a poor listless creature, whose greatest misery perhaps is the total want of occupation. A house (such as it is) is provided for them by their husbands, the simple diet is easily prepared, and the rest of the day spent in one long state of inanition.

Thermometer this day, 81 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. In the afternoon the wind rose.

Sunday, 14*th*. The air cooler, and a strong breeze. This morning the Rev. F. S. preached on the Vision of Jacob at Bethel. All present were conversant with the locality and its present state of ruin. The inhabitants, led away no doubt by the

sacred character of the precincts, allowed their worship to degenerate into idolatry, leaving a lesson to all believers that man must not worship God after the dictates of his own will.

The mention made by the prophet Amos of this spot, as "come to nought," shows in what light inspiration presents the attempts made by human inventions to add to the worship of Divinity.

The service takes place at half-past seven, and I went afterwards to supper at the Bishop's. The Pastor W. and our own officiating clergyman were of the number.

Monday, 15*th*. We this morning assembled under the lead of Miss Gobat for a ride to the Valley of Roses. After early dinner at the Bishop's, we started at four o'clock, and descending into the valley by the beautifully situated Convent of the Cross, soon found ourselves in a long wady or valley, with plantations of rose-trees on each side, and which conducted us to the halting place—a vineyard of no common beauty, built up on stone terraces, for the necessary support of the soil, and which was irrigated by means of small stone channels leading to the various crops.

We dismounted, and after some care in fastening up my horse—a young and spirited Arab—we sat down under the shade of the olive-trees, and were soon provided with sherbet and biscuits. The sky overhead was cerulean, and the valley beneath was a scene of the highest cultivation. Farther down the wady was Philip's fountain (see Acts viii. 26), but which the advancing day would not permit us to reach, as it lay a full half-hour distant on the path, the scenery increasing in beauty and cha-

racteristic boldness throughout the defile. Here the eunuch sought and found the Word of Life, and became a baptised Christian. Thus the earnest seeker ever finds a ready answer.

My horse carried me delightfully. He was the property of a Turk, and was never let out to hire, but as a favour to Abraham Lyon, my future dragoman, he lent it for my riding. The animal, as is often the case with the Arab when young, was quick and uncertain in its movements, neighing furiously if it lost sight of its companions for a moment, but ready to lash out if approached too nearly. His master came to receive him on my dismounting, and looked much pleased when I patted the neck of his pet, and thanked him for the pleasure I had had in its use.

Tuesday, 16*th*. This morning was employed in packing and arranging for my departure on the morrow. Abraham Lyon came to take charge of my leather valise, which was to be consigned to the care of Spitzler & Co., for transmission to Beyrout by steamer.

My own luggage was soon prepared: a bag, with various changes of linen, a gown, and articles of the toilette. To this was added a basket, deep but flat-sided, which held my spirit-lamp and its two vessels for heating water or food, English biscuits, a small jar of Liebig's prepared soup, a tin of tea, and a large wax candle, lucifers, &c.

Lemons and oranges were always carried in the baggage, and the dragoman took care of my cloak and warm shawls, and had a carpet ready to spread when I wished to rest. Three excellent horses were engaged, which had come up with two

English travellers from Beyrout, who had made their journey very leisurely, taking six weeks. The horses were in first-rate condition, and had been the pets of my countrymen throughout the journey; and so loath were they to part with them, that it was with great difficulty my dragoman got the stipulation carried out with their consent, that I should have the horses two days earlier than they had intended releasing them. The muckra had no agreement drawn up with their employer, but money having passed between him and Abraham Lyon, our arrangement became law. The parting was at last effected, and I found both the horses and their owner quite answered the character I had had of them.

Jalwan, the muckra, a native of Beyrout, was a most obliging and attentive attendant. His little brother Mansour, a boy of twelve years old, was the especial care-taker of the horses (and to them he was devoted), always remaining by them at night, and feeding and watering them at early dawn, ere we started. The horse I rode was a lineal descendant of the celebrated Arab, *Le Soleil*. He was called *Passe-partout*, and well named, for he had already traversed the various routes three or four times, though only five years old. The other was a grey, a thoroughly good horse, active and sure-footed. *Passe-partout* was the true Arab colour —a pale cream, with a slight tinge of golden lustre when the sun flecked his silken coat. His long mane hung in locks as fine as human hair over his shoulder, and a noble tail completed his beauty. I never knew him make a false step, however rough the road might be; and if ever at fault as to the best

path, he would submit to be led by his master in the most docile manner. But this rarely happened, for his memory seemed to furnish a recollection of any or every obstacle likely to occur. Many a pleasant dreamy hour have I passed on his back, giving myself up entirely to the many deep and abiding associations of the route I was traversing, my mind sometimes crossed by thoughts of friends at home, and the reflection that I was well pleased they could not see me thus alone, so fearless of harm, yet with every dependence on the men who had bound themselves to conduct me safely through this—to many minds—perilous journey.

It was solitude indeed, but an alternative rather than a choice, from the almost impossibility of finding in others the rare combinations of leisure, similarity of object, and, above all, the health granted me for such travel. The evening was spent at the Bishop's, and many were the kind God-speeds, together with an earnest special prayer by the good Bishop, "For God's blessing on the handmaiden of the Lord now about to set forth on a long journey through the land;" and amply were these prayers answered. Hospitality and Christian kindness greeted me, and the Angel of His presence preserved me through many a long hour of night and day watching.

Wednesday, 17th. The morning was occupied by kind callers, all anxious for a last word of farewell, and many pretty souvenirs were added. Much-prized ones were the dried flowers of Jerusalem and its land, brought me by Sister Charlotte. A valuable thought, too, added a part of an old book, the leaves of which were most useful for drying speci-

mens. I had also the pleasure of a few last words from our two clergymen, Mr. B. and Mr. F. S. At three o'clock the horses were at the door, and followed by many kind wishes from the Intendant and his wife (the former declaring my departure made him feel quite *triste*), and not omitting the cordial farewells of the Pastor W. and the Chancellor, I left for Ramah.

And now that my diary in Jerusalem is brought to a close, after nearly two months' residence, I must be excused if I add some remarks on the feelings it elicited and the objects I had in view.

It has been well said, by a writer of considerable talent, "That there is a magic power in the living reality of the land of Palestine which neither poet's pen nor painter's pencil can ever appropriate." It is indeed true, that when the eye wanders over the plain and mountain, or the foot touches the Holy ground, the superiority of the real over the ideal is at once felt. It is my firm impression, that whosoever has failed to realise this feeling, has missed the true object of his journey to Palestine.

It is indeed an undoubted fact that many actual localities are disputed, and with probable reason. The overthrow of the city in its siege under Titus was too complete, too terrible, not to substantiate that point; and the restoration age, as we term it, in the revival of Christianity, has also left its mark, by razing buildings and obliterating very frequently even most ancient landmarks. Again, the Crusader's age was too often a battle-field not to have caused many and great changes, and in trying to rescue the Jew, the Christian has left the stamp of his iron heel in castles and watch-towers.

But to the reader of Scripture there is still left Mount Zion and the holy Moriah. Still does the sun rise over the Mount of Olives, and the moon cast her long deep shadows on the Garden of Gethsemane. There is yet the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Fountain of Siloam, the ruins of the Sheep Pool; and farther away the eye wanders over the hill of Bethlehem, and can rest on the Shepherds' Plains. The holy cave of Machpelah, though kept from sight of man, is yet existing under the range of the hills of Hebron, and the magnificent work in the Pools of Solomon still bears testimony to an age when men received the commands of God through direct inspiration.

With this abundant field for Christian thought, it is scarcely worth while, if it be even suitable to a Christian's responsibilities, to sanction with their presence the sad imposture of the Greek fire, which can be hardly ranked beyond those idolatrous practices in India which are no longer countenanced by English nationality. Rather let all observe the work of social and religious improvement being carried on under British societies and committees:—the poor Jew now protected, by the presence of the Christian, from the overt insults of some twenty-five years back—the anxious endeavour under these authorities to induce the poor unbeliever to study for himself his own history, as written in the New Testament—the acknowledged comforts brought to him by the Hospital and Benevolent Society—and the visible proof that the seed shall not return void, as seen by the more ready appreciation of the work of the Christian who labours for his good, future as well as present.

Indeed all travellers should bear testimony to the many charitable institutions of this land:—The Bishop's School for Native Boys—the Jewish Mission for Boys and Institute for Girls—the House of Industry,* where trades are taught and boys are lodged, if desirous to learn an occupation on completion of their term of education—the Hospital for the Jews under the London Mission—the Dispensary, and, connected with the same, the Benevolent Society and Work-room for poor Jewesses—the Montefiore Cottages—the Tahiti Kulmi, or Prussian orphanage for Arab girls, under the deaconesses of Kaiserwerth (to this also is attached a hospital in the city)—the Orphanage for Syrian Girls, under the Basle committee—the Sisters of Zion, whose house receives orphan girls, and with a country residence attached (this charity is under the Ratisbon direction)—the Houses of Refuge for Lepers (gift of the Countess Kilmansegge).

I trust, then, future travellers will visit and encourage by their presence the laudable labours of English and Prussian residents in these various charities. A half hour would be well spent in acquainting oneself with their meritorious purposes. The poor fellahs, too, have a claim on our good offices. A small sum annually subscribed, and placed for distribution in the form of a soup-kitchen, would preserve many a starving fellow-creature from dropping down dead or dying on the road, which has so repeatedly happened from the uncertainty of their harvests.

And now I must say farewell to "the Holy City,"

* This I visited, and saw the apprentices at work under the different masters.

and as I pass out, breathe an inward prayer that I may one day be allowed again to visit its sacred precincts, marked as the site of prophecy, not only of the past, but of a glorious future, "*When He shall come, who will come.*"

THE THISTLE OF PALESTINE.

There shall come up briers and thorns."—*Isaiah* v. 6.

CHAPTER XV.

LEAVE JERUSALEM BY DAMASCUS GATE—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—RAMAH—MISSIONARY HOUSE OF LATIN FATHERS—SUNSET OVER THE SEA—CONVENTUAL FARE—MOONLIGHT—EARLY DEPARTURE—THE BOY MANSOUR—ARMENIAN MERCHANT-PROPRIETORS—ROBBERS' WELL—RUINED KHAN—SIROCCO—LEBONAH—SHILOH—MOUNTS GERIZIM AND EBAL—JACOB'S WELL—VALE OF SHECHEM—NABLOUS, THE ANCIENT SYCHAR—SOAP FACTORY—SAMARIA—TIRZAH—ENGANNIN OR JENIN—ARAB HOUSE.

THURSDAY, *May 18th.* At three o'clock the day previous I had left Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate for Ramah, where I was to obtain shelter for the night. At first it was proposed that I should go to the school-house of the Bishop, but this was afterwards overruled by an offer from the Latin Fathers in Jerusalem to receive me at their missionary house.

The afternoon was delightful, and as we rode over the mountainous district, passing Neby-Samwell and Gibeon, and having on our right Bethel, now alas "come to nought" (Amos v. 4), I felt charmed with this commencement of my journey. The sun went down in unwonted splendour over "the sea" (the Mediterranean), *the great sea* of the Jews, and that sea from which Daniel saw all the visions of the future arise. As we descended into the village, we were greeted by much barking of dogs, and many women came out to look at our cortege. I sent my dragoman on as leader, I

followed next, and usually Mansour (the boy) ran by my side, the faithful Jalwan (the muckra) following on his white horse, and carrying the saddle-bags.

The missionary father was walking in a small enclosed garden before the house when we approached. He came forward and saluted me with a bow, and being addressed by the dragoman and presented with his credentials, directly led the way into his large upper, but barely-furnished sitting-room, and then retired to give some orders for the preparation of my room.

I in the meanwhile watched from the window the fast declining sun, sinking with glorious majesty in the gilded western sky. The view from this room was on all sides very commanding; it overlooked a great extent of country from windows to the south and west.

At the rear of the house, and apparently forming a part, I could see the chapel; the room in which I was opened upon a long gallery, leading to the dormitories. The dragoman was lodged in the house, but the muckra, the boy, and the horses went down into the village. On the father's return we entered into conversation, and spoke of my journey.

After some little time supper was announced, and the father led the way into a small refectory, where we were waited on by an Arab servant, handsomely dressed in native attire. A lentil soup, some bones of mutton stewed, and the hardest possible kind of small artichokes uncooked, succeeded by macaroni and coffee, was the fare—certainly inadequate to my appetite after our three hours' mountain ride, even though I had dined at half-

past one o'clock at the Prussian Hospice; but the father apologised, and said it was his usual diet.

He told me he was a Piedmontese, but had lived in Alessandria (near Asti, North Italy), where his family now resided. His occupation here was, he said, principally to overlook the cultivation of some fine vineyards belonging to the Church, and also some large possessions in olive groves at a little distance. The best wine is always made by the *religiosi*, and I could imagine the padre had a peculiar ability for the position, coming as he did from one of the finest wine provinces of North Italy. His congregation, he told me, was very small, as almost all the people around him belonged to the Greek Church.

As soon as it was dusk I retired to the room prepared for me, the father requesting me to ask for anything that I might want, and with a low reverence taking his leave.

The room was very well furnished. A very comfortable bed, with mosquito curtains, a large table and a sofa, and near at hand the washing apparatus, left me nothing to wish for; and with a splendid moon shining as brightly as day, and touching all the mountain ranges with its silver rays, I could hardly leave the window to enjoy even the rest I needed against our intended departure at five o'clock next morning.

At four o'clock I was up, dressing, and at some minutes before five my dragoman appeared, to pack up the cloaks and take my bag.

Breakfast was served in the supper room of the previous evening, and the native servant waited on me as before. The *café-au-lait* is always excellent in

the religious houses, and the bread was wholesome and palatable. The dragoman now announced that the horses were come, and I descended to the court to mount. The father had left his compliments and farewell for me, as he himself was occupied at early mass.

Friday, 19*th*. The morning air was charming—so fresh and elastic; it made exercise and the independent feeling of being on horseback a perfect enjoyment. Mansour strode over the heather with all the ability and alertness of a young mountaineer, and did credit to the Libanus-range, his birthplace. It was a pleasure to look at the boy; but I observed that the morning air was always faced by carefully wrapping his silken kefiyah round his throat, and drawing his upper coat, with loose hanging sleeves, well over his chest. Later the silk wrapper would be thrown over his shoulders; then the upper coat would be opened, and ere long the silk wraps would be handed to his brother, and presently off would come the upper coat, and leave him free to enjoy full liberty of air and exercise in the loose under-dress. Hardy as these men are, I see the natives have some rules of precaution. They wrap the head and face completely round with the silken scarf, guarding especially the sides and back of the head whilst exposed to the mid-day sun; and their abstemiousness on long journeys is very great, scarcely ever touching meat, and drinking only water.

We were now leaving the hilly district, and plunged at once into a narrow path, torn up by a watercourse, strewed with large boulders, over and around which my horse carefully picked his way.

On either side rose highly-cultivated ground, bearing fig-trees in profusion, olive groves, and vineyards. A great deal of this land is owned by Armenian merchants. We saw one of these men riding on a powerful mule, and preceded by his servant on foot. He was evidently taking an early ride over his property; and a handsome-looking building which we saw on the side of a gently-rising ground was his house. Crossing an immense olive forest, we came upon a wilder tract, and under a rugged mountain side. Here was a constant succession of springs, which were bubbling down in little rills, and seemed there to have made a sort of natural trough. Mansour and his brother Jalwan took a draught of the bright stream. Shortly we came to a large tank or reservoir, and I afterwards heard that this wady, with its springs, was a favourite haunt of robbers, and considered the most unsafe part of the road, as it was the most lonely. We did not see a human being. Some little way back we had passed a man and boy (natives), who were resting against the bank, and apparently travellers like ourselves. We had now been nearly six hours on our road, and I inquired when we were likely to find a good halting-place. I was told we should shortly reach the ruined khan, where good water, that great necessity of Arab life, would be found. Coming to the crest of a hill, and overlooking a large plain encircled by rising ground on all sides, like an amphitheatre, we discovered the khan below us; and slowly picking our way down by a zig-zag path, which was somewhat precipitous, we at last reached the ruin. In the centre was a large tank, at which was a company of drovers and

shepherds, occupied in watering their cattle. Happily, they very shortly departed on their way, but a group of cattle, with sheep and goats from the hillside, were left to dispute the only shelter with me. It was an overhanging rock, and under this, after displacing a motley gathering of sheep, goats, and young cattle, my dragoman spread the carpet and cloaks, and set before me the store of food he had provided. Some fowl, figs, oranges, the wine of the country, and some compressed juice of grapes, used for sherbet, was spread out. The day had become exceedingly sultry, and sheltered as we were in this deep flat plain among the hills, we had not been aware of the sirocco which was blowing. It had, however, as I afterwards heard, caused great anxiety to my friends in Jerusalem, who much feared I should be annoyed, if not wholly overcome, by the heat. However, up to the last half-hour I had not felt any inconvenience; and now the greatest trial seemed to be the want of shade from the noon-day sun. The poor beasts made repeated attempts to share with me the small shelter afforded by the overhanging rock, and that was becoming every moment more exposed to the sun. Unable to rest, I at last got up to walk round the ruins, and leave the men to pack up and prepare for departure. We had some three hours' ride before us, and I would gladly have waited till the sun had got a little lower; but we had no alternative, and as soon as the horses were ready I mounted, and we started for Nablous. On my way I was to see Jacob's Well, which is a little removed from the road, but close to the entrance of the vale of Shechem.

The road we now travelled continued on the plain,

but it lay at the foot of a high ridge, on which stood the large village of Lebonah. My dragoman, about half-an-hour previously to reaching the ruined khan, had pointed out to me the way to Shiloh, which lay about twenty-five minutes off the road. I had seen its position among the many mountainous ridges from Neby Samwell, which was for years itself considered the site of the sacred spot.

All travellers have agreed in a feeling of disappointment that it offers nothing in either ruins or scenery to attract notice. It is utterly featureless—a heap of naked rounded hills, paved with rocks and stones; but its site must be ever most interesting to the Christian, and its situation is too precisely described in the Book of Judges to be doubtful for a moment:—"On the north side of Bethel, on the east of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." The day however was so sultry (and it would have necessarily added so much more distance, and nearly three hours to the time necessary to compass it), that I declined going up to the site. But that this spot once contained the Tabernacle of the Lord, is of undoubted authenticity. There the Israelites assembled to receive each his allotted portion of the Promised Land (Josh. xviii.), and there the Tabernacle and Ark remained till Eli's death.

To that place also was brought from Ramah the infant Samuel, and dedicated to the Lord by a grateful mother. There old Eli fell down dead on receiving the tidings of the death of his sons in battle and the capture of the Ark. (1 Sam. i. 24-28.) There also was the great annual festival held, in honour of the Ark, at which the village maidens were wont

to dance, they probably assembling in the valley below. There, too, it was that on one of these occasions the remnant of the Benjamites concealed themselves among the vineyards on the hill-side, and suddenly rushing upon the unconscious damsels, carried off two hundred of them.

"But go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I did set my name at first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."

Idolatry was the great sin of the Israelites. Their love of something material to worship led them astray, even when under the immediate teaching of the Lord,—as in the instance of the golden calf made by Aaron at the people's demand; also the worship of the sacred symbol, the serpent, which when looked upon healed the people; and it becoming (though originally a gift of Divine inspiration in itself) the means of idol worship, it was destroyed by Josiah, who ground it to powder, calling it Nehushtan. All these holy places and things were thus made an occasion of falling away from the worship of the one God, and all alike fell under the judgment of the Lord. (Amos viii. 14.) The iniquity of such places at last became so glaring, that the name was changed from that of Bethel (house of God) to Bethaven (house of idols). (Hos. x. 5-8.)

The road from Shiloh or Seilim descends into the plain, a little north of the khan, and about a quarter of a mile from Lebonah.

Three hours among the mountains, ascending and descending many a rocky and sometimes precipitous path, brought us to an open plain, covered with fields, "white already to the harvest." On all sides were the labourers gathering in their crops, the

laden camels in files slowly ascending the hill-side to the villages nestled upon the brow. The sun, though it was now nearly five o'clock, still beat down with great fervour on this open plain. Bordered on the left hand by a range of hills of some height, and on the right by a low bank of ground, it resembles a long and broad defile. The mountains Gerizim and Ebal look down upon it, and in front, surrounded by ruins and overgrown with weeds, stands Jacob's Well, with the same hills and plains in view as when, "wearied with His journey," Jesus Himself sat down by it. We, too, now looked upon this scene. The muckra and his brother were at once to proceed up the vale to Shechem; but the dragoman, by my desire, led the way to the well, which is removed some little distance from the road leading up the valley to Sychar. I dismounted, and here for the first time experienced a sudden and unexpected seizure of faintness and sickness, occasioned by the heat of the sun we had been riding under. It did not last, however, many minutes; and leaving my horse to the dragoman, I climbed over the surrounding ruins, and stood by what had been the opening of the well; but, alas! (within only a few days) completely filled up to its level by the Russians, who have bought it from the Moslems. This filling up is done, it is supposed, to preserve the remains of some pillars of marble which were half-embedded, half-standing in the rubbish and blocks of stone used to fill up the cavity. The purchase makes Russia almost complete in the possession of the holiest sanctuaries—viz., Abraham's oak at Hebron; a portion of ground on the Mount of Olives; a magnificent hospice out-

side the city walls of Jerusalem, near the Jaffa Gate (and large enough to contain thirty thousand soldiers); and now this most sacred and ancient spot of "Jacob's Well," with ground also at Nazareth, leaves little else for them to desire, or to enable them to plant a firm foot on these holy pilgrim lands.

As I stood by the side of the once open spring, I looked up at Gerizim, towering above our heads, and on its summit a Moslem tomb, and I felt that the day was indeed now come, when neither here nor at Jerusalem was offered the worship of the one Redeemer and true God. But may we not hope that there is existing in many other lands the truly spiritual and devotional worship of Him who is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth?

In looking up the vale of Shechem, Gerizim raises its lofty brow on the left, crowned, as I have said, by a wely or Moslem's tomb, and on the right is Ebal's stern and rugged cliff. It was here that the Ark was placed in the centre of the valley, whilst the priests read the blessings and curses to the assembled multitude, who stood around and upon the hills on either side. The valley not being more than two hundred feet wide, all the people might hear and respond. (Deut. xl.) Close to the well, on the site now occupied by a poor village, is supposed to have been the city from which the woman of Samaria came.

We now remounted our horses, and continued up the road to the ancient Shechem or Sychar. It was here that Simeon and Levi treacherously avenged their sister Dinah. (Gen. xxxiv.) Jacob, who had bought the parcel of the field from Hamor (Shechem's

father), afterwards removed to Hebron, but still retained possession of the field and the well he had made. It was also to this spot that Joseph came to look for his brethren. They had removed to Dothan, twelve miles northward. A certain man found him wandering in the field, and directed him to Dothan. Thither he went, and there he was sold by his brethren to the Ishmaelites. (Gen. xxxvii.) In after years Shechem was assigned to the Levites, and made a city of refuge. (Josh. xx. 7.) The next striking fact is its seizure by Abimelech during the rule of the Judges, and his being proclaimed king by the "oak of the pillar." This gave rise to the beautiful and characteristic parable of Jothan, pronounced from the top of Gerizim. (Judg. ix.) Here also Rehoboam was proclaimed king on Solomon's death; and when, a few days after, the Ten Tribes revolted, and made Jeroboam, son of Nebat, king, they established the seat of the new monarchy at Shechem. (1 Kings xii.) The dignity of the capital, however, it had soon to share with Tirzah, and finally to give up to Samaria.

After passing through much pretty wooded scenery, we arrived at the gates of the city, which is now called Nablous. The first object that we met was a blind man. He came onward upon the path of my horse, neither diverging to the right nor the left. On his drawing near I perceived he was blind, and turned aside to let him pass. Every one in the East makes way for the blind, who walk on fearlessly, holding a long staff in their right hand, and, with head erect, seem to have perfect confidence in their own safety.

We rode through a crowded bazaar, or main

street, covered in from the blaze of the sun by a rafter-roof, and passed the synagogue, which has been celebrated for centuries as holding one of the oldest Books of the Law. After threading some narrow and intricate streets, we arrived at the court from which the missionary's door was entered by a flight of steps. There I was met by Mrs. F., the missionary's wife (a young Englishwoman), to whom I gave Mrs. Gobat's letter. On crossing the inner court, I was ushered into a large and well-furnished room appointed for my occupation. It was used as the general place of assembly when the missionary held a service or gave religious instruction. Around the room was a spacious divan, and at one end a large roomy sofa, on which my bed was shortly prepared. The active little wife soon brought in the necessary apparatus for washing, which was composed of the prettiest coloured glass tumbler and water bottle, a large china ewer and basin and soap-dish, all of which with well deserved pride she carefully arranged on a slab in a niche, with towels for my use. She then proceeded to lay the table for supper, but I requested her to bring me only a cup of tea. She pressed me to take some more solid refreshment, but I assured her I felt unable to do so, and indeed had no appetite. She spoke of the trying sirocco which had now lasted three days, and apologised for her husband's non-appearance, by saying that he had been obliged to keep his bed from illness after accompanying some travellers to the top of Gerizim. I felt thankful that my attack had been of so short a duration. Per-

suading my kind hostess to leave me a glass of fresh-made lemonade on the table, I at once sought repose, but the beauty of the moonlight made sleep impossible, and it was some hours before I closed my eyes. At last I got some refreshing slumber, and awoke at the early crowing of a cock, and soon after the various sounds of an awakening city made me rise at once and speedily complete my dressing. The dragoman (Lyon) was early at the door, to inquire how I was, and he seemed much reassured when I answered I should shortly be ready to start.

Breakfast over, which I made of a strong cup of black tea, with slices of lemon put into it, *à la Russe*, and some biscuits from my own store, I set out, often thanking my kind countrywoman for her attentions. The Bishop and Mrs. Gobat had occupied this room the previous year on their journey down the land. Leaving the city gates, we passed heaps of ashes, the refuse of soap-boiling, which is carried on largely here. There are also great quantities of oil produced from the extensive olive grounds around the city, and it is considered of the finest quality.

Our halting-place for the third night was to be the Arab village of Jenin (Engannin), but where the kindness of Bishop Gobat had provided me with an introduction to the Turkish police officer, who kindly sets apart a guest-chamber for travellers having any claim upon him through mutual friends. We were, however, to go off from the direct road, in order to pass through Samaria, a city so noted in Bible history, and the famed remains of which I much wished to see. Our road lay through a pretty country, diversified by wood and hill; and in one

place we came upon a most picturesque gathering, an encampment of travellers under the shade of spreading walnut trees, and near a most beautiful spring, which, having broken its bounds, trickled down the road away from the aqueduct that had at one time conducted its waters to a tank. Near at hand to this reservoir were immense flocks of camels, goats, mules, &c., whose drivers were seated in groups near the spring, which had made itself a rude basin among the large boulder stones. It was a pretty pastoral scene, most truly oriental, and brought to mind the days of the patriarchs.

We pressed on, however, unwilling to lose the earlier hours of the morning, and we soon after reached the woody heights of Samaria, the residence of the warlike kings of Israel. We rode up a steep and most stony path, amid the mud habitations of the native fellahs, which now crowd round the splendid ruins of the royal city, passed quickly by the Crusaders' Church—a modern work compared with the era memory was busy in retracing—and shortly reached a platform of half-tilled ground, half rock. A sturdy fellah seemed inclined to oppose our progress, but Lyon addressed a few words to him in Arabic, which appeared to mitigate his looks of wrath. Perhaps he feared we should disturb his work, for here we found the oxen treading out the corn on the crown of the rock, reminding me of Mount Moriah and the threshing-floor of Araunah.

For a few moments the driver stopped his team to gaze at us, but we paused not, proceeding on to the very centre of the wooded hill, where, some pillars lying prostrate, others still standing, was the magnificent colonnade of the royal city. It was

indeed a sight which carried conviction to the heart of the sure fulfilment of prophecy. Not only were the splendid pillars here still lying half embedded in the earth, some covered with trailing plants, but traces of the place were clearly visible by those which in proud lines stood, defiant of time and ruin, as if permitted to remain only more clearly to point out what had been. On approaching the verge of the descent into the steep valley below, we could clearly trace the winding approach which led up from beneath, by the remains of splendid marble columns, lying each in their place, as struck down by earthquake or overthrown in the struggle of warfare,—some marked by their pedestal alone, some by the shaft still reared aloft, and many with their capitals lying half hidden in the grass. Samaria was indeed become a heap, and its stones rolled down. The first mention of Samaria is in 1 Kings xvi. 24: "In the thirty-first year of Asa, King of Judah, began Omri to reign over Israel. Six years he reigned in Tirzah, and he bought the Hill of Samaria of Shemer . . . . and called the name of the city which he built after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria." (*Heb. Shomeron.*) Omri was succeeded by his son Ahab, who married the notorious Jezebel, daughter of the king of the Sidonians; who, adopting Baal, the chief deity of her country, built for him a temple in Samaria, and probably on the summit of the hill whence we had looked on the prostrate columns and magnificent remains of the winding approach.

It was during this reign that Benhadad, King of Syria, besieged Samaria at the head of an immense army, and was miraculously defeated by

a handful of Israelites. (1 Kings xx.) Samaria was the scene of many stirring events in the lives of Elijah and Elisha.

At one of these periods Benhadad, knowing how often he had been defeated through the agency of the prophet Elisha, resolved to capture him. A large body of troops was sent to Dothan, six miles north of Samaria, where the prophet then was. They surrounded the city at night, but were smitten with blindness in the morning. "This is not the way, neither is this the city," said Elisha to them. "Follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek." They followed him, and he brought them into the midst of Samaria, where their eyes were opened. (See 2 Kings vi. 6-17.) Again, on another occasion, the Assyrians besieged Samaria, and kept up a strict blockade for three years. The sufferings of the inhabitants were fearful; and then occurred the inhuman tragedy of two mothers agreeing to kill and eat their infant children in succession. When the King, in his rage, had sworn Elisha should not live another day, the prophet sat calmly in his house, and prophesied that ere to-morrow's sun had set, a measure of fine flour would be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria. So it happened. The Assyrians, miraculously panic-struck, fled in the night, leaving all behind them. The four poor lepers, who sat at the entering of the gate (as is the custom to this day at Jerusalem), discovered the fact, and the proud noble who sneered at Elisha's prophecy was trodden to death in the gate by the hungry crowd that rushed out to seize the prey. (2 Kings vi. 24, vii. 33.)

In the year B.C. 720, Samaria was taken by the Assyrians. It appears to have remained for a time the capital of the new colonists, though the more ancient Shechem soon became the chief city of the Samaritans as a religious sect.

The next important event was its being given by Augustus to Herod the Great, who rebuilt and adorned it with magnificent structures, giving it the name of Sebaste, in honour of his patron. In Sebaste, Philip preached Christ, and founded a congregation of believers. There, too, Simon the sorcerer was converted to Christianity, and afterwards excommunicated. (Acts viii. 5-24.)

In looking back on this history, and many other such facts connected with Jewish record, are we not warned against a hard and unbelieving heart? What more could have been done than the Almighty Disposer of all events did do to convince His people of the supremacy and power of His rule? and yet they ever turned aside, like a broken bow, and, as it is written, "Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God." (Hos. xiii. 16.)

From hence may be made a pleasant day's excursion among the mountains of Ephraim, looking down into the valley of the Jordan, towards the ford of Succoth, where Jacob crossed the river. (Gen. xxxiii. 17.)

From Samaria we descended the hill diagonally by the roughest possible goat path, which led us again past the fallen columns into the northern valley. This side, as well as the whole north side of the hill of Samaria, is without a tree. It is cultivated in terraces, but has a naked, dreary look. We now wound up a rocky acclivity, and rode across

a broad terrace through an avenue of olive-trees, past a village, and over a wild region of hill and dale.

The path runs up a bleak ravine, and we had a sharp climb to the summit of the ridge, but we then had a glorious view over one of those green plains which characterise this region. In the middle is a rocky dell, with a village called Ramah (Hill). We descended over a bleak flat, but fragrant with thyme, into terraced vineyards and fig orchards, and eventually fixed our mid-day rest under the shade of some fine olive-trees, the outskirts of a thick forest. Underneath one of the most spreading trees the carpet and my cloaks were placed, and I dismounted for a couple or three hours' rest. It was a beautiful spot. A green plain lay before us. It formed a basin, and there being no outlet, the waters collect during the winter, and the centre is converted into a lake. Now, even in summer heat, there is sufficient moisture left to give it the title of the "Drowning Meadow" (Mely el Ghuruk). On the top of a low conical hill, and as we looked across this singular object, on its western side stands the fortress of Samer, now little more than a heap of ruins. It was the stronghold of a family of powerful sheiks, exercising almost independent authority over the surrounding country. The then reigning sheik, resisting the authority of Abdallah Pasha (1830), siege was laid to the fortress, but after two months it was obliged to be raised. The Pasha summoned Emir Pasha to his assistance, at the head of his hardy mountaineers, and after a close investment of four months, the walls were breached with artillery, and the castle stormed and laid in

ruins. Since that time the scattered members of the family have again collected among the ruins, and are by degrees repairing the walls.

The mid-day sun had become very powerful, but the shade of the trees was quite a protection, and the view before me charming. Several groups of natives passed along the path below the terraced ground on which we were encamped; women with bags of corn upon their heads, and some with pitchers, going to a spring farther up the wood. They took little notice of us after a brief stare; and only once did a fellah, wrapped up in his burnous, advance to the tree under which my men sat, and seemed desirous to enter into conversation. They gave him some bread and figs of their store, and that, if accepted, always ensures good faith. An Arab will never lift his hand against the man with whom he has broken bread.

Our horses meanwhile were luxuriating in some patches of thick grass; and as the growth stretched to some distance, they required the watchful care of Mansour to prevent their wandering too far. It was pleasant to see how closely these companions in travel kept to each other, feeding side by side. At the end of two hours they stopped eating, and Mansour led them under the trees and fastened them close to our bivouac. At about three o'clock Lyon became anxious for our departure, we having a good three hours' ride to Jenin. I mounted at once, and we started. The Arabs always offer themselves in a kneeling posture as a lady's stepping-stone to her horse, but I could not make up my mind to consent to tread upon a fellow-creature, and always insisted that my horse should be led to a

bank or raised mound, and frequently a piece of rock would be near at hand, and served the purpose. The road skirted the plain. On the hill-side was a continued forest of olive-trees, and above, dwarf oak, arbutus, and hawthorn. At the far end of the valley the road turned off through a thicket of pomegranate bushes, and above us, on a rocky ridge, was the splendid site of Tirzah, poised like an eagle on a rock. The hill-side was terraced with vines, and on our other hand the pomegranate and its lovely scarlet blossoms hung in profuse bunches. It was a charming scene. Some peasants were at work below the rock, and stood to watch us pass by. Our party, however, was no novel sight, for an Austrian lady, similarly conducted, had ridden along this route only two days before, and we afterwards met her on Mount Carmel.

The olive grounds opened on a green vale, and passing under the castle of the rock, a magnificent view opened upon us. Before us lay the plains of Dothan, the pasture grounds of the sons of Jacob, where the act of treachery was perpetrated towards their brother. A little to the west we looked upon Dothan itself, where Elisha the prophet dwelt when the Assyrian army, under King Benhadad, marched against it, anxious to seize the foe. A large body of horsemen and chariots encircled the city; and there it was that Elisha reassured his servant by praying to the Lord, and the young man's eyes were opened, and "he saw, and behold the hill was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." (2 Kings vi. 8-23.)

The ancient caravan route, and that of the Ishmaelites, with Joseph as their captive, can be.

followed to Kefrhid, and thence down into the plain of Esdraelon. We now, after crossing the plain, passed the large village of Kirbatiyeh, situated amid olive groves, and at once dived down by one of the most rocky roads I had yet traversed, among continued olive woods, to a glen, of which the centre was a grassy bed, with terraced sides to the hill-top. This led us by several long windings and sharp curves into Jenin, the ravine at last opening in full view of the glorious setting sun, whose rays had long left us in the deep defile. It was fast sinking in a gorgeous sky, and, with almost to us a blinding light, flinging its last rays over a stretch of hill and dale, gilding the olive and orange groves of Jenin (or Engannin, the name signifying the "Fountain of the Gardens"), which stood out clearly defined in the foreground. Rapidly we passed on, anxious to gain our resting-place before the quickly failing light should leave us. We traversed some narrow and tortuous streets, amid what appeared, as usual, little more than hovels; but some of the houses were built of stone, and several assumed the dignity of a second storey. At last we turned into an open square, in the centre of which was a large reservoir of water, and found ourselves facing a very neat stone edifice. This was the house of the Turkish police-officer, and Lyon was preparing to knock, when a respectably-dressed native stepped forward and informed him that the Turkish officer and his force had been ordered off to some distance the day before. There was no alternative but to seek the house of the Arab who kept a room for travellers. This was soon found, my dragoman having been to it on former journeys.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRAY WITH THE ARAB MASTER — PLAIN OF ESDRAELON — JEZREEL — NAIN AND ENDOR — MOUNTAINS OF GILBOA — MOUNT TABOR — DEATH OF JORAM AT MEGIDDO — MOUNTAINS OF GALILEE — RIVER KISHON — MOUNTAIN PATH TO NAZARETH — FIRST VIEW OF CITY — LATIN CONVENT — SEND LETTERS — ENGLISH CHURCH — VISIT ORPHANAGE UNDER MISS ROSE — INVALID ENGLISH TRAVELLER — RIDE TO MOUNT TABOR — MISERABLE VILLAGE — CONVENT OF MOUNT TABOR — TIBERIAS AND SEA OF GALILEE — TRAPPIST CONVENT — ROAD RETURNING — METHOD OF TRAINING ARAB HORSES — CANA OF GALILEE — RIMEH — CONVENT AT NAZARETH.

I DISMOUNTED at the door of a small court, and was ushered up a flight of stone steps to a small room, which I was glad to observe was wholly separate from any other part of the building. A mattress was soon laid on the floor, and sheets were produced, but I declined their use; and spreading my own shawls and cloak over the bedding, Lyon now prepared my tea from my store. By the spirit-lamp which I always carried the water was boiled, and I felt quite refreshed by the strong cup of tea (a breakfast cup being part of my travelling apparatus), and with some biscuits completed my evening meal.

Looking to see that I had everything prepared for the night, Lyon went out to secure a basin and water for the morning, and shortly reappeared, bringing the brightest possible pewter basin, shining

like silver, and a large pitcher of water. All that remained to be done was to secure an unglazed aperture against the prying incursions of a cat which had made several intrusive attempts. On the other side was the latticed window of native houses, which gave air to the chamber. The evening was extremely close, and promised to become a very hot night. Giving the key of the door to Lyon, and desiring him to lock it on the outside and keep the key, I then prepared for rest by thoroughly undressing, notwithstanding the primitive accommodation, as one of the most refreshing means of procuring sleep. On one side of the lattice the window was only partly closed. It looked out upon one of the thoroughfares of the village, and I was soon attracted by the noise of children's voices below. Probably seeing the light from my wax candle (an unusual object), it may have caught their attention, and I heard stones thrown up. Knowing this was a place noted for its lawlessness, I at once knocked at my door, where I had heard the voices of both Lyon and Jalwan. This notice was speedily followed by a raid upon the children, and threats uttered, which soon put the little rabble to flight, and everything subsided into silence save the voices of my men, who remained all night on the steps at my door.

I could not sleep, the heat was so intense, reflected and refracted, as I could imagine, from the tiled roof to which the room was open. I watched the bright moon rising high in the sky, and it was only as her light faded that I got an hour or two of sleep.

I awoke at the first flush of dawn, and soon made my toilette, Lyon's voice outside my door

having already asked if he should prepare the tea. This was done whilst I folded up my shawls and cloak, and finished packing my leather toilette-case and carpet-bag. Whilst I drank my tea Lyon went down to see the horses prepared, and we were soon ready for the road—at least, I had mounted—and with Mansour, who was on his brother's horse and holding Lyon's, whilst Jalwan arranged my riding-cloak, I was only waiting for Lyon's appearance. He, I knew, was settling the payment with the Arab master, but instead of his appearing, we heard voices get louder and louder in the court, and evidently in dispute. I knew the tones were angry, though the words I did not understand. Not so Jalwan, who, at some high retort which reached our ears, drew the sword he wore in his belt, and rushed to the scene of action. I guessed what the matter in hand was, and desired Mansour to lead the way on our intended route. The boy immediately obeyed, and we had hardly gone a few steps before the whole party rushed frantically out—the Arab seizing one arm of Lyon, Jalwan clinging to the other, and followed by a very respectable looking Moslem, who was endeavouring apparently to moderate the fray. Lyon was gesticulating violently, and I found that they were, at the instance of the friendly Turk, proceeding to the magistracy of the town. I kept slowly ahead of them, and we passed two solemn-looking old men, seated on stone benches outside a house, and whom I guessed immediately to be the reverend judges. This was the fact, and the whole party stopped in front of the elders, and were surrounded in a very short space by at least thirty or forty fellahs.

The case did not last long, and I soon saw Lyon flying towards me, with Jalwan by his side, gesticulating in great triumph. The matter was soon explained. The Arab had been exorbitant in his charge, and Lyon had resisted; and eventually the sum which he offered had been pronounced just by the native magistrates, and the Arab was obliged to retire, scowling and discontented, and perhaps muttering vengeance. I was much pleased that Lyon had been proved in the right, and we quickly made our way out of the village and on to the open plain.

The sun had just risen above the mountains of Galilee when we paced along the green ride which seemed to cross the plain in one unbroken line, cut only by the rising ground at the spur of the mountains of Gilboa, and on which stood the famed city of Jezreel, for we were now on the plain of Esdraelon—often the battle-field of the kings of Israel.

I longed to put my horse to his speed on such a race-ground, but it was fifteen miles to the foot of the mountains of Galilee, on which stood Nazareth, our resting-place for the night, and it would take us quite two hours to climb the rocky path which led to the city. It therefore would not do to expend so much mettle in the earliest part of the day. We, however, kept at a very quick walk, and the freshness of the morning air felt doubly pleasant as we met the current from the mountain heights.

I saw not a human being. Some herons or storks —sacred birds here—marked the course of a small rushy stream which lay to our left. They were evidently seeking food along the water-course. The plain seemed but partially cultivated; crops of

water-melons, corn, and tobacco were divided by tracts of thistles grown to an enormous height, and other weeds. It seemed as if the very prolificness of the uncultivated tracts was a standing reproach to such neglect.

Various reasons are assigned for this; amongst others, the late disastrous famine having left the poor fellahs without seed to sow, and the harshness and severity of the Moslem Government, which levies tribute almost equal to the production of the land.

Towards the verge of the plain were some olive grounds, otherwise neither tree nor bush varied the monotony. We passed, towards the centre of the plain, a small rocky ravine, which broke the hitherto continuous green expanse; but with this exception scarcely any variation occurred till we came in view of the site of the city of Jezreel, and hardly any change was heard in the quick tramp of our horses' feet. As we drew near Jezreel, Lyon pointed out Nain and Endor, lying under the range of Gilboa, to our right. Mount Tabor, too, became a striking object, rising from the plain in an isolated position at the foot of the Galilean range.

As we approached Jezreel I remarked a sarcophagus of marble, finely sculptured, lying on the ground. The remains of tombs are still visible, but of the ancient city there is positively now not a sign. Its site seems to have been a conical hill, and on one side, and opposite to that by which we approached, the ground falls sharply into a hollow dell, where a fountain still exists, marking, it is probable, the site of Naboth's vineyard, as it lies on the ancient track of approach from the Jordan;

and it is written that Jehu, driving furiously up the long valley, met Joram and "slew him even in the portion of Naboth."

In the centre of a few miserable hovels are the remains of a Crusaders' castle, the tower of which, still standing, affords shelter to benighted travellers. It was scarcely possible to realise, in this forlorn spot, the site of the royal city where the wicked Jezebel met her death, followed by the massacre of all the king's sons.

Ahaziah, King of Judah, who had gone down to see Joram, on hearing of his friend's death, fled by the way of *Engaddin*, or the "*Fountain of the Garden*," it should be, and not *the Way* of the Garden. He took the road we had come across the plain, but finding himself mortally wounded by a chance arrow, he bade the driver of his chariot "turn his hand," and reaching Megiddo, there died. (2 Kings ix.)

Megiddo lies to the left, under Mount Carmel, and was passed afterwards on our road to Caiffa. Megiddo may perhaps have been in the mind of St. John, at Patmos, when he speaks of Armageddon, in Hebrew meaning city of Megiddo, and as, figuratively, the final place of conflict or of meeting between the hosts of good and evil. The river Kishon drains the plain of Megiddo, and flows through the pass westward to the plains of Akka and the Mediterranean.

Descending the dell, we passed the fountain, and continued in a straight track to the mountains of Galilee, the forms of which now became distinct, and I traced the various ravines and tracks, imagining which was the most likely path to Nazareth. Lyon soon, however, pointed out to me a portion

of the city, visible at a considerable altitude, and after nearly an hour and a half's ride we began the ascent. The sun blazed fiercely, and the reflection from the white rocks was almost painful. Still we clambered on, in some places the path being so encumbered with masses of rock as to be hardly visible. At last we gained a small plateau, and before us, at some distance, and divided by a deep dell, lay Nazareth, the home of our Lord's childhood. I think no place that I had looked upon in this *Holy* Land affected me more sensibly than the first sight of the mountain city, the scene of the early years of Divinity so marvellously spent on earth in subjection to human parents.

As we descended into the dell we came upon a quiet scene of enclosed pasture, such as might have greeted us on approaching an English village. From thence we passed by the usual encamping ground of travellers (an open green with olive-trees), and close at hand the city fountain, where many women and children were gathered, filling their pitchers at the flowing stream.

We passed on to the entrance of the town, and through rugged and uneven pathways at last reached the large open space on which stood the convent of the Latin fathers, where we expected to find shelter for this and the following day—Sunday.

I dismounted and ascended the steps, the porter of the convent civilly bringing me a chair, whilst he went to announce my arrival to the superior. The bursar soon made his appearance, and ushering me up a flight of steps, and into an airy vestibule, led the way to the third door in the row of dormitories, and begged me to enter.

The room was most cleanly and sufficiently furnished. Two beds, with mosquito curtains of white net, and a very straight-backed sofa, were the principal articles of furniture.

The father shortly reappeared, and asked me what refreshment I would take. I declined any, and said, truly, my great desire was to rest and recover, not so much from the fatigue, as the great glare and extreme heat of the last two hours.

Taking off my riding-cloak, and putting on my white dressing-gown, I lay down on one of the pleasant, cleanly-looking little beds.

I had given my letters to Lyon; one for Mrs. Zeller, the daughter of Bishop Gobat and wife of the Protestant minister here; one for Dr. Vartan, Superintendent of the Hospital under the London City Mission; and one for Miss Rose, Superintendent of the Orphanage under the Society for promoting Female Education in the East.

I had had thus about two hours' rest when the father again knocked at my door, and begged to know if I would not take some food. "Minestra Signora, un poco di minestra, si fa male non mangiar." Lyon's voice also joined chorus, and I accepted the offer. Throwing my large shawl over my shoulders, I opened the door, and ere long the monk appeared, bearing a very excellent basin of strong soup, which my pronouncing excellent seemed to give him the greatest pleasure.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Zeller was announced, and sat some time with me. She had hastened to call on receipt of my letter. Having heard from me all the recent news of her family, she took leave, engaging me to spend the following evening (Sunday) with them.

Miss Rose shortly after appeared, and I was delighted to make the acquaintance of such an agreeable person, and one so devoted to her work. Few, perhaps, are better fitted for it; and I felt at once a warm interest in all her plans and wishes for the welfare of the Institution. She begged me to pay her a visit ere I left, which I gladly acceded to, and we arranged that I was to breakfast with her on my return from Tiberias.

Sunday, 21*st*. I left the convent at half-past five, p.m., escorted by Lyon and Jalwan, for the Protestant minister's house. Mr. Zeller met me at the door, and conducted me to the upper court and sitting-room. It was quite an eastern abode. The vines grew in profusion on the terrace, and as we had crossed the entrance-court, Mr. Zeller's horse was standing tied up in the open air. The Arab horses are never stabled, save in winter. I gladly acquiesced in Mr. Zeller's wish to show me his church. It was a beautiful little model of an ecclesiastical building. The exterior was supported by buttresses, and it stood upon a terrace of rock overlooking the town, in a most commanding position. The apse, clustered columns, and stone roof, were all of the best and most solid workmanship; and a stone font had been presented to Mr. Zeller, which was shortly to be placed in the church, when the building was completed. It was hoped that the bishop would be able to come from Jerusalem, in the autumn, to dedicate the church. The sum of money necessary for this work had been principally collected by Mr. Zeller, among Swiss friends; and a great friend of his own (by profession an architect) had given him the plans, and at his

death left a further sum of money towards its expenses.

On returning to the house—the evening being too far advanced to visit the school-houses—I found Mrs. Zeller sitting in the drawing-room, and the time passed in agreeable conversation until supper was announced. Shortly after I took my leave, Mr. Zeller having an adult class every Sunday evening. I returned under the escort of my two attendants, Jalwan bearing a lantern, as is always the custom in the East.

On Monday morning I paid a visit to Miss Rose, and later in the day Dr. and Mrs. Vartan called. Shortly afterwards the superior of the convent, a remarkably fine-looking young man, was announced. I made inquiries for the invalid English traveller, who had been a fortnight under their care. The superior thought he would be able to proceed on his journey in another week. The medical attendant and brother of the convent was considered extremely clever, and had been very successful in the treatment of the patient.

I was sorry not to be able to see the Hospital of the London Mission, under Dr. Vartan, but I had to start at half-past four, p.m., for Mount Tabor, and I did not wish to be out previously under the midday sun.

At four o'clock the horses were ready, and shortly after we started for the convent on Mount Tabor, intending to remain the night, and to continue next day to Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, returning to Nazareth by Cana of Galilee.

The afternoon was charming when I started, attended by my two men, leaving Mansour at Naza-

reth, as the heat is always considered very trying when spending a day at the Sea of Galilee. It is situated in a deep hollow, and the whole force of the sun's rays seems to radiate there.

On leaving Nazareth we at once rode up over the hills to the left of the city, passing under the hospital and above the camping ground (for tents), which is close to the large fountain. Soon we came upon a breezy upland, and my horse shook his head in pure enjoyment of its freshness. Our path lay through a thicket of dwarf oak and other trees, the birds chanting their evening song. It was quite like the outlying land of some of our own forest scenery, and the air felt balmy and soft as a mid-summer's evening at home.

Descending into a deep dell, we rode along the lower part of it, seeking a path to cross the small deep torrent-bed which marked a winter water-course. I shortly saw Lyon's grey take a light leap across this obstacle, and putting my horse at the same place, I followed up the ascending path on the other side. In about half-an-hour we reached a native village. It struck me as one of the most degraded and miserable places I had ever seen. The women and children crept in and out of what appeared little better than wigwams. Fowls perched on the tops of these cabins, dogs barked at the entrances; the women with dishevelled hair, the children half naked, made up a sad picture in any country not given up to total barbarism.

The sun was getting low, so we pressed on through a zig-zag path which led, by a thicket of oaks and dwarf evergreens, up to the flat ground of the summit. It was quite three-quarters of an hour's

scramble, the path broken and often rocky; but we attained the summit at last, and passing under a ruined arch we arrived at the convent door. After ringing several times, Lyon dismounted, and at once entered the half-open door. He shortly returned with the porter, who appeared a jack-of-all-trades, for he had been weeding in the garden. We entered the large court. The dormitories of the brothers were ranged along the outer one, a large space being left at a wall for haltering up travellers' horses in the same place. The bursar now appeared, and conducting me across a small inner court, almost roofed by a trellis of vines, we entered the building, passing through an outer room and into a larger one, fitted up with the usual divan, provided with bolsters at intervals, and where a company of travellers, I concluded, were in the habit of being accommodated if necessary. But of this I did not stop to think, as I felt secure in being the first comer, and more than probably the *only* arrival at this advanced season.

The usual refreshment was offered, and I spent the last remains of daylight looking out upon the glorious view. The mountains of Gilboa, behind which the sun was setting, the range of Galilean hills and the plain below, bounded only by Mount Carmel and the line of the mountains of Philistia, all were seen in added beauty by the light of the fast descending sun, which ere long would quench its rays altogether in the "great sea."

I took advantage of the fast closing twilight to turn in at once to rest. For some considerable time I heard Lyon's voice in conversation with the bursar in the vestibule. These men seem to have the faculty

of doing without sleep, and this was another night of faithful watching for Lyon.

Tuesday, 23rd. I rose at the first dawn, and looking out, all the landscape seemed shrouded in a billowy mist. It reminded me of a dawn of day some years ago when on the Rigi.

The great source of hallowed memory on Mount Tabor is now swept away by careful commentators, for it is well ascertained that at the time of the Transfiguration Mount Tabor was a stronghold of the Romans. A spur of Hermon above Cæsarea Philippi is supposed, with great probability, to have been the more likely site of that glorious revelation.

On mounting our horses (after bidding farewell, with thanks, to the brethren) we rode along the plateau some little distance, and it appeared one mass of ruin. There had been a castle, most probably of the Crusaders' age, but all, whether Roman or of a later period, was a confused heap of stones and rubbish. The convent established is under the Latin fathers, but it is said that a Greek brotherhood is about to build here a house of reception. The convents are gaining ground throughout the land, so much so, that it is probable they will greatly change the mode of travelling from the present tent-life. It is certainly preferable for one or two persons, but at present could be hardly carried out for a larger party. The charge for a night's lodging is five francs, but perhaps four francs each might be fairly offered for more than one person. The dragomans arrange this, a sum being settled with them beforehand, to cover all expenses, and half of the money is paid on starting. I gave my dragoman about thirty shillings a day, which was considered a

liberal bargain. On one occasion he was at no expense, as I was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Eddy, the American missionary at Sidon, and remained the Sunday in their house. We had a lovely morning for our ride down Mount Tabor. The birds were chirping on every spray, and, as when we came up the evening before, we heard many a song of thrush and blackbird.

On descending upon the level ground we traversed some very pretty wooded scenery. One long dell with grassy wooded banks was especially home-like, and a group of young cattle grazing added to the picturesque scene. Some young lads were resting under the trees watching the cattle, their oriental dress and dark complexions alone reminding me we were not in Europe. Our ride now opened on a wilder tract. A hill-side, on which stood a formidable walled building, warned us we were on the old caravan track, and where black mail had been often levied. No one, however, was stirring about the building. Some women crossed our path, going to a well near at hand, but no other human being was in view. As we advanced beyond this part-khan part-castle, we came out upon a wide heathery mountain side, and moving at right angles with us we saw a large caravan of mules and camels on their road from Damascus to Jerusalem. Not long after a string of return mules, which had taken some travellers to Damascus, was greeted by Lyon, who recognised them as muleteers from Jerusalem.

We were now making for the crest of a hill, and the route became more rocky, but ere long we crossed the summit, and then saw the Sea of Galilee lying at our feet. Richly cultivated fields lay between us

and the lake, golden in hue with the rich treasures of the harvest. In some parts the peasants were loading their camels and driving them into the city, which now appeared nestled close down upon the shore. The walls in some parts were perfect, in others apparently in ruins, but they gave it notwithstanding an appearance of importance; and as we passed under the ancient gateway, I was surprised to find the city almost as much in ruins as the exterior appeared. Built of a dark stone, it has a gloomy, forbidding look, and did not realise the vision in my mind of the once elegant Roman city, the residence of Herod, who adorned it with a sumptuous palace and magnificent baths. On arriving at the convent, where we expected shelter for the noon, we found the building itself in a state of confusion, from the works going on. The brethren were Trappists, but the strict rule of the order was mitigated during the labour which was being carried on, and of which they themselves formed the workmen. After a little delay, in which they stated that the wing of their convent intended as a hospice for travellers was not yet finished, they were at last prevailed on to allow me to enter, and most hospitably entertained me in their refectory, with excellent soup and a mutton-stew. Afterwards Lyon got leave for my resting in a room in their still incomplete dormitories, where I had a couple of hours' rest. Feeling quite refreshed, I went out into the wide corridor, wishing, if possible, to get a view of the lake. At the end was a large bay window, but I could only see a wild and luxuriant garden below, within which were oleanders, pomegranates, geraniums, and all the rich flowers of the East in the greatest profusion. Overhead a trellis of

vines and a high wall obstructed much of the view of the water, but I could see, partly visible through the leafy hedge, the opposite shore of the lake, and there was a small portal evidently permitting an exit on the narrow pebbly beach.

The bursar at this moment appeared, and seeing my anxiety to catch a glimpse of the water, told me to follow him up to a high terrace on the roof of a part of the building, from whence the whole line of lake was visible. He pointed out Bethsaida, and still more on our left was Magdala and Capernaum. Opposite to us was the country of the Gergesenes. I was very anxious to have a row on the lake, and asked the father if there were any boats. He said, "None to hire, and the sea is not safe." There was at this moment a pleasant breeze rippling the water. I thought it possible the father might not be a judge of the feasibility of a row, and Lyon shortly appearing, I desired him to inquire if there was any boat to hire. The father in the mean time kindly led me down into the garden, and opening the postern gate, we stood upon the shore—even on the margin of those waters which our Lord had trod with His feet, and upon the shore where, after His resurrection, a voice was heard by the disciples to say, "Children, have ye any meat?"

Alas! how little is that meat sought which perisheth *not;* and how instant must be the prayer to keep the mind fixed on that risen Saviour. The old monk stood silent by my side while these thoughts, chasing through my mind, left me without remembrance but of the waters before me. The very waves that had been trodden by His feet were now rippling on the pebbles in front of me. A boat, in which a party of

fishermen had just entered, and had been loosing their sail, now glided past us. Another boat, crowded with persons, prepared to cross to the other side. Such was the daily scene in the time of our Lord. Men remain the same, but may we not hope a wide world has received His Gospel, and now eats of "the meat that perisheth not."

Lyon returned and assured me he had made every inquiry, but there were only the two boats I had just seen belonging to the whole town. Fishery there was none. The Moslem tribute was so heavy upon every net drawn or fish taken, that the trade was crushed, though the lake swarmed with fish. This fact was afterwards confirmed at Beyrout, where hardly any fish is to be had, as it is not worth the expense incurred of impost to the government. Strange, indeed, is such short-sighted policy!

Lyon was now anxious for our departure. The sun was beginning its downward course, so at somewhat before four o'clock we had again mounted our horses; and, with thanks to the fathers, I followed through the city gate, and out upon the hill-side, taking the road back by Cana of Galilee.

We had a succession of hill and dale and mountain road, here and there a village; and coming at last to one of those steep, rugged ascents, which resembles a wide and broken staircase, interspersed with great boulder-stones, I met with an example of how the natives break in their horses to these apparently impassable roads. A young lad, perhaps about fourteen years of age, came picking his way down, mounted on a fine young colt, certainly not more than two years old. I had before frequently met during my ride through the country a Bedouin

or Arab on his mare, with her foal following. On another occasion a man was leading a colt, shy and skittish, but which he persevered in making follow him, holding the halter loosely; and, thirdly, on a most intricate and rocky path, I met a young man bounding down the rugged descent, followed by a young horse, who was obliged to find safe footing, and quickly, to keep pace with his young master. After this schooling, I conclude the young animal is mounted, and carefully ridden by a light weight, as we had just seen, and thus becomes thoroughly acquainted with the paths he will have to traverse.

In about three hours we reached an abrupt hillside, and as we rode along the flat ground beneath, Lyon pointed out above us the ancient village of Cana of Galilee—the site of our Lord's first miracle. Every part of the road now gained in interest, for it was the ancient and direct route from Nazareth. The country became more wooded, and there were pretty dells and mossy banks—the very ground for childhood's most enjoyable haunts; and doubtless many must have been the visits of social intercourse paid by the Nazarene family in the course of their youth, prior to the memorable day commemorating the first miracle in our Lord's solemn mission.

The character of the country around Nazareth is very beautiful. The hills are wooded, and sink down in graceful slopes to broad winding valleys of the richest green. The outlines are varied, the colouring soft, and the whole landscape is characterised by picturesque luxuriance. Nazareth itself is surrounded by rocky summits, and the blessings promised to the three tribes of Zebulun, Asher, and Naphtali, who were here allotted their inheritance,

seem to be inscribed on the features of nature in all its surroundings.

The name of Galilee, which was in Roman times applied to this country, appears to have been confined originally to a small circle—(the word "Galil" signifying a circle or circuit). It lay round Kedesh (Josh. xx. 7; 1 Kings ix. 11), in which were the twenty cities given by Solomon to Hiram, King of Tyre, for his assistance in conveying cedars from Lebanon for building the Temple, then in course of erection. This circuit, having been colonised by strangers, was subsequently called Galilee of the Gentiles. (Isa. ix. 1; Matt. iv. 15.)

Our way now led through a large and extremely pretty village, called Reineh. It is situated on a low hill or *tell*, amid fig groves and prickly pears, and rich underwood of all kinds encircles it. In the midst is a large tank. The population seemed superior in dress and manner, and much better in circumstances, than the generality of those we had seen. Many pretty groups of women and children were apparently resting after the day's toil, and enjoying the evening air. The road, which was little more than a grass ride, now ascended to a higher plateau, and we passed many a pretty briary brake and flowery bank, and at last entered Nazareth, and arrived at the convent about eight o'clock p.m. The old bursar greeted us with a hearty welcome, and added he had been some time looking for our arrival. Mansour, too, was in waiting at the foot of the steps, and his face was bright and happy as I gave the rein of *Passe-partout* into his hand.

I asked the monk for the invalid stranger, to whom I had paid a visit on his being able to move into the

reception-room. Mr. C. D. had then given me an account of his Sinai journey, after a winter on the Nile, which was the second time he had made the expedition. It had brought on a severe illness, but he had recovered sufficiently on reaching Jerusalem to continue his journey here. Again, however, health failed, and after nearly three weeks' detention, he was now permitted to make his way on a litter to Akka, there to meet the steamer for Constantinople on his way home.

CHAPTER XVII.

ORPHANAGE HOUSE UNDER THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST—LEAVE NAZARETH—FORD OF THE KISHON—APPROACH TO CAIFFA — THE FRATERNITY OF "THE TEMPLE"—LOVELY VIEW FROM HOTEL — BEAUTY OF THE SHORE — CONVENT, MOUNT CARMEL — INSTITUTION AND HOUSES OF FRATERNITY OF THE TEMPLE—DEACONESSES OF KAISERWERTH — SCHOOL AND ORPHANAGE — LEAVE CAIFFA — BAY OF ACRE — RIVERS KISHON AND BELUS—AKKA—CONVENT—NATIVES — MARKET-PLACE—FINE BAY—AQUEDUCT—ALEXANDER'S TENT OR STAGE — TYRE — HIRAM'S TOMB —LADDER OF TYRE — SAREPTA — SIDON — ROMAN ROAD — MILESTONES.

THE next morning (Wednesday, 24th) I went, by appointment, to breakfast with Miss Rose, at eight o'clock.

The Orphanage, under the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, is daily augmenting in numbers, and is utterly incapable of being made suitable to the wants of such an institution. It is a native house, and situated very inconveniently. There are now efforts, I am glad to say, being made by the Committee, to build such an edifice as would be fitting the locality—already provided with a good hospital and a church of striking appearance. I was first shown the dormitories and the rooms of Miss R. and her assistant-teacher, and then prayers were read, and we assembled for breakfast in the school-room, with the young girls, who all looked bright and healthy.

At nine o'clock I parted from Miss R., laden with many kind little remembrances, in the way of the beautiful wild flowers of the neighbourhood, and many earnest wishes for a safe and pleasant journey to Beyrout; and, mounting my faithful steed, we took the road to Caiffa. Winding over the hills of Nazareth, we came down into a wide and luxuriant valley, and after crossing a more open country, found ourselves upon the plain of Esdraelon, not far from Megiddo and the waters of Kishon; which river, running under the range of Carmel, has here a tributary, that overflows its banks and creates a marshy ground, through which we were obliged to pick our way, over swamps for some little distance. Entering a forest of evergreen oaks and other trees, we found the road, in many places, winding through deep ravines, and then again ascending open uplands. The scenery was that of many an outskirt of a forest in England, with openings into woodland tracks. The road was sandy, and the trees growing in quaint forms, and the mossy banks, with shade overhead, invited the noonday traveller to rest awhile. Ere long the blue line of the Mediterranean was seen at intervals through the woodland vistas. Carmel's heights towered above our heads, for the valley began now to decrease in width, and we shortly reached the ford of the Kishon. Very dangerous are the winter currents of this river, but now the banks were fully twenty feet deep, and the stream ran in many places over a rocky bed, visible to the eye. We descended by a broken path to the edge of the water, and prepared to ford it. Lyon at once pushed his horse into the stream, and I followed, with Jalwan close

at hand. The morning had been hot, and the only fear was of the horses being tempted to lay down in the stream. Jalwan's white horse, so like the representation of Death's *pale horse*, it being perfectly milk-white, with black shading round its eyes, showed some disposition to refresh himself in this manner, but a smart application of the end of the halter, with which his master always rode, without a bridle, effectually prevented this, and we got across without misadventure. Mansour had gone higher up, and by means of a bridge of rocks, many of which were visible above water, sprung from one to the other, and bare-footed, carrying his shoes in his hands, gained safely the other side. We had now to cross an old wooden bridge, which spanned a back-water of the river, and was made for the convenience of the caravans. The planks were most uneven, and the bridge both wide and long, but our horses fearlessly paced across it.

The path continued to skirt Mount Carmel for some miles, and the Mediterranean opened more and more to view; and after crossing one of the low spurs of the mountain, we came upon a commanding view of Kaifa, or Caiffa, a lovely oriental landscape, rich in palm-trees, oleanders, pomegranates, prickly pears, gardens of water-melons, cucumbers, and maize, with the blue line of "*the sea*" forming the background to this beautiful picture. Amid the rich foliage were seen the picturesque buildings of the town, and gaining the shore, we rode through a long approach of hedges of prickly pear and cactus, and at last turned into the grounds of the German colony, calling itself the Fraternity of the Temple, and rode up to the

hotel, where I alighted. The master immediately appeared, and ushered me into the great dining-hall. The midday meal was not long over, and much confusion, with glasses and beer jugs on the table, yet remained; but my appearance was unexpected, and as soon as a room was prepared I was ushered upstairs, into a large and airy apartment, with windows commanding a view on all sides. Travellers in general resort to the splendid convent on Mount Carmel, but it had been my wish to visit this singular body of emigrants, of which there had been some members settled in Jerusalem, and working at useful trades. A pamphlet had also been put into my hands, setting forth their views, which seemed to resolve themselves into a material representation of the mystical temple as a social body, working together for mutual help, and a regeneration of those around them, and thus representing *living stones* of a material form of worship.

The body corporate is composed of every trade and profession. Land was bought, and houses erected. The land was now under cultivation, to the amount of some hundreds of acres. Crops had been grown with every success, and more land was required.

The fraternity included a minister, engineer, carpenters, stone-masons, farmers, labourers, &c., and all men of no ordinary capacity and steadiness.

Ill health, at first, was a great drawback, and arose principally from want of attention to a climate so novel to many; but the minister told me that since he had carried out the strict rule of labour not being allowed in midday hours, during the hot months, that they had not had an instance of

fever. Probably an indiscriminate system of bathing in the highly saline waters of the Mediterranean, might have been a past cause of feverish attacks, as good bathing places for both women and men had been early provided and used, probably, too freely.

The pastor, M. Hartegg, was now occupied in forwarding the building of a collegiate school, where a more advanced class of education would be open to those desirous of attaining to professions. All were workers in this community, and I only heard of one member as a man of independent means, who had built a very nice residence within the group of the little society. All the rest were of a commodious, useful character, and with the pretty planted avenues of approach, and central position of church, minister's residence, and schools, formed a pleasing picture of harmonious usefulness.

As their plans developed, the Arab population looked on in wonder. The German waggons, drawn by two horses abreast in shafts, were a constant subject of curiosity, and were now seen passing frequently with the hay crop. A large olive ground had been included in the land purchase, but at present gave little return, having been totally neglected, and many of the trees having died for want of culture.

I had seen my room, and an excellent dinner had been brought me, after which I arranged with the master of the hotel that he would ascertain at what hour next morning I could see the schools. This done, I took a walk on the shore, and then returned and sat down to admire the view from my windows. Mount Carmel's bold promontory; the

sea, tossing its then but tiny breakers on a small rocky landing-place, half hidden by palm-trees; the shore fringed with oleanders in full bloom; the busy workers in the hay-fields, which lay before me at the mountain foot; and later, the landscape, lighted up by the moon, shining as a lamp in the sky; all was an entrancing subject for contemplation; and it was only as the last waggon left the fields that I could prevail on myself also to seek repose; and nothing at last was heard but the occasional stamp of our horses' feet, tied up as usual against the wall of the house, and left with the faithful Mansour asleep by their side.

At ten o'clock I had breakfasted, and started on *Passe-partout* for the convent of Mount Carmel, Lyon preceding me. It is a steep and rugged path of approach, but a fine position in which the convent stands. The bursar civilly invited me to enter, but Lyon explained that I had remained, by my express wish, at the hotel below. The site of the sacrifice of Elijah is supposed to have been on the verge of the promontory overlooking the plain of Esdraelon, and which is favoured by the fact of the prophets of Baal having been slain at the brook Kishon, which flows immediately below.

The convent has a fine church and walled gardens, which appeared well stored with vegetables and fruit. Whilst riding round the precincts, we met the Austrian lady who had preceded us in our journey down the Land. She was purposing to spend some days at the convent, and spoke highly of the comforts of the building, in which all travellers concur.

On returning, it was near the hour when I was

to meet the Pastor H. and see the schools, but first I was requested to look in upon some of the dwellings, and in the engineer I found a man of most superior ability. He told me he had received orders from the Turkish Government to prepare plans for a more commodious landing-place for boats from the steamers. The merchants of Beyrout entertained an idea of making a road from this part of the shore to the Plain of Esdraelon. The collegiate building was at present the chief occupation in their own society, and the day-school was augmenting in numbers, though the Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth had also a well-attended school and large orphanage. I afterwards visited the shoemaker's and stone-mason's dwellings, all on the same plan of comfort and airy rooms. The wives were busy restoring their kitchens to order after the mid-day meal, and the children were preparing for school, which in the afternoon commenced at three o'clock, but had been made earlier, with the wish that I should see some of the scholars. Mr. H. shortly appeared, and with him I went to the schools. The building was large and well ventilated. At present, as the gathering is small, the girls and boys are educated in the same classes, which is a custom prevailing in Germany. They appeared intelligent and bright-looking children, comfortably dressed in cleanly apparel. The writing, work, and hymn singing was duly exhibited, and thanking the officials for their kindness, I followed Mr. H. to his private residence, where he was very anxious I should partake of coffee. Mrs. H. shortly appeared, a woman of very superior demeanour, and we had been accompanied from the schools by Mr. H.'s daughter, who was wife to the young professor of French. The

engineer, also, and some others were invited to join the party.

I had an opportunity of asking Mr. H. what form of religious observance was their rule, and he told me that he held a Lutheran service every Sunday, and that it was the community to which they belonged. This confirmed me in the idea I had formed that the mysterious title of the Temple was taken as a bond of union rather than as the name of any distinct religious sect.

Taking leave of these worthy people, I mounted *Passe-partout*, and started at three o'clock for Akka, the pastor assuring me we should find the Kishon, which we had to cross in the bay, quite fordable at its mouth, though often, after rain, the passage is difficult on its entrance into the sea.

The ride lay round the Bay of Acre. The sands so level and bright, and the waves washing the horses' feet, made it most exhilarating, and we passed the Kishon without difficulty under the guidance of Jalwan, who was familiar with the ford at all seasons; and before entering the town we forded another smaller river, the *Belus* of the Greeks, and remarkable as being the place where glass was first made. Akka is picturesque and commanding in its appearance, and was at one time a fortified city of some strength. The cathedral and convents are of the Crusaders' age. After passing through some narrow streets we gained the Latin convent. It is singularly situated, the lower part of the immense square it formed being the great caravanserai of the city. I alighted at the bottom of a steep flight of steps, which led to a terrace that ran round two sides of the square, and was met at the door of entrance to the convent by

the bursar. He immediately ushered me into a gallery opening by arcades on an inner court, and showed me into a sitting room, which appeared divided from an inner room by a partition, partly curtain partly screen. He informed me a lady was already the occupier of their best room. Would I share it with her, or prefer a small one to myself? The latter was my unhesitating choice, though he opened the curtain and exhibited a very comfortably furnished apartment, with two beds and a large bay window, shaded by a trellis of vines, with writing-table standing in it. I, however, was well content with a small cell with good bed, and all I could require for the night.

At five o'clock next morning coffee was brought into the sitting room, and I, soon after, left the convent. The scene was highly picturesque and amusing as I looked down from the terrace upon the square beneath. Groups of horses were standing prepared for their riders, or being saddled, and a number of camels and mules at the tank, assuaging their thirst before starting on their respective journeys, their owners going to and fro in the hurry of departure.

I had some minutes to amuse myself with this busy scene, as Jalwan's horse had not returned from the blacksmith's, which detained us a short time. Mounted, we sallied forth, and passed a large square surrounded by fortifications and towers. It was the market-place, and groups of donkeys were standing laden with fruit, and some with the firewood cut from the low brushwood on the shore. Milk also was carried in jars by women, and from greater distances was brought on donkeys in paniers, made for the

purpose of holding on each side two jars, the herds of goats always remaining on pastures at some miles distance. We passed out at the gate, and had again a fine sand to ride upon for some distance. The colouring of the sea, and its varied changes of foam and spray and billow, to dark blue water, which is always so fascinating to watch, was peculiarly remarkable. My horse was fearless of waves, and let me guide him close to the swelling tide, which every now and then washed up in long eddies over his fetlocks, and sometimes even came up knee-deep. We soon opened upon a rich plain, and crossed by an aqueduct which reminded me of the campagna around Rome. It was the work of a Pasha, called El-Jezzar, *the Butcher*, and is the sole redeeming point in a life spent in most savage tyranny. Living at the close of the seventeenth century, it was during his rule that Akka was besieged by Napoleon in 1799, and the siege raised by Sir Sydney Smith.

The road passes under one of the arches of the aqueduct, and we reached a small hamlet embowered in orange and fig groves. A country house, built by a late Pasha of Akka, is seen in the midst. A bold promontory stretching into the sea obliged us to ascend by what is called the Ladder of Tyre, no longer a path to be dreaded, for it is guarded by a parapet wall, and made a road of sufficient width, and, though very steep, and at once crossing by the face of the hill, it is practicable. A lately appointed Pasha nearly lost his favourite wife here. She, by some means, got too near the edge, then not guarded, and her horse slipping, had almost cost her her life. The road was immediately widened, and the bank raised against the precipice, and now common care

is only requisite in the ascent and descent of the Tyrian Ladder. It is the southern pass into Phœnicia proper, and the boundary between it and the Holy Land. Passing a Roman bridge, we entered upon a narrow plain, and found a noon-day shelter in an olive ground at hand, with a stream running down before it to the sea. Here I decided to dismount and rest during the mid-day hours.

We were in view of the sea. The shore was rocky, and the waves rose in white surf with an undulating motion below the heather-covered foreground. A steamer was making her way on the horizon; little else was visible. We had passed several swarms of locusts, some very small, but all clinging to each other on the ground or low bushes, which are kept dwarfed by being cut for firewood; and all the swarms were making their way, we gladly observed, to the sea. On resuming our route, we continued to traverse the plain, but keeping near the shore. The mountain range beyond showed cultivation and terraced ground around them. We were nearing the Alba Promontory —a white chalky range, projecting into the sea, to which it presents a perpendicular cliff. A winding path hewn in the rock, with ranges of steps which were much worn, form the ascent, and then a long gallery cut into the cliff, which hung over the waves dashing below, led us to a descent on the other side. It took us half an hour to cross this singular and dangerous looking pass; but the Arab horses tread it in perfect safety, and a parapet wall of about three feet high gives a feeling of security.

Descending into a plain, we arrived at a small cluster of houses, where there is a rural restaurant used by the caravans and muleteers. Not far from

this spot was the fort called *Mutatio Alexandroschene* (Alexander's Tent, or Stage), perhaps so called from some tradition that the Macedonian encamped here. It was evidently a fortification to guard the northern side. We now had a ride of an hour to Ras-el-Ain —the Fountain's Head. There are some remarkable reservoirs of springs here, marking the site of old Tyre, *Palætyrus*, and an aqueduct runs in the direction of the mountains. Another hour's ride over the plain, and we reached the Gate of Tyre, and, as we approached, crossed the low, sandy isthmus, the remains of Alexander's Causeway, and converting what was once an island into a peninsula.

Walls, houses, all present a ruinous aspect, in singular contrast to the splendid foliage of the gardens amid the houses, and in which is seen the palm-tree and the *Pride of India*, luxuriant and beautiful in growth.

We rode at once to the convent, and arriving at a small door in a high wall, were admitted into an outer court, and thence, crossing a smaller one, reached the dwelling-house. The court was in confusion from building being carried on, a wing being added for travellers. An old monk came forward, and, tucking up his robe, bustled about to prepare the room into which I had been shown. It was large, and had, as usual, two beds. Beside the one nearest the wall, was a most mysterious-looking curtain and recess. Over-head were rafters, and pendent from them fishing-tackle, bee-hives thrust up on their ledges, garden tools, and many other items stowed away in the first bustle of their arrival. A large wooden cabinet occupied one side of the

room; the floor was tiled, and one window, barred with iron, looked into a walled ground, which probably had been a garden, but was now a mass of weeds and rank grass. The iron bars were far apart, and I could see the blue sky and last rays of the sun gilding the grey wall opposite. The other side of the room had two large windows, closed with jalousies, and necessarily so, for they looked on the court. The door of the apartment was under an alcove, which led to a range of other rooms. The old monk—the only person we had seen, except a native boy—now brought in my dinner of minestra, and a dish of boiled meat and vegetables. He afterwards told me the superior would like to pay his respects to me, finding I understood Italian. I signified I should be happy to receive his visit, and he shortly appeared, a powerful, stout, and quite young man. Sitting down, he entered into conversation, and told me he was just arrived from Rome; that this conventual house contained no brethren, and that they were building a hospice for the reception of travellers. I thanked him for the hospitality offered to myself, and he shortly withdrew. The inhabited rooms of the convent were in an upper gallery, and whence I have no doubt there was a good view of the harbour and shipping. The old monk now reappeared with sheets and pillow—the latter he put on as handily as a professed housemaid; and having smoothed the sheets and arranged the coverlid, hoped it would be to my liking. Lyon came now to ask if I had all I required, and on his leaving, I locked the door, and enjoyed undisturbed repose till the usual hour of four o'clock a.m.—a signal for me

to rise—and by five o'clock we were again on the road to Sidon, our next halting-place, the good monk having had coffee and bread prepared by the earliest moment required. Leaving the convent, we quickly threaded the streets, and *Passe-partout* had soon carried me out on to the grassy plain—so fresh and pleasant to tread in the morning air.

We met enormous flocks of goats and black sheep as we passed along; and on looking back upon the ancient city we had just left, her overthrow seemed complete. Fishermen dry their nets on her ruins, and modern cities have made her a quarry for their own erection. Beyrout and the modern Akka have alike preyed upon her for material. "What city is indeed like Tyrus, the destroyed in the midst of the sea." (Ezek. xxvi.) There is a tomb in the hill-side east of the town—an immense sarcophagus of lime-stone, hewn out of a single block, twelve feet long by eight wide and six high. Tradition, in all classes and sects, receives this monument as the tomb of Hiram, the friend of Solomon. It was only first noticed in 1833, when Monro visited and described it.

We cannot traverse this plain farther without noticing the wide-world celebrity of its ancient inhabitants, the Phœnicians, descendants of Cain, and the foster-fathers of all that sculpture, architecture, and various works of civilisation have done for modern ages. It was Cain who, with his children, formed the first idea of social life in cities, and drew upon all that was beautiful in nature to embellish their temples and abodes. It was he also who, in his great descendant, Tubal Cain, first practised all the cunning arts in metals and other materials. From

his descendants Solomon selected Hiram, King of Tyre, to procure him cedar-wood, and to furnish him with the various artificers to carry out a work, of which the plan had been given by Divine inspiration, when it was permitted man "to build an house for the Lord." In modern times, even at this moment, we revert to Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans for our laws regulating the symmetrical and beautiful. The two former were Phœnician colonies, the latter, the close imitators of their predecessors.

In Cain's descendants we have, in the examples of their temples, an attempt to realise in imperishable material the worship of the groves. The forest glade, with its towering shade, was the germ of our most magnificent *idea* in church architecture, "the Gothic aisle"—but this, like all man's thoughts, has been made an abuse of the high original source; and we would do well to remember in these days the words of Hosea (viii. 14), "For Israel has *forgotten* his Maker, and builded *temples*."

The Trojan war dates back to the time of David, and thus places the great era of classical hero worship in the earliest times of the people of God, and of their being permitted to establish themselves in the land of Canaan. In half-an-hour from the Gate of Tyre (I quote Murray) is a medicinal spring, much valued by the natives. Passing an old ruined khan, we come to a river—Nahr el Kasimiyeh, the third river in Syria, ranking after the Orontes and the Jordan. It rises near Baalbec, breaks through the Lebanon by a wild and picturesque glen, and falls here into the sea. The upper part of it, on the Bukaá, is called the *Litany;* the lower, El Kasimiyeh, *The Divider*, and derived from the fact

of its dividing the territories of Safed and Sidon. It is probably the Leontes of ancient geographers, and Lanteh, or Litany, is an Arabic form of Leontes. The stream is large and rapid, and crossed by a modern bridge, having a single arch with a span of about twenty feet. Passing some ruins, in one hour and a half we came to the site of Sarepta, the widow woman's residence. The modern village of Surafend is higher up the hills. A solitary wely, near the shore, is dedicated to El Khudr, the Arab name of St. George. It was here the ancient town of *Z*arepath was situated. Our Lord alludes to this place by its Greek and more familiar name of Sarepta. (Luke iv. 26.) The circumstances as related in 1 Kings xvii. 24 may be realised to this day. On the shore, the native population may be seen gathering their scanty firewood, and preparing the meal for cakes on the hearth is the occupation of every woman. In the thirteenth century, the inhabitants of the plain, escaping from its insecurity, ascended the mountain side, and built new houses, giving them their old name in the Arabic form of Surafend. It was then the Moslem rule had rendered the country a desert. This spot was famed for its wines in the time of the Crusades. We now got our first view of Sidon in the far distance, embosomed in gardens, and I prepared for my noon-day rest. We pitched our bivouac near a copious fountain, called Ain-el-Kanterah, and where there was a grateful shade of fig and walnut-trees—found only at intervals in this now neglected plain. A small *hedge-café* existed here, for the benefit of the muleteers, and Lyon prepared me an excellent dish of vermicelli, which

I had directed him to procure in Tyre, and with some Liebig's soup as a gravy, it made a very palatable change in my usual luncheon. We had three hours' ride to bring us to Sidon, and started at three o'clock, passing Nahr-ez-Taherâny—"the Flowery Stream," and well it deserves the epithet. Both it and the beds of two winter torrents were one mass of oleanders, now in flower. I longed to transport some of the masses of bloom to England, where we guard the shrub with such tenderness and care, whilst here it waves its heads of blossom on high with every breeze, and seems to revel in the rough, shingly bank along which the winter torrent rushes.

Parts of the old Roman highway are now seen, most painful to travel, and I gladly left it for the way-side track; but its mile-stones may be traced, one bearing the name of Septimus Severus and his son Marcus Aurelius-Antoninus, better known as Caracalla. At intervals there are portions yet to be found of the broken-up asphalte surface, which formed the smooth level track for the rapidly driven chariots.

As we draw near to Sidon, the plain becomes enclosed, and at last we find ourselves between hedgerows, and on either side gardens and orchards.

Threading the narrow streets quickly, we entered a large and busy square, and, among many gazers, stopped at the door of the convent, an immense building. There was a long flight of steps, and perhaps beyond long galleries to traverse. I therefore directed Lyon to ascend and announce my arrival, and request shelter. After some time he returned. Objections had been made on finding I

was not a Roman Catholic (the first time the question had been asked), and also from my being *alone*. I at once turned my horse's head, and desired Lyon to show me the way to the school-house of the Society for promoting Female Education in the East, for the Superintendent of which I had a letter. We were not long in arriving, and Lyon at once went in to present the letter. Miss Jacombs immediately came down to the door, and with most friendly welcome invited me in. She told me, on entering her apartments, that she had directly sent over to the American missionary's wife, Mrs. Eddy, and expected to hear from her immediately. The reply was not long in coming, and I was requested at once to go over to the missionary house, and consider myself the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eddy throughout the following day (Sunday), and rest until Monday morning, when I purposed going on to Beyrout.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. AND MRS. EDDY'S KIND RECEPTION — SUNDAY SERVICE — CHURCH BUILT BY THE EXCELLENT MR. T. OF GLASGOW — PRESBYTERIAN SERVICE—BIBLE LESSON IN THE SCHOOL—ANCIENT HISTORY OF SIDON — STONES — CONVENT OF MAR ELIAS — ABODE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE — TERMINATION OF PLAIN — LEBANON RANGE — NEW BRIDGE—GROUPS OF NATIVES—PINE FOREST, PROTECTION AGAINST THE SAND, PLANTED BY MAHOMED PASHA — BEIRUT ANDREA'S HOTEL—THE QUAY—AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR—DESERTER SEIZED—EVENING AT NORMAL INSTITUTION—RIDE TO SHEMLAN—ORPHANAGE HOUSE—ROOFS OF LEAD—MRS. W.—INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL—SALEEBY COLLEGE—SOOK—DR. AND MRS. P. LEAVE SHEMLAN FOR ZACHLEH.

MRS. EDDY'S reception was most kind. She was expecting her husband down from the mountains every moment. At this time of year the greater part of the week was spent in his duties as professor at the American missionary station, in the hill country, whither his family was about ere long to follow him. At present he returned on Saturday for Sunday services, till the school broke up, of which Miss Jacombs was the head-mistress.

Sunday was spent most pleasantly and profitably with these excellent people. In the morning I accompanied them to the pretty church built for the congregation by the excellent Mr. T. of Glasgow. The service was Presbyterian, and in Arabic, and though I was unable to understand the language, it was pleasant to me to see the quiet and serious manner

of those gathered there. The girls in the school, attended by the teachers, formed a pleasing group; and as we entered the court in front of the church, which was prettily shaded by trees, with a garden around it, there were a few aged pensioners in native dress, who saluted Mr. and Mrs. E. with the greatest respect and affection. The congregation might have amounted to perhaps thirty, irrespective of the school attendance. The building is in an ecclesiastical style, and is a handsome stone edifice. We had prayers at home in the afternoon, and at six o'clock Mr. E. went for the performance of the evening service, and on his return we repaired to the school, that I might hear the Bible lesson. The replies of the children were given unhesitatingly, and they were a very interesting group. Mr. E. is a most devoted man to the cause he labours in. When the excellent Mrs. Bowen Thompson first attempted the establishment of schools for natives, she considered it due to the priority of the Americans in the good work that no interference should be made with the Presbyterian form already established, and this wise regulation has brought its fruits in perfect harmony between the workers of the respective nationalities.

I found Mr. and Mrs. E. had a daughter educating at the institute in Beyrout, now under the superintendence of Mrs. Mott, the sister of Mrs. B. Thompson, and I looked forward to bearing tidings to the young girl of her parents' welfare.

Monday, 29th. At eight o'clock I left Sidon, taking an affectionate farewell of my hospitable hosts and the excellent Miss J. Passing through some of the lovely environs of Sidon, we came upon gardens and orchards covering the plain to the very foot of

the mountains, and abundantly watered by canals from various streams of the Lebanon. Oranges, lemons, figs, plums, peaches, apricots, almonds, pears, pomegranates, and bananas, all grew luxuriantly, and made a forest of gorgeous tinted foliage.

Some tombs are seen on the hill side, but all rifled. One (that of the royal Ashmanezer) has a Phœnician inscription of twenty-two words, part of it deprecating any future violation of his sepulchre. How useless! This monument is now in the Museum of the Louvre. It also enumerates the temples he built in Sidon and elsewhere to Astarte and Baal, and mentions the cities of Dan and Joppa, and the corn lands of Dan as belonging to Sidon. The age has been variously estimated from the eleventh to the fourth century B.C. Gold coins have also been found of the time of Alexander of Macedon and of Philip his father. Sidon is not only the most ancient city of Phœnicia, but one of the oldest in the world, being mentioned in the Book of Genesis with Gaza and Sodom and Gomorrah, and founded by Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan and grandson of Noah. (Gen. x. 15.)

When the Israelites entered Canaan it had already become famous, for Joshua calls it *Great* Sidon. (xix. 28.) Neither the fame of its skill in art, nor the power of its arms, was confined to Syria, as we learn from Homer, who celebrates it in the Iliad. As early as the Trojan war the Sidonian mariners had provoked the enmity of the Trojans, who in revenge carried off from Sidon certain gorgeous robes, the work of its daughters. One of Sidon's first colonies was Tyre, which Isaiah calls its *daughter*, and these two divided the empire of the seas for many

ages. Shalmaneser conquered it B.C. 720, and when it revolted against the Persians (B.C. 350), it was again captured and destroyed by Artaxerxes-Ochus.

It opened its gates without a struggle to Alexander the Great, and subsequently submitted to the Ptolemys and the Seleucidæ, as each in turn became ascendant. It was captured by King Baldwin in 1111, and finally abandoned by the Crusaders in 1291. It was not till the seventeenth century that it revived and attained a comparative prosperity. The Emir Fakhr el-Din having got possession of all the towns along the coast, infused new life into them. He erected a spacious palace at Sidon for himself, and also the large khan, which was afterwards occupied by French merchants, though fear or prudence led him to fill up the port. *Saida* or *Zidon* was at this time regarded as the port of Damascus, but the trade of the latter as yet went more to Aleppo, and turned westward to Beyrout at a later period.

Jezza Pasha, in 1791, drove the French out of Saida, and since then its little trade has been chiefly in the hands of natives. Of late years the port of Beyrout has become the great entrepôt of commerce, in consequence of the direct road made to Damascus by the French in 1840. Silk and fruit are the staple commodities of Saida. The latter is unsurpassed by any other part of Syria. In the city are six *Great Khans*, called by the Arabs Wakkâleh, quadrangular structures, with courts in the centre, and ranges of cell-like chambers to serve as stores and lodgings for merchants. Above in the mountains is the convent of *Mar Elias*, where Lady Hester Stanhope ended her singular life. It is close to the little village of Jûn. There is a route up the wild glen of the Bost-

renus, where is situated El Mukhtânah, the residence of the great Druze family of Jimblat. Deer-el-Mukhallis, the great Greek convent, is also near Jûn, and it is in this monastic foundation that the patriarch of Antioch is elected.

Passing on to Bteddin (the Emir's palace) and Deir-el-Kami, the road then descends to Beyrout. But our route lay by the sandy beach and banks of the Nahr-el-Anwaly, which may be forded close to the sea, and this we did. The highest source is a wild glen, near the village of Barûk, and the waters are famed as the best in Syria. Its banks and glen form the stronghold of the Druzes.

The plain of Phœnicia terminates here, and the ridge of Lebanon rises in all its majestic proportions, shooting its rocky roots down into the Mediterranean. After a ride of some length we reached a sandy bay and a mulberry grove, and I dismounted. A khan was close by. Great works are going on here in building a bridge over the Nahr-el-Damun (the ancient Tamyras or Damonras). One branch of it descends from the palace-crowned heights of Bteddin, and another from the Valley-el-Kady (the Valley of the Judge). The scenery is very pretty. Groves of mulberry trees were spread before us to the shore, and groups of natives were seen amidst them, busied in their cultivation. The mountain scenery also shows more colouring, as the fig-trees and olives dot the steep slopes, and the bed of the stream below is marked by the fringe of the graceful oleander, the rose-like blossom towering to a great height amid its dark green foliage. There Mr. E. overtook me, on his way up to the mountain station. He gave me great credit for having got so far on my

journey, expecting to have overtaken me at least an hour previously. Few horses walk better than those I had, and my men were most anxious to make out the journey well.

We parted from Mr. E. here, as his road lay at once up the mountains, and after passing the river, we came in view of the low sandy promontory of Beyrout; and following the shore for a short time, met various groups from the city. One excited my attention much. Diverse had been the individuals we had seen—equestrians out for an airing, long strings of camels, women riding donkeys, followed by their servants. But there shortly appeared a Syrian (or he might have been a Jew), handsomely dressed, and riding a fine Arab horse. A servant walked in front, and following him, evidently part of his retinue, was a well-dressed native woman, carrying a chest of drawers on her head. I remember once meeting a woman descending a path in the Bagni-di-Lucca, carrying a piano in the same manner; but those mountaineers are wonderfully strong, and early used to heavy loads. But it was marvellous in this climate, and in the heat of the day, to see a woman bearing such a load and the man riding before her. We now gained a part of the plain enclosed and cultivated, and soon entered the pine forest. Were it not for this obstacle—it was the work of Mahomed Pasha—the sand would encroach rapidly. We continued to ride through the wide avenue, itself deep in sand, for nearly an hour, and then came upon gardens enclosed with hedges, and houses seen at intervals. Picking our way, we entered a very narrow path between enclosures of prickly pear. So narrow was it that it appeared

impossible to pass a loaded camel had we then chanced to meet it. Luckily we had just reached the end of this narrow defile, when we did meet a string of camels starting on their long caravan journey. Paths seemed to branch on all sides, and led to various plots of ground, filled with fig-trees, mulberry orchards, &c. At last we descended a rather steep road, which led us into a square, and taking a turn to the left by the shore, we arrived at Andrea's hotel, which is one of the best in Syria. At the bottom of a wide flight of steps I dismounted, and patting my faithful *Passe-partout*, I gave him up to Mansour, and followed M. Andrea into a large and handsome room, off the hall of entrance, and commanding a pretty view of the harbour.

It was a gay scene, and quite a contrast to that to which I had of late been accustomed. Many loungers were on the esplanade, and variously dressed natives passing with fruit or other articles to sell. Boats rowed by, coming from some ships just arrived, or to fetch those belonging to the vessel who were on shore. Several ships were lying off the mole, and, near the custom-house, an American man-of-war, which had also been at Jaffa for some days. I gave my letters at once to Lyon to deliver, and had hardly arranged my dress and made preparation for the *table-d'hôte* dinner at half-past five, when a visitor was announced, and Mrs. R. entered. She came to tell me that the Pastor M., to whom I had sent word of my arrival, was not within, but pressed me to take tea at her house in the evening, by which time he would be at home. To this I assented, her house being close at hand. Dinner was soon announced, and I went up to the

long gallery on the first floor, where it was served. There were at table three or four officials, and a gentleman and his wife. We had hardly commenced, when there was heard a noisy tramping of feet on the stairs, and a party of sailors hastily entered, headed by an officer from the American ship of war. A search throughout all the rooms on either side commenced, evidently for some one absent without leave. At last, at the far end, a door was found locked, and a demand made by the officer to have it opened. No reply; but eventually the door gave way to force, and the runaway was carried off.

There had been very disorderly conduct by this ship's company whilst at Jerusalem, and though the commander was noted for his kind conduct towards his crew, and also had his wife and family on board, the men had been ordered out of Jerusalem by the authorities for drunken and disorderly conduct.

After dinner, on returning to my room, the Pastor M. was speedily announced, and heartily congratulated me on my safe arrival. He offered me his escort to Mrs. R.'s house, where I was now expected to keep my engagement to spend the evening.

Tuesday, 30th. Telegraphed to Jerusalem to announce my safe arrival here. At two o'clock Mrs. Mott called, and took me in her carriage for a drive. I spent the day at the Institute, taking an early dinner and tea with the superintendent and his wife —Captain and Mrs. P.—and the young English teachers. Mr. Mott called after prayers, and took me back to the hotel in his carriage.

Wednesday, 31st. It had been arranged that I should at once go to Shemlan, where I had a letter

to the lady superintendent of the school (also under the Society for promoting Female Education in the East), Miss Hicks. At eleven o'clock I started, accompanied by Captain P. and Mr. M. I had engaged Jalwân's horses, and now once again rode *Passe-partout*, Mansour riding the white horse and carrying my carpet bag, Pastor M. riding the grey. I had engaged Mansour and the horses for four days, and he was to conduct me to Stoura, on my way to Zachleh, after my visit to Miss Hicks. The road again took us through the pine wood, and after traversing a part of the cultivated plain at the foot of the mountains, we began the ascent by a zig-zag path, roughly paved, and at intervals in form like a staircase of wide, flat steps. The horses climbed capitally, and on reaching an upper plateau Captain P. took his leave, having a visit to pay on another road. We kept on the right, and after pursuing a narrow path on the edge of a mountain brow, amid terraces of wheat, vines, and other crops, we found ourselves above the silk factory of Shemlan, and shortly arrived at the Orphanage. It is beautifully situated. A prettily-planted drive led through orchard and garden to the house, and leaving our horses with Mansour, we walked up to the door. Miss Hicks immediately made her appearance, and gave me a most kind welcome.

I remained here during the next day, and was able to enter into all the plans of the school and the purposes of education, which were constantly successful in supplying native teachers — a wondrous new life of activity and self-support in the future for Eastern women, hitherto regarded as one remove from the brute creation.

Every part of the house was in the most perfect order, from the neat, airy dormitories, to the lady-like sitting-room for Miss H.'s own occupation, and for the reception of her friends. She has a great taste for gardening; the geraniums and other flowers, arranged in stands under the verandah, testified to her care, and a well-cropped vegetable ground to her skill in gardening. All the house work is done by the girls. Under the tuition of an old native servant, they learn all that is necessary for the simple cooking used. They had just commenced a laundry and wash-house, and for the better supply of water to the latter, they were hoping to get advice, their large tank leaking in spite of all the remedies they could command. Here every one is thrown so much on his own resources, that it requires great energy to combat with what would be trifling difficulties under other circumstances. Miss H. gave me a curious history of a case in point. All the flat roofs of the houses are covered with sheets of lead. This, when rain falls, must be rolled immediately, or the wind would get between it and the softened mud beneath, and rip it up. A gale came on, with rain, suddenly. Miss H.'s odd-man was not at hand, and a large sheet of the lead rolled up, dashed off the house, and went through the village before the wind, doing great damage wherever it struck. At last it was grappled with and brought back. The stone rollers on the terraces of the houses had taken my attention at first, as very remarkable objects, and I wondered why they were kept there.

Many most interesting incidents were related to me of the power and spread of the Gospel around this locality. One case I may mention, as it is now

come to universal knowledge. The Greek priest of the parish (as we should say in our language) had given up a comfortable stipend for the Gospel's sake. He was not alone, however, in his decision, but had been followed by many of his congregation, who gathered daily with him in a small room of the miserable tenement he had exchanged for his comfortable priest's house; and now the wish was to get sufficient money to have a building set apart for their reformed worship. I heard him speak with tears in his eyes of his struggles in performing Mass, after he had come to a better knowledge of the truth, through reading the Scriptures as published in their complete form; and this is the germ of all the conversions that take place—the giving the opportunity of judging and comparing what they had been brought up in with the truth as it is written, and which now reaches their hands in the Arabic language, and the edition published by the Bible Society. England, surely, has been nationally blessed through this work, and fruit is daily springing up in this land from God's seed thus sown.

Many of the girls educated here are of high class, and one was the daughter of the Emir of the surrounding district. Her father was anxious she should receive all the advantages of a liberal education, and required she should (above all) be taught the piano, which Miss H. had kindly consented to undertake. In all other respects there was no difference made in the treatment or education of the girls, and all were fully grounded in scriptural truth.

The Emir, while enjoying these advantages for his child, and exacting them to the last degree, was most parsimonious, only holding out the prospect of several

other girls following in succession, as he had a large family. Accomplishments are much coveted by all in those classes which are removed from the necessity of gaining their bread, and must be a great relief to the tedium of women's lives in the East, as well as often providing agreeable entertainment for the many indolent hours of their husbands. Miss H. had a very valuable neighbour in Mrs. Watson, whose life had been spent in the East, and whose thoughts were constantly directed to the subject of the education of the women. She had established the school of which Miss H. was now Superintendent, and afterwards given it over to the Committee of Female Education in the East, and had then established an Industrial School close by, with a residence for herself attached. Mrs. W. kindly invited me to dinner, and I met at her table a young English lady, who was assisting Mrs. W.'s adopted daughter. The latter was a Syrian by birth, and under her inspection the school was conducted, she herself being a teacher. I passed a most agreeable evening, looking over Mrs. W.'s sketches, which were the result of travels in almost every part of the globe, and benefiting by her extended experience on the subject of education during these journeys.

The school at Sidon, I afterwards heard, had originated with Mrs. W., besides others in the Libanus, and every one who was acquainted with this lady acknowledged the wonderful talent of organisation with which she was endowed. Whatever differences there may be in detail, all these institutions agree in the one principle of making the Scriptures the foundation of their teaching, and we may hope it will bear its fruits under Divine blessing

hereafter. The young people looked happy and cheerful, and as a rule were easily managed. Now and then there was a violent wilful disposition displayed, but it was rather the exception, and much fewer instances occurred (as far as I could learn) than in schools at home. The women in the East are generally of a subdued and patient temperament, and most of them have great aptness for learning, and apply themselves to it with readiness and zest. Probably the better position it enables them to take has already had its effect, and hitherto no opposition has been encountered from the men, which may be looked upon as an unexpected feature in the progress.

The view from this school-house was magnificent. It is situated on a terrace overlooking the city of Beyrout, far below on the shore. A grand mass of foliage, edged with red sand-hills, stretches to the west, and at our feet the terraced sides of the mountains complete a panorama of no common beauty.

On Thursday, June 1st, we rode over to Sook, to call on Dr. and Mrs. P., passing the Saleeby College, or school for training teachers. This Institution has arisen under the efforts of a native, himself a Syrian of considerable capacity. An Englishman, Mr. L., had been for some time a near neighbour of his father, the principal man of B. Howan, one of the little villages on the western side of the Libanus. No one in the place could read or write but the Greek priest. On the Englishman's arrival, the Syrian, Elijah Saleeby, then a boy, made great friends with him, and from Mr. L. learned many English words, teaching Arabic in return. Mr. L., who seems to have been a man

of great piety, proposed to the elder Saleeby, on his return to England, to take his son Elijah with him, for education. The father at first was most unwilling, but the son's entreaties prevailed.

In England he made many friends, and eventually on his return collected money sufficient to commence schools for the benefit of his native country. The college is now being much enlarged, and is well situated on a terrace of the mountain side. Saleeby's day-schools (for boys only) now number twenty-one; children of all denominations receiving a good elementary and scriptural education at the cost of about £1 each per annum.

We had hardly proceeded beyond the college, when we saw Dr. and Mrs. P., with some friends, advancing towards us, and found they were coming to call at Shemlan. They immediately turned back, and led the way to their house, which was about a mile farther on.

Some little order was necessary to be observed, from the quarrelsome propensities of many eastern horses, and Dr. P. apologised for preceding me, as he dared not allow me to pass his horse, which was of a most fiery and vindictive temper. It was a small dark-brown, but smaller than is usual in Arabs. *Passe-partout*, always serene and amiable, did not in the least resent giving the *pas* to this furious, head-tossing little animal, and we proceeded very comfortably. Dr. P. led the way, and when we arrived at the narrow approach to their house I slipped off *Passe-partout*, and giving the rein to Mansour, followed Dr. and Mrs. P., who had at once rode forward to their stables. Miss H. secured her quiet donkey at the door, by haltering him up to a nail,

a halter being always part of the furniture of a horse or donkey in the East.

Our visit was very pleasing. We heard a long account from Dr. P. of their tour, and the fine scenery of the opposite bank of the Jordan. At Ramoth-Gilead they had met with great civility, and the country around was fertile beyond conception. Had they been able to devise some means of transporting their movables, they would have gladly made a stay of some permanency there. Mrs. P.'s sketches were an excellent illustration of their tour. Ramoth-Gilead was the outlying city of Israel, and it was there Elisha sent the young prophet to anoint Jehu. (2 Kings ix. 1.)

On the following morning I left Shemlan for Zachleh. We started at eight o'clock, with Mansour as my escort, followed by the kind wishes of our Shemlan friends.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOUNTAIN RIDE—ABEILE—FRENCH HIGH ROAD TO DAMASCUS—STOURA —PART WITH PASSE-PARTOUT AND MANSOUR—MOALAKAH—ZACHLEH —RECEPTION BY MISS W. — VISITS TO GREEK BRIDE—THE VIRGINS IN THE PARABLE — SERVICE, SUNDAY (OF INDEPENDENT FORM) — FERVENT ADDRESS BY A CONVERT — NATIVE SALUTATION — VISIT BRIDE—BRIDAL PRESENTS—EASTERN SUPPER—BAALBEC—PLAIN OF THE BUKAÁ — GUEST ROOM — WALK THROUGH THE CITY — KIND OFFICIAL — FOUNTAIN HEAD — THE HOME OF OUR CONDUCTOR — CIVILITY OF TELEGRAPH OFFICER—RIDE BACK—MOUNT HERMON — VISITS TO WIVES OF GOVERNOR AND KADI-EFFENDI, CHIEF LAW OFFICER—DEPARTURE FOR DAMASCUS.

We skirted the mountain brow through a highly cultivated district, and passed many pretty villages before we reached Abeile. One part of the road presented the most formidable clamber I had yet seen. We had threaded a narrow path on the mountain-side, when I saw, abruptly advancing across our route, and overhanging a ravine, a craggy and precipitous shoulder of the mountain. Mansour had turned up the narrow path which appeared to lead over it, and *Passe-partout* following, I found myself on the steep ledges of an overhanging cliff. It was useless (if inclined) to think of stopping or turning, and my horse I felt was going vigorously to attack the ascent. To drop the rein, and seize a fast twist with my fingers in the mane, was all that was left for me to do. Every muscle of the animal I could

feel was being put to the utmost strain, and every step was made on a slippery flint stair. Most thankful I felt when I saw Mansour had gained the top, and that I was also quickly following, though by desperate struggles, which caused poor *Passe-partout* many a heavy-drawn breath; and whoever has seen the method of shoeing horses in the East, would understand how unfit the flat plate, with small central hole, is to keep a footing in such a climb as I have just described. Resting our horses for a few minutes, we proceeded on level ground, and gained a regular road, made for the use of the large village which stands upon the junction with the French road, to which we now drew near. It was the diligence route to Damascus from Beyrout, crossing the Lebanon and plain of the Bukaá, and by the Anti-libanus, then descending into the plain of the Arbana and Pharpar.

On gaining the road we found ourselves in a gorge of great magnificence, opening widely upon the sea at our feet, and the city of Beyrout lying on the shore. The sides of the mountains were richly terraced for vine cultivation, and crops of all kinds lay in the lower valley. Villages nestled amid olive grounds and fig gardens, and the busy hand of labour was visible everywhere. It was a grand scene, and as we slowly paced up the winding road, presented at every turn fresh and beautiful combinations.

Not far from this part of the road has been discovered a fine forest of cedars, many of them of the oldest growth, and easy to get at by a path not at all inaccessible even to the timid. The ancient group above Baalbec is often wholly unattainable,

by being surrounded by deep snow, and scarcely ever attempted earlier than the month of June; but this group is represented as being free from any such difficulties. I did not know this at the time, or should have tried to include it in my route at this moment.

We arrived shortly at one of the halting-places of the caravans and goods carts which are now daily traversing this road. We had met many files of them, sometimes twenty in number. Each had a team of four mules, and the waggons were very narrow and long. It was difficult to pass these lengthy lines, more especially when overtaken at the same time by the diligence, which daily starts from Beyrout and Damascus; added to which there is now a night mail (to carry four inside passengers) just organised.

It was curious to observe how decidedly the mules in the caravan files, laden with all kinds of goods, would prefer the old track on the mountain side to the flat surface of the high road, and were often seen struggling through marshy places and along craggy defiles rather than keep the broad even road. The telegraph wire was alongside, and in sight of the road.

We had reached a considerable altitude when we came on a wild mountain scene. Of cultivation there was little, occasionally a herd of goats might be seen browsing with their attendant herd-boy, but hardly any other living creature appeared in sight. At last we turned a crest of the mountains, with their snowy tops to our right hand and left, and through an opening in the wide valley, the rich plain of the Bukaá suddenly appeared at our feet. I had now

been six hours on horseback, and desiring Mansour to take my bridle, I dismounted, and sat down on the bank to admire the view. The boy led the horses to where they could crop a little food, and be refreshed by the rest.

The opening in the valley disclosed the greater part of the plain (luxuriantly fertile) called the Bukaá, which lies in the lap of the Libanus, and between it and the Anti-libanus. Opposite was Chalcis, the capital of the province of which Ptolemy was ruler. Afterwards the Emperor Claudius gave it to Herod, grandson of Herod the Great, A.D. 41.

The river Litany runs throughout the plain of the Bukaá, and finds its way through a gorge in the mountains of Lebanon down to the shore, as already described, under the Roman name Leontes.

Like a speck on the green plain below I could discern the village of Stoura, the mid-day halt of the diligence, and where I was to find my friend's servant and horses.

I now shortly remounted my horse and began quickly to descend, and passing a ruined castle and village, in about an hour and a half I reached Stoura. There I parted with Mansour and my faithful steeds, and mounting a superb donkey of the Lebanon, sent by my friend, which stood fully fourteen hands high, I was once more on the road, and traversing the plain under the guidance of a servant. I passed through the very picturesque village of Moalakah, almost buried in gardens and orchards, with a rapid stream running through the centre of this highly cultivated spot, and insulating a large Greek convent beautifully situated among fine trees. We now rapidly ascended high ground, and soon found ourselves

entering Zachleh, a large and important town, the population principally of the Greek Church, and carrying on considerable trade in silk and olives. A rapid stream divides the town into two parts, which is bordered by fine poplar trees.

My friend descended the steps, and received me with a warm welcome in the court of her house. It was large and commodious, and the property of a Syrian of superior position. Himself brought up in the Greek Church, he had become a convert to the evangelical Scriptures, and was open to much suspicion and persecution in consequence.

Miss W. had a day-school under native teachers, the numbers of which were fast increasing. The teachers were most interesting young women. One of them, Katerina, spoke English remarkably well, and was a great source of comfort to Miss W., wholly separated as she was from European society. The children were of the poorest class, but looked very intelligent. A most interesting instance of conversion had occurred in the immediate neighbourhood. A young man (son of the proprietor of the house) had immense talent for painting, and executed the pictures of saints (so largely required as decorations in Greek churches) with immense ability, realising large prices for his work. Hearing the Gospel read and taught, he became deeply impressed with the truth, threw up his engagements for the churches, and became a consistent believer. With him it was indeed a sacrifice of all worldly wealth, his means of livelihood now being most precarious, but he looked not behind. To him "Christ was all in all."

Accustomed as we are, from earliest childhood, to

hear the Bible read and explained daily, it is hardly possible to conceive the effect (if not witnessed) it has upon the minds of those who, hearing the truth for the first time (as adults), by the blessing of the Holy Spirit receive it with all earnestness. Their deep and settled conviction truly comes as with a reproach upon us for our lukewarm feeling and half-hearted consciousness of our enormous privileges.

The next day Miss W. asked me to accompany her on a visit to a bride, a young native, of the Greek Church, who was to be married the following day.

Sunday, 4th. We went first to the house of the bridegroom, whom we found gravely seated on the terrace in front of his father's dwelling. We were shown into the large reception-room, where many female friends were assembled, and after paying our respects to the married sisters of the bridegroom and others of the family, and partaking of sherbet and coffee, we proceeded on to the house of the bride's father.

The houses of Zachleh are all built in terraces, one above the other, and frequently the terrace of one may be the roof of another. Every roof here, too, was provided with its roller. The approaches to the houses so situated were very difficult. Broken steps, and ledges of uneven ground, and often precipitous paths, which took you with an *un*-anticipated run into the court of a dwelling you wished to enter with some reserve, not to say dignity.

We found the bride surrounded by a large party of friends. Magnificently dressed in brocaded silk, diamonds and natural flowers entwined in the braids of her hair, rings on every finger, to the first joint,

and on her hands gloves most painfully fitting, this young creature wore anything but a cheerful countenance. Her history, too, was melancholy. Deeply attached from childhood to a cousin, her father would not give his consent, and insisted on her marrying the young man of *his* choice. She resisted long; but finally a great friend of the family came to see her, and giving her a ring, on which was cut the motto, "This is from God," he bade her submit to her duty, and obey her father in this trial, as a command from Him to whom all allegiance is due. She did give her consent, and, as she showed us, was wearing the ring, with its warning motto of obedience and resignation, that day on her finger.

Refreshments were handed as usual, and after a short time the bride retired with her mother for half-an-hour's rest before the more fatiguing part of the evening began. We withdrew to the terrace. The night was lovely; the moon, just rising, lighted up all the town below, and also the sparkling river, amid the bright foliage and the houses and gardens on the opposite side. In a short time the bride re-entered the reception-room, and we found her seated on a lofty divan, supported by cushions, and ranges of large candles on either side. Her young friends came in, and by turns saluted her, wishing her all happiness, whilst a number of women retained as singers chanted her praises, and spoke of the happiness in store for her. We had been placed in seats close to the divan, but finding the heat overpowering and the crowd increasing, after a while we made our way out again on the terrace, and sat admiring the fine moonlight and pretty scenery around. The opposite part of the town attracted

our notice especially, for we saw strings of lighted lamps ascending to the houses from all parts. Our attention, however, was quickly drawn to our own side, and it was almost with a feeling of awe that we saw, advancing through the uncertain light, a procession of twelve or fourteen figures draped in white, and each carrying in her hand (extended before her) a lighted lamp. They came up the steps at our feet, and passed into the house. None but those who had witnessed this visible realisation of the parable of the virgins could imagine the impressiveness of the scene, which, as we were afterwards informed, is still further carried out the next evening, when they follow the bride to her new home. As soon as within sight, the cry is heard, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" and with this signal (which is one for all his friends to attend him) he appears on the house-top, breaks a cake over the bride's head as she comes to the door, and then descending, receives her on the threshold, and all who are of the marriage party entering, "the *door is shut*."

May we never be found knocking for admittance at this solemn moment, but with lamps trimmed with "the Oil of the Spirit," be called upon to enter "into the joy of our Lord."

On Sunday morning there was a regular Presbyterian service in Arabic, performed in the schoolroom by the converts who had been under the instruction of a missionary. I heard from Miss W. that the address made was in the most touching and deeply religious strain, and the conduct of all appeared to me imbued with the deepest seriousness. The text taken was the parable of the virgins, for this is a season especially devoted to marrying and

giving in marriage, having just succeeded the great fast in the Greek Church, which is later than our Lent, as I conclude, from being connected with the old style.

Before leaving the room after service, many advanced to make their salams to Miss W., and, with their usual graceful salutations, placed my hand upon their heart and head, intimating that I could command all their intelligence and affection. This is on all occasions the native way of salutation.

Monday, 5th. This afternoon we were to visit the bride (according to custom), and left home about five o'clock. We were received by her mother-in-law and the sisters of her husband. She herself was seated on the usual divan, and dressed in the rich materials of the wedding day, and, as before, covered with jewels: these are supposed to comprehend the dower. We were shown the marvellously gold-embroidered velvet jacket, which came, the mother said, from Stamboul, with slippers to match. After partaking of the usual refreshments (coffee and sherbet), a small liqueur glass was handed, the contents of which we were invited pressingly to taste. On doing so, it proved so strong as almost to cause a sensation of choking. It was pure arrack, and the women insisted it was wholesome and good; but I was surprised to see even the young bride, as well as her friends, toss off a tiny glassful, as if this potent beverage had been merely water. The bride's mother-in-law now offered to show us the trousseau. Seven or eight most gorgeous silk gowns were already hung up for inspection, as I observed when we entered the room; and the bride now opened a large chest, similar to those used in Venice, and took out

ten or twelve packets, each containing a suit of clothing, viz., skirt, boddice, the full trousers of silk and petticoat to match, the colour of the wrapper indicating the colour of the suit within. She also made us inspect her jewellery in detail, which was all hung upon her neck or placed on her head.

It was now getting late, and we rose to depart; but these hospitable people would not hear of our doing so until we had partaken of supper, which they had prepared, and which is always intended as a mark of especial honour. We were therefore obliged to seat ourselves again, and a small low table was brought in, upon which were served several dishes done in eastern fashion (resembling hashes or curry), and the choicest morsels were chosen by the bride and her mother, and placed in some instances in our mouths, with such pressing entreaty it was impossible to refuse, and refusal would have been understood almost as an affront. Pleading the necessity of our return home, we at last made good our retreat from these kind-hearted people, who looked upon Miss W. as a valued friend and neighbour.

Tuesday, 6th. At seven o'clock this morning I started for Baalbec, Miss W. having kindly offered me the services of her man-servant as escort, and asked me to allow the young teacher, Katerina, to accompany me, as she had long wished for an opportunity to permit this young girl to make the excursion. We had very suitable weather, the sun not being overpowering. The ride down the plain of the Bukaá is calculated to require about six hours, independent of the necessary stoppage to refresh both horses and riders. I was mounted on a horse

hired for the excursion, and K. had a donkey: we were accompanied by the owner of the animals. The horse had been accustomed to carry burdens, and went at one uniform pace, out of which it was impossible to urge him. The donkey was worse, for it slipped its saddle and left poor K. on the ground. However, we reached Baalbec without further mishap.

The approach to the ruins presents a fine picture. The solitary row of splendid pillars, which once formed the façade of the temple of Baal, is a most striking object, the quarries, whence was dug much of the material, forming a background. There, half-severed from the native rock, is still seen one of those enormous masses of stone similar to those forming the foundation of the temples. The site of the ruins is in itself one of great beauty. A clear, shining river meanders through the meadow on which they stand, and around the walls and on its banks grow fine poplar and other trees — a strange but striking contrast of decay and ever-renewed life.

We rode into the ruins at once. What heaps of marble! What magnificent broken-up causeways, terraces, flights of commanding steps! What munificence, and unbounded wealth, and artistic care is shown on all sides; while ever the trickling stream, the tender wild-flower, and clinging creeper, mark that now all is forsaken, all is decay.

Sending our horses away, we sat down under the shadow of the still perfect colonnade of the Temple of the Sun. The columns themselves are sixty-five feet high, and overhead were still visible, on the blocks of stone connecting the entablature, the most beautifully sculptured designs, rhomboids, busts, borders of tracery, and scroll work. The great portal,

forty-two feet high and twenty wide (the sides each a single block, and the lintel composed of three enormous blocks), was perfect in 1751, but the shock of an earthquake eight years after rent the wall, and the key-stone sank about two feet, remaining caught by the support of the stones on either side. On it is sculptured an eagle, with a caduceus in his talons, and from his beak long-twisted garlands extend on each side, having the extreme ends borne up by flying genii. It is said to be the same design as that on the principal door of the great temple at Palmyra, and is emblematical of the sun (*Helios*), the deity to which these edifices were consecrated. Of the Great Temple, only the six columns remain. It stands on a raised platform, nearly thirty feet high, and having vaults underneath. It contained two courts and a portico, beside the temple itself. The Temple of the Sun occupies a lower platform on the south side. The third is the Circular Temple, which stands alone, and about two hundred yards from the main site. I was much struck with its beauty, both in form and detail, visible through all its dilapidated state. In its form it is almost unprecedented, from its peculiar outline. In the great mass of the ruins, the successive ages of adaptation are very marked. The Saracenic battlements and spaces in the walls have been filled up and loop-holed for the fortress of the succeeding age, and the site of the worship of the pagan became the stronghold for the time of the Christian Crusader.

We walked round the exterior, to see the superstructure of the platform, and came to the enormous blocks (three in number) of wide-world celebrity,

from which the temples received the appellation "*Three Stone.*" One is sixty-four feet long, and the others sixty-three each. They are bevelled in the same manner as the large stones in the ancient superstructure of the temple at Jerusalem. These last are by many thought to be Jebusite or Phœnician work, and probably may be dated to nearly the period of this group. Columns of granite and porphyry encumber the whole area, and the rarest pieces of sculpture, cornices, capitals, &c., &c., are strewn or lie in heaps around.

Such are the remains of the works of a powerful, godless people; they whom the Jews were ordained to sweep from the face of the earth, and only failed when their own faith failed. Pagan idolators, they were the descendants of Cain—the inheritors and perpetuators of magnificent efforts in stone and precious marbles, and in all that earth could give that was valuable.

Perhaps it was with such-like gigantic masses, which to this day astonish the scientific how their enormous weight was moved—perhaps it was with such as these that the godless progenitors of these nations thought, in tower-form, to "*scale heaven itself.*" Whether it were so or not, the lesson is left to us. "The Lord alone reigneth." Let all things be put under His feet.

We had taken some refreshment on our arrival from stores our kind hostess had provided, and after some hours' examination of the ruins, and watching the sun gilding with its last rays the beautiful erect columns of the Great Temple, we followed our escort to the room prepared for our reception.

Baalbec has no hotels, but the enterprising landlord of the one at Stoura keeps some rooms for night accommodation, and servants for culinary offices for travellers. We found the room very cleanly, and provided, on the divan, with good mattresses. Chairs and a table were more difficult to procure, but we soon had good planks on a tressel, and improvised seats. Katerina was all activity and enjoyment, and made everything easy to me, from knowing the language, she herself being a Syrian. We took some coffee, and when nearly finished, a visitor called, the friend of the official at the Zachleh telegraph office, who had most kindly warned his friend and fellow labourer in the office here of our intended journey. Under his guidance, we took a walk through the city—if such it can be called which is mostly a ruinous heap. There exist, however, in the centre most beautiful remains of a Christian church. Later it had been used as a mosque, but now, the roof having fallen in, it was abandoned. There was a solemn grandeur in the still perfect upstanding marble columns, which showed the form of the nave; and as we stepped into this roofless area, the present and past condition forcibly struck me. The pillars were of the rarest marbles, and happily had escaped the ruthless hand of the spoiler. In passing down a narrow alley, we came upon an enormous block, which we made out to be the statue of an empress. It appeared to have been brought thus far, and left, in a hopeless endeavour to convey it farther.

The evening was now closing in, and our kind conductor led the way back, engaging us to be ready by seven o'clock, that he might show us the fountain head before our departure.

At seven o'clock next morning we started with our guide. The walk led by a narrow path, and by a series of ruined sites we reached the beautiful crystal waters of the fountain which supplies the river. The latter we had seen in its bright silvery current at intervals between the foliage and the grassy banks. Now it was spread before us like a clear mirror, its margin a fine green sward, and all the remains in stonework of Roman baths, like every structure under Ottoman rule, in a state of utter decay. How marked everywhere is the feeling which is entertained that the land is passing away from their dominion! Here the conduits are stopped up, the stone walls of the banks fallen in, masses of ruin obstructing what they were intended to protect. All is evidence of a power drying up in its very sources, leaving the most precious thing to waste itself in useless squandering, or drifting away in idle murmurings among the pebbles that form its temporary bed. The Mahommedan rule and religion is, we hope and trust, being gradually absorbed in Christian advancement. Meanwhile, it does nothing, attempts nothing, as if in itself it feels and acknowledges that it is, as a creed and a distinction, paralysed unto death. This would be a lovely spot in which to pass a long summer's day, and is always chosen as camping-ground for travellers with tents; but we had our six hours' journey over the plain before us, and the sun was already beginning to assert the splendour of a June day. Our guide would not, however, let us go till he had shown us his own home—a most carefully arranged dwelling, with court of marble, fountain, and large reception-room, where his mother shortly

appeared to welcome us. In passing the telegraph office we also entered, to offer our thanks to the head official for so kindly responding to the message; and on finding my horse was not to my liking, he most kindly pressed me to make use of one of his (a beautiful grey), which I had noticed as we entered, haltered up as usual in the court.

Miss W. afterwards told me she was sorry I did not accept the offer, as it would have gratified the owner so much; but I had felt all kinds of English fears lest any accident should happen to so valuable an animal, and I hoped this would be understood as my only reason.

It is gratifying to see how anxious the natives all are to show their sense of the value of the friendship and good offices of Europeans, and we may hope a still stronger tie will be felt by the advance in civilisation and the education of their women. We now mounted at once, and set out on our homeward journey. The ranges of the Anti-libanus on the left were in shadow, but the Lebanon mountains showed in all the variety possible of light and shade.

From hence may be made the ascent to the oldest known group of cedars, and then the route descends to either Tripoli or Beyrout.

The Bukaá is a plain of singularly little feature in itself. The soil is wonderfully rich, but there are tracts uncultivated, and the villages are scarce worthy of a population that possesses apparently so many advantages, soil, climate, and fine flowing water. The Litany is at times almost treacherous to cross, and we came to some morasses which required caution. There were many groups of fellahs' residences on either mountain side, and we crossed

a great thoroughfare of communication between the sides of the plain. The distance is about three miles across.

On Thursday morning at eight o'clock we planned a walk to the top of the hill at the back of Miss W.'s residence, in hopes that I might catch a glimpse of Mount Hermon. The sky was clear, and we had an uninterrupted view of the range of the grand mountain of the Psalms. Later we paid visits to the Kadi-Effendi's wife, and also to the wife of the Governor. The former received us in a handsome room, and was a very lively, pleasant little person. At the Governor's residence, we were told Madame was at the river-side, and descending, conducted by a servant, we found her seated with some friends on the pebbly shore of the bright sparkling river. She received us with great animation and kindness, and desiring the servant to spread carpets, requested us to be seated, and gave us some bunches of a delicate green salad, which herself and party were busily engaged in eating. Chibouques were then brought for herself and native friends, and placed in the running stream, and laughingly she offered us a pipe, well assured it would be declined.

The totally unemployed life of the eastern women is surprising, and it must have taken ages to reduce human nature to such a state of mental inactivity. Yesterday evening, on our return from Baalbec, Mr. Loebwitz had arrived, and joined our party at dinner. As a skilful engineer, he was able to give Miss W. some hints on the means of laying on water to supply the house, and doing away with the necessity of employing a boy and donkey daily, to

fetch it from the river. We also projected a fountain in her court, for the better culture of her flowers.

This evening arrived the Rev. F. S. and Captain P., on their way, *viâ* Baalbec, to Damascus, by Bludan, where we anticipated meeting again shortly.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

STOURA DILIGENCE FULL—WAIT FOR NIGHT MAIL—ONLY ONE PASSENGER—MOONLIGHT OVER THE ANTI-LIBANUS—DAMASCUS, FINE VIEW—DEMETRI'S HOTEL—ENGLISH SUNDAY SERVICE IN SCHOOL-HOUSE—CONSUL'S VILLA, SALAHIYEH—BREAKFAST AT THE CONSUL'S—DINE AT MR. F.'S—JEWISH MISSION—HOUSE-TOP—TRIPLE GATE—STREET STRAIGHT—HOUSE OF ANANIAS—MRS. B. ARRIVES—RIDE THROUGH CITY—VISIT TO RESIDENTS—THE ARAB PRINCESS—ARAB HORSES—AKBAR-KHAN—PASHA'S PALACE—JEW'S HOUSE—BAZAARS—TO THE SILVERSMITH'S ROOF TO SEE THE INSCRIPTION—FINE MYRTLES—LEAVE DAMASCUS—NIGHT JOURNEY—MET BY MRS. MOTT'S CARRIAGE, AND HER SISTER, MISS L.—REST FOR TWO HOURS—DRIVE TO SCHOOLS—THE DOG RIVER—SCHOOLS IN BEYROUT—HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

On Friday, June 9th, I left my hospitable friend, who had kindly provided me with her donkey and servant as conductor to Stoura. There I hoped to get a place in the diligence for Damascus, but when it came up it was full, and I had to wait for the night mail. It was rarely a place in the diligence could be had, except by being secured in Beyrout beforehand, and the *whole fare* paid. The landlord, however, provided a good dinner, and I had a room where I could rest, after I had walked about the vicinity.

At one o'clock a.m. the mail arrived, and in it only one passenger, the clerk of the Ottoman Bank

at Beyrout. It was a fine moonlight night, and I could very well discern the nature of the road, which was at times wild and picturesque. We proceeded at a rapid rate (changing horses every seven miles), and were beginning to descend into the plain at daylight, passing through a ravine, with the rapid and rugged stream of the Arbana rushing alongside the road. I at last discerned Damascus, its many white minarets and pinnacles embosomed in foliage rising out of the plain below. A fine meadow, on which were many groups of men and horses and camels, formed an animated foreground, and the splendid waters of the Arbana glittered in the sun, as it wound its silvery course through the beautiful green sward, after leaving the rocky bed of the ravine through which it had rushed in its headlong course. The fine hospital of the Sultan Selim, together with the marked feature in the ancient castle, gave an appearance of grandeur to the city, whose palaces otherwise make no show. Shut in by walls, it is only in their courts and gardens, where the waving palms and the rich foliage of the East strikes the eye, that the grandeur or beauty of the interior habitations can be even guessed at.

I had to descend from the mail at the office outside the gates, and, preceded by a porter carrying my bag, I walked through the city gate, and found it but a short distance to Demetri's hotel, a well-known house, and famed for the civility of its master and the comfort of its arrangements. Here I was soon installed in an apartment, and duly informed that the *déjeuner* was at half-past twelve, and the *table-d'hôte* at half-past five o'clock. I amused myself for some little time looking out of the window,

and observing the many singular groups and costumes passing by. Every description of dress may be seen here, and every variety of person. The street into which I looked was of tolerable width for the East, and at the far end to the left I could see into a fine square, and a gateway leading to the castle. After the *déjeuner* I ordered a donkey, and set out to leave letters for the consul and Miss James (superintendent of the day school under the British and Syrian Committee). I found Miss James at home, and she kindly invited me to come the following afternoon (Sunday) to tea, and to attend the evening service in English. The morning service was held in Arabic. Afterwards proceeding to the consulate, I was fortunate in finding Captain Burton there, and later, Mrs. Burton called upon me, and invited me to breakfast on Monday morning.

Sunday, 11th. At three o'clock I went to the school, and found Rev. F. Smith and Captain P. had arrived. At five o'clock we had tea, and at seven o'clock the service was performed in a room set apart for the purpose. The text was, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. xii. 2), a most applicable one to the workers here especially. The school being only a day attendance, I did not see the scholars, which are numerous (150).

Monday morning I started at nine o'clock for Salahiyeh, the villa residence of the consul. The road lay amongst beautiful gardens and pretty villas to the outlying village of Salahiyeh. The mountain range is here seen almost to overhang the rich and luxuriant landscape below, and a curious feature is observable in two lines of canals, one above the other, sometimes carried through the rocky wall,

at others supported by masonry against the mountain side. These convey the waters of the Arbana for irrigation, and make this river "better than all the waters of Israel." (2 Kings v. 12.)

On arriving, I found Mrs. Burton busily employed in the reception of the Greek archbishop. Shortly after, Captain B. appeared, and having despatched the business on hand, and the visitors having taken leave, we sat down to breakfast, our party being joined by Mr. D., who was on the eve of starting on further exploration duties.

The villa is quite eastern. The entrance court, the trellis of vines overhead, the fountain, the separate staircases from the court to the rooms above, the alcove in which we breakfasted—all are calculated for enjoyment in an eastern climate, and very far preferable to the close habitation in a city.

Mrs. Burton kindly volunteered to come the following morning, and take me through the bazaars, and to pay some visits to residents. I returned to the hotel, and later went to call on Miss J., to ask her advice as to some purchases in the bazaars. I found she was at the house of Mr. F., the missionary of the society in London for propagating the Gospel among the Jews. Thither I went. The family were at dinner; but, notwithstanding my many protestations, insisted on my joining their circle, and sitting down to truly English fare, consisting of roast veal and boiled fowls.

After dinner Mr. F. took me up on the house-top, to see the view over the city, which was very extensive. He pointed out the various remarkable objects—the great mosque, the castle, and a magnificent gateway, the remains of Roman architec-

ture. The home view on the terrace was also unique, for it was the poultry yard, and, they assured me, answered quite well, of which there was evidence in a fine brood of young chickens. Damascus is one of the oldest cities on record. The steward of Abraham's house was Eliezer of Damascus; and Josephus states the city to have been founded by Uz, the son of Aram. The family of Aram colonised north-eastern Syria, and gave it the name of Aram, by which it is called in Scripture, and translated in English, Syria. The distinguishing appellation also of this section of the country in Old Testament history is Aram Damesk —Aram of Damascus. (2 Sam. viii. 6; 1 Chron. xviii. 6.) Hence the words of Isaiah, "The head of Syria, Aram, is Damascus." (vii. 8.) It is the natural highway from southern Mesopotamia (the cradle of the human race) across the desert to Syria, by the fountains of Palmyra and Kurzetein. The earliest wanderers westward, after the dispersion of Babel, would thus be brought to the banks of the Arbana. Such a site would at once be occupied, and when occupied would never be deserted. Long afterwards it became the rival of Israel. It was in one of the warlike expeditions of the Damascenes into Palestine that a little Jewish maid was taken captive, and waited on Naaman's wife. (2 Kings v. 1, 2.) Naaman was a leper. Elisha's message is well known, and the application of the remedy at the entreaty of the proud Syrian's servants. A leper hospital, outside the east gate of the city, is supposed to occupy the site of the house of Naaman. Then came the change of dynasty and murder of

Benhadad, as foretold by Elisha, and the reign of the cruel Hazael. Later, Ahaz, King of Israel, was forced to seek the aid of Tiglathpileser, King of Assyria, to repel the invasions of the Damascenes under Hazael and his successor. The latter marched across the country, captured the city, killed its monarch, and led its people captive to the banks of the Kir. The prophecy of Isaiah was fulfilled—"Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap." (Isa. xvii. 1—3.) Also, again, Amos: "I will send a fire into the house of Hazael, which shall devour the palaces of Benhadad," &c. "I will break also the bar of Damascus, and will cut off the inhabitants from the plain of Aven, and him that holdeth the sceptre from the house of Eden, and the people of Syria shall go into captivity unto Kir, saith the Lord." (Amos i. 4, 5.) Colonies from Assyria were planted in the city, and it became a dependency of a more powerful empire. For a thousand years or more it cannot be said to have a separate history; but it still continued to flourish as a commercial capital. (Ezek. xxvii. 18.) About a century before the Christian era, Damascus once more enjoyed for a few years a semblance of royalty, when the kingdom of the Seleucidæ was divided between the brothers Grypus and Cyziceverus, and the latter fixed his residence in the city.

The next event of importance was its submission to the Romans, under Pompey, B.C. 64. The proconsul occasionally resided here, though Antioch was then the capital of Syria. Paul alludes (2 Cor. xi. 32) to Aretas, King of Arabia, whose daughter Herod had married, and afterwards put her away for

his brother Philip's wife. This act led to war, in which Herod was worsted. The Emperor Tiberius, on hearing of the defeat of his friend Herod, ordered Vitellius to march against Aretas, and send him to Rome dead or alive. Vitellius was about to obey, when the Emperor's death took place. Aretas was prepared to defend his kingdom and his life, and finding the Roman procurator had withdrawn, became himself the aggressor. Marching across the plain of Gaulanitis, he seized Damascus.

Tiberius died in the spring of A.D. 37, and during two years Syria was in a great measure neglected. Then it was the governor, under Aretas, "kept the city;" and then also Paul visited it, and was consecrated to his great work.

Paul entered Damascus by the road from Jerusalem. The spot whence his conversion took place is indicated, but without authority. We know only that it was near Damascus, but there is nothing in scripture narrative to identify the spot. The leading features of the landscape however remain the same; and as Paul journeyed he looked on snow-capped Hermon, and the long bare ridge of Anti-lebanus running eastward; the broad plain, with its various tinted foliage and deep green cornfields; the fierce sun pouring down a flood of light from the midst of heaven, "for it was noonday," on city, plain, and mountain. And suddenly a "great light" shone from heaven, and the greatness of that light he only can comprehend who has seen a Syrian sun shining in its strength, and who reads that the light which shone about Paul and his companions was *above* the brightness of the sun. (Acts xxii. 6., xxvi. 13.)

Mr. F. kindly escorted me to the magnificent remains of the Roman Gate, called the Triple Gate, which forms the entrance from the east of the Street Straight, which is an English mile in length, running from east to west. Around this is the Christian quarter. The gate is a fine specimen of Roman architecture of the latter period. It has the remains of the wide central arch, and the smaller ones for foot passengers. The exterior view was like that of all eastern cities. Heaps of rubbish right and left, and paths made in all directions; but no approach such as might be anticipated for the entrance of a great city. As we returned up the street Mr. F. pointed out to me the supposed site of the house of Ananias. In the centre of the Street Straight is a splendid plane-tree, in very perfect foliage and of immense size.

Tuesday, 13*th*. At ten o'clock Mrs. Burton arrived on horseback, with her fine white Bagdad donkey fully caparisoned, and intended for my use. We had each a servant to walk by our side, as the streets are inconveniently crowded, and were preceded by one of the cavasses of the consulate, also on horseback. We rode through some of the principal streets, and at once made our way to call on an English resident, Mrs. D., so well known in English circles, and now married to an Arab prince, the younger brother of the head of the great tribe on the desert of Palmyra. We were admitted to the villa at which they reside. In the summer season the English lady follows her husband to the plains, and lives in a tent. We were received in an alcoved room, pleasantly open to the court and gardens. We found the princess in an English

morning wrapper, and just concluding her *déjeuner*. In all respects she remains the English woman in her habits and feelings, pursuing her European accomplishments of drawing and painting, and also gardening, to which she is devoted; rising with the sun, and spending those hours which are alone available in the East for out-of-door employment in arranging and planting in her garden.

The prince shortly appeared. He is, in stature, small for his race (about five feet eight inches). The upper part of his face is expressive and well formed, but his front teeth projecting give an animal expression to the mouth. His manners and voice were particularly gentle and quiet. Speaking only Arabic, the princess was interpreter, and through her means he told us that he had just had a request to give a safe escort for some Englishmen to visit Palmyra, and that he had informed them the application must be made to his elder brother, but he himself had strongly advised the attempt not to be made. He had, he added, just lost seven very valuable horses, which had been carried off by a tribe with whom they were at variance. The horses had been taken down to water, under the usual care-takers, when this successful raid had been made. The princess, Mrs. D., added he had never ceased to deplore this loss, a feature in the Arab character which might be looked for. Some were of a breed hardly possible to replace.

They took us into the court to see the horses they had in use. The princess showed us with great pride her own black mare, a splendid animal. There was a bay of almost equal beauty, but black is the rarest colour, and most prized. There were

two other mares, each with a foal, and a promising colt of a year old, belonging to the black mare, and which they showed us (by lifting the coat and dividing the hair) there was every promise of its being as black as the mare herself, though now a light colour.

We took our leave and returned by a pretty road, under an avenue of trees, principally plane, to the city. We hastened on, as Mrs. B. was in hopes of finding Akbar Khan at home, to whom she was anxious to present me. This prince is highly regarded here, and has always proved a steady friend to Europeans, and particularly at the time of the Druze massacre, when he befriended the Christians, and saved many lives. It was one of the most fearful incidents in the later annals of Damascus. Treachery on all sides. Even the Moslem governor only gave shelter to betray, and the Jewish population were enemies of the basest kind, making the sign of the cross on their doors the mark of their own preservation—as by agreement all doors with this sign were to be passed over and untouched within. Some idea had been entertained lately of a repetition of these fearful scenes, as the crosses had again appeared. The school-house under the British and Syrian committee had given shelter to some forty or fifty persons flying for their lives. The consulate had received some three or four hundred, as well as Demetri's hotel, which was crowded. Good indeed had arisen out of evil, for these wicked agencies had raised against themselves (in the schools now set at work, and which had been the result of philanthropic aid at that moment) a power of defence and

progression in the population, which will never again be laid aside or defeated.

Unfortunately we found the Algerian prince had just started for his country residence in the mountains, and I remembered passing the very elegant group of residences, palace, and harem, which he has had built at the last post for changing horses on the descent by the gorge of the Arbana. I had to regret not seeing this personage of historical fame. True to his word to the French Government, he has always remained a quiet member of private life, and is much esteemed by all classes.

Our next visit was to one of the largest and oldest palaces in Damascus, which had seven courts. The smaller postern was opened for us, and being only ladies, we were introduced at once into the principal court, and the pasha himself immediately appeared. He was a quiet, meek-looking man, of scarce more than thirty years of age, and with the grave, depressed manner of the Moslem. We walked round the court, which might have been equal to more than an acre of English measure. Trees, fountains, and flowers adorned it, but apparently with little care. Apartments ran round the square, and my informant said some of the courts were lately sold, which had reduced the number I think to five, originally seven. It seemed a wilderness, and I could not trace much enjoyment in the manner or bearing of the possessor.

Several of the ladies of the harem passed to and fro, all in their house attire, and divested of the usual quantity of jewellery worn. The elder lady of the wives sent us an invite to their reception room, but we excused ourselves as pressed for time, which was

a truth, and which we knew would be unheeded; for if we once entered the circle of ladies, we should there meet those to whom "time" seems to have no definite existence, and beside there would be the necessity of drinking sherbet and other sweet liqueurs, so foreign to European taste of a morning. We therefore pleaded the excuse of imperative engagements, and took leave of our polite host. I left, pleased to have seen this splendid example of the riches and stately style of an eastern abode, of which there are many in Damascus.

Our next visit was to quite a different phase of society, though not less important in their class—a Jewish family of enormous wealth. Here we were at once shown into a magnificent reception-room, with every decoration and colour that Eastern mode of device could furnish. There were chairs, however, beside the usual divan, and a table, and several ornaments arranged about the room, and all of the most elegant and luxurious kind. The family assembled by degrees: at first the father appeared, then the mother; shortly after the son, followed by his young wife, and a child carried by the nurse. The grandfather seemed to dote upon the baby, and immediately took it in his arms and walked about the room with it. The younger man entered into close conversation with Mrs. B. (as I afterwards heard) concerning the usurious demands by Jewish money-lenders upon some of the native population. They have since been cast to the full amount of their over-charge in their own courts, but were then trying to evade justice by enormous bribes, forgetting it was an English official they were addressing. The Jew is the Jew everywhere. Love of

money and its possession is at once their characteristic and their curse. Unhappy people! When will they turn their hearts to Him who alone can make "the basket and the store a blessing?"

On leaving this house, we made our way at once to the bazaars—to the fruit, the sweetmeat, the jewellers', goldsmiths', silversmiths', slipper-makers', leather dressers', &c. All eastern bazaars are on the same plan as that of Cairo, save that they are here gathered (especially the higher trades) under one roof. Each have their separate little counter, with alleys to pass down. At the goldsmiths' I got a Damascene necklace, and a curious pair of tiny silver gilt cups, with a fish in the centre, poised on wire, which had a tremulous motion, and gave an idea of life to the little creature. They are used to drink arrack out of. It was decided we should now go through the silversmith's bazaar, and ascend to the roof above, by a narrow staircase which led to the top, which would give a fine view of the Mosque of Omar, and also enable us to see the Christian legend engraved on a portal, now closed, and only to be seen by this means. It is of the reign of Theodosius, and supposed to have been placed over the Christian church door when restored to the intended use on its erection by Constantine. The edifice has seen strange transformations. Originally doubtless a Pagan site, and a temple dedicated to Baal, by many thought (probable) to have been the one alluded to by Naaman in his prayer to Elisha for absolution, and also the same in which Shalmaneser and Miroch slew their father. In the Christian era it became a magnificent edifice, raised to the glory of the "one true God." Then it fell into the hands

of the Turks, and eventually, by treaty, was given up, one-half to Christians and one-half to the Tartar race (the origin of the Turk). Afterwards it was the scene of the utter abolition of the Christian from its area, and has ever since remained in Moslem hands. It is singular that they have wholly overlooked the existence of the inscription engraved on the lintel of a doorway, and which is now on a level with the roof of the silversmiths' bazaar, which being built against the mosque, precludes the possibility of its being seen from below. To reach it was now our desire. Mrs. B. herself had never succeeded in reading the inscription, or rather in identifying it with the Greek letters which compose it, though she had once made an effort to reach the spot. The difficulty lay in crossing two very deep pitches in the roof; one, indeed, went down into a sort of wide gutter or pathway. But all was overcome by the ingenuity of the cavasse. He lowered a chair a short way down, and each of us by turns stepping into it, were carried down safely, standing on it, into the hollow between the roofs below. Here we had large buttresses before us, and a great height of roof again to mount. Placing our feet, however, against the inclined plane of one of the buttresses, the men, holding our hands, by main force ran us up to the top, and we found ourselves on a flat terrace-roof adjoining the walls of the mosque, and soon saw the highly-sculptured ornamental lintel, and, amid the Arabesque pattern, the Greek inscription, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." It is strange that this testimony should have been there throughout so many gene-

'rations of unbelievers and believers, and never have attracted attention till late years.

Before descending, we walked to the end of the roof, to take a nearer view of the splendid Roman arch, which I had already seen from the street below. It is encumbered by the bazaar, which has been built up against it, but in this instance we were indebted to the elevation, as enabling us to look more closely into the fine design of the upper part, much of it as perfect as the day it was completed.

We now returned to the hotel, and I took leave of Mrs. B., with many thanks for enabling me to have such a thorough view of this famed Eastern city. I found Demetri superintending some alterations and restorations he was making in his highly-decorated reception-room. It was arranged in true Arab style. On one side the platform is raised, and sofas arranged for ladies' accommodation. The lower half is for subordinates. Demetri was not satisfied till I ascended the higher elevation. The whole was decorated in Arabesque, and highly coloured. Around the large central court of the hotel were trees and flowering shrubs of every kind. Myrtles in full bloom towered overhead, pomegranates and their scarlet blossom, euphorbias, the drooping pepper tree, and the cassia—all contributed to the beauty of the scene, which was still heightened by the soft trickling of the fountains, adding to the lulling nature of the heavy fragrance of the many powerfully scented plants. When I remarked on the beauty of the growth of all around, especially the immense size of the myrtles, which were covered with bloom, Demetri, with great *naiveté*, replied,

"That they were very nice indeed when the berry was formed for *preserve;*" and already, indeed, from some of the branches hung the purple seed, almost as large as grapes.

At five o'clock Miss J. and one of her teachers appeared, bringing some commissions she had kindly undertaken for me — the highly variegated saddle-bags and head furniture for a horse or donkey, and a box of the celebrated sweetmeat, "Turkish Delight," the latter proving a weight of no common kind; but wrapping it up in the saddle-bags and my cloaks, I contrived to take it to the diligence office, whence the mail started. My companions saw me and my luggage safely deposited within the mail, and then took leave, much fearing that my journey would be rather unpleasant in the company of a sickly-looking young Turk, who took his seat inside, and a rough European official, who also added to the number. The latter, however, soon took the place vacant by the driver, the night proving extremely warm, and only got inside ere day had dawned, and we had reached the highest elevation.

We drove at a rapid rate, quite in the French style, and had always three horses abreast, with leaders. The French originated this service, and the company still hold the contract with the Turkish Government, and are said to have realised money by it. The contract includes keeping up the road.

It was a lovely night, and I had much amusement in watching the variations of scenery on the road. The route about two stages from Damascus becomes hilly and wild. Good stables, however, are built at the end of every stage of an hour or hour-and-a-half, and the team is ready to come out the moment the

mail is heard approaching. As the morning broke, we saw the goatherds climbing up the hills with their flocks; and as the day advanced, the caravans of mules and long lines of waggons began to appear on the road. At about three o'clock a.m. we descended into the plain of the Bukaá, then stopped at Stoûra for nearly half-an-hour for refreshment, and afterwards began the last long ascent over the Libanus, which was no sooner gained than we rattled down into Beyrout. Mrs. M. M.'s carriage was waiting for me on the road, and I soon found myself in their hospitable house. Rest was imposed upon me as a necessity till one o'clock, the hour of luncheon. At two o'clock the carriage was ordered, and Mrs. M. M. kindly drove me round to as many of the schools as time permitted, and to one of the examinations prior to the breaking up for the holidays in July and August. This was at the Moslem School, in an extremely airy and pleasant building, and superintended by a most energetic and devoted Syrian widow. The children all looked healthy and cleanly, and many of the upper classes were dressed in very rich materials. There had been an intimation given that the examination would be attended by some of the pashas' wives, and consequently all men were excluded. They arrived, and occupied a front row, and seemed very attentive to all that was going on. The answers were all given most readily and cheerfully, the children evincing a pride and interest in their own advancement, and the English language was spoken with clearness, without any foreign accent. The Easterns are not so conspicuous for retentive memory as for quickness in attaining knowledge; in this they evidently

possess much ability. The writing is equal to, and even exceeds the specimens in our own schools. In Arabic the perfect penmanship is marvellous, and under what would appear to us insurmountable difficulties, the sheet of paper being always turned back and placed in the palm of the hand, never creasing it or interfering with the perfection of the character. We afterwards visited some of the outlying schools. All these are for day scholars. The Institute is the only establishment for boarders and training teachers belonging to this committee in Beyrout. I subjoin a list of the schools under the British and Syrian Committee, as well as those I was able to attend personally. I also saw Miss Taylor's school—she is a highly-deserving person, working under private management—and we paid visits to the school of the American clergyman, and also to the American College, under Dr. Bliss. In a building near the American cemetery we saw the printing press under American direction.

Our next visit was to the deaconesses of Kaiserwerth. This is a large and well-ordered establishment. We visited the Prussian Hospital, under most able and excellent arrangements, adjoining which the Americans are building their college, the present building, rented from a native, not being adapted to their increasing requirements. The Prussian Government permits the American students to attend in the Hospital, as a school of medicine and surgery. Dr. Bliss kindly showed us the college buildings as at present occupied, but it was under the disadvantage of their approaching move, and many of the most valuable specimens of their museum were already in cases, packed.

Nothing can be more pleasing than the amicable work amongst the different nationalities; and I trust this feeling may long continue to exist, and that the remark of the Moslem and other creeds may be heard, "See how these Christians love one another."

On Saturday, finding I had a spare day, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. kindly arranged a party for me to the Dog River, at which one of the young teachers and myself, under the escort of Captain P., were to make a picnic. The day was delightful, and as Mr. M. M. had kindly secured me an excellent horse (quite young and free from over-work), I thoroughly enjoyed our gallop along the sands of St. George's Bay, the scenery of the Libanus range above us affording many beautiful and striking points of view. We had several inflowings of tide to cross, and one or two gullies, which were beds of rivers or mountain torrents. On reaching the rocky promontory at the north end of the bay, we had some rough climbing over the ancient track, and on rounding the point, came upon the road perfected by the Romans, but above was a track used by the Babylonian and Assyrian armies some thousand years prior. There are also in the rock overhead two different levels, which have from some cause or other been made use of as roads. There many of the famed tablets exist, as well as on the lower level, now in use. These tablets and inscriptions commemorate the triumphs of Assyrian and other monarchs—the proud Sennacherib and haughty Nebuchadnezzar, the march of Roman conquerors; and eventually, in emulation, the defacement of some of these barbarian, but most ancient mementoes, by the introduction of French notices of 1841.

The scenery is very beautiful. It derives its name of the Dog, as some suppose, from a statue of that animal being placed on the highest point of the promontory in ancient times, which is said to have emitted strange and hoarse warnings prior to storms approaching, but it was eventually thrown down as a thing of evil augury, and cast into the sea. This rapid rushing river issues from a deep gorge into the sea. A village lies at the foot of the mountain-range; a convent is on the heights. An ancient bridge crosses the river, which is at times fordable; and most picturesque remains of an aqueduct reared against the cliff are hung with every kind of creeper and maiden-hair fern, making natural arches, whilst it almost conceals the architectural form. We had our picnic luncheon under a natural cavity of the rock. The river rushed below, and overhead the light foliage of many a young tree sparkled in the sun.

Picturesque groups of men and women following their laden donkeys passed along the opposite bank to the cottages which were seen amongst the narrow strips of orchards and cultivated ground; and the merry voices of the boys we had retained to watch our horses added life to the scene.

The sun beginning to descend, we were reminded it was time to mount, and we returned in full view of a glorious setting sun, throwing a dazzling glow alike over sea and land.

Sunday, 18*th*. We attended the English service, held by permission in the American Church, and a large congregation was present. The Rev. F. Smith, secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Jews, preached.

Monday, 19*th*. Called on Mrs. Bliss; also at the English consul-general's, Mr. Eldridge. His wife is a Russian, and member of the Greek Church. All arrangements had been made for my leaving Beyrout by the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, which had arrived from Alexandria and Port Said early this morning. The Rev. F. S. was also to sail in the same steamer, and by his introduction to their missionary at Smyrna, I hoped to see something of its vicinity. This evening, therefore, I was to bid adieu to my hospitable and kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. With regret I left Beyrout, and the great and absorbing work now carrying on in the Libanus and throughout Syria; not simply the education of the lower classes, who with us at home are so slow to take advantage of what is offered, but a springing into life of a whole population—a regeneration of a nation. It will be therefore our duty and privilege, and, with God's blessing, our constant effort, to strengthen the hands of devoted workers, and to place always on a firm basis of Scriptural knowledge what has been already so far advanced. It has been indeed "bread thrown upon the waters," and mercifully answered by not returning "void;" and let us ever bear in mind this hopeful remembrance, "Beautiful are the feet of those upon the mountains that bring tidings of great joy," of everlasting comfort.

I subjoin the complete list of schools, naming first those I personally visited.

May 30*th*. East Coombe School examination. The programme I did not preserve, but it was in all respects of the same character as the Moslem School, of which I have given a detail.

June 13th. Moslem School examination. Eighty-one scholars present. The programme began with an Arabic hymn (infants). The alphabet in English and Arabic followed. Then Psalm cxvii. was repeated in English and Arabic; and Psalms xv. and cxxi., and John iii. 14-16, in Arabic. Exercises.

First class—Hymn xlviii.

First and second class—Questions on the Creation. A composition.

First class—Genesis xxxvii. in Arabic. Composition. Scripture questions in English. Hymn in English. Hymns repeated by Nafous, one of the children. Reading and spelling in English. Poetry read in Arabic. Poetry repeated.

Second class—Spelling and repetition in Arabic. Arithmetic. Geography.

Third class—Spelling. Ecclesiastes xii. Conclusion, hymn sung, "My faith looks up to Thee."

June 14th. Mosailibeh, or Blackheath School; Olive Branch, or Jewish Girls' School; Blind Men and Boys' School, under a blind youth; and Printing Press.

June 15th. The Elementary School; Infant School; Blind Girls' Home.

June 16th. The Normal Institution. A most able examination in the Scriptures by Mrs. M. M.; and most full and admirable practical conclusions drawn from it for guidance, and received by all the girls (many of them eighteen and twenty years of age) with marked respect and attention.

Of those I did not see, there were in Damascus, besides the St. Paul's, three others (one called the Medan). In the Libanus, the Hasbeya, the Mokhtara, the Ainyahaltah; one in Tyre, one in Arramoun, one

in Ashsafea, one night school in Beyrout. There are also seven Bible-women—viz., three in Damascus, two in Beyrout, one in Zachleh, and one in Hasbeya. The Zachleh School I saw whilst on a visit to Miss W., and have mentioned separately.

My voyage home was made to Smyrna, touching at Cyprus and Rhodes. It nearly reversed St. Paul's voyage from Miletus to Tyre; and we passed several groups of islands, amongst which we discerned Patmos, as a rock rising out of the sea.

We changed vessels at Smyrna, remaining one day, when I was able to go ashore and see all the vicinity.

We went on board the vessel bound for Syra, and ultimately Ancona and Trieste, passing through and calling at the principal Ionian isles, and also at Brindisi—a most interesting voyage, and showing me scenes of no common beauty. I was most fortunate in my fellow-passengers, amongst whom I must mention, with many thanks for great hospitality and kindness, the American minister, Mr. Seward, his adopted daughter, Miss S., and his niece, Miss Risley.

I left our good ship at Ancona, where I landed on June 30th, the eve of the entry of the Italian Government into Rome, and arrived in Florence (where I had been some time expected) on the morning of Sunday, July 1st.

THE END.

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